

# THE LEATHERNECK

October, 1938

Single copy, 25c



MARINE LIBERTY PARTY, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, 1814

*The  
Order of the Day ... Chesterfields  
for MORE PLEASURE*

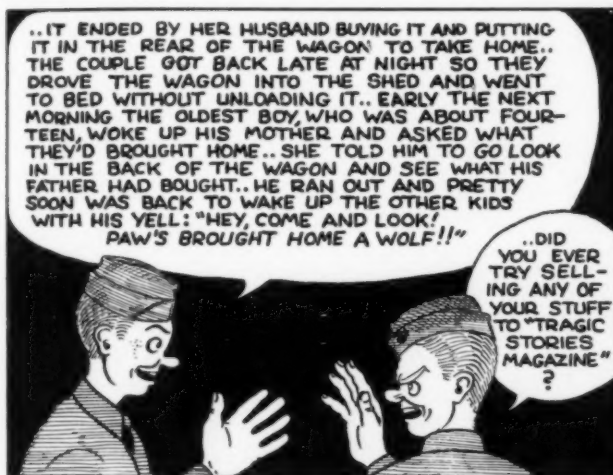


*This new uniform  
is now the order of  
the day for dress in  
the U. S. Army.*

*. . . and everywhere  
every day, the order of the  
day among smokers is that  
up-to-the-minute pack of  
Chesterfields.*

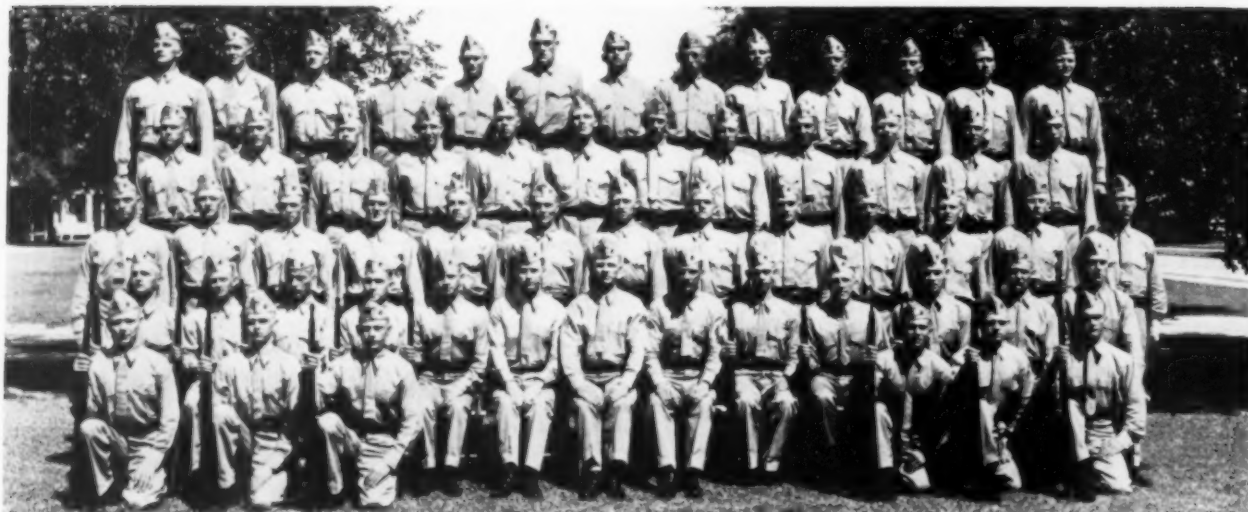
Chesterfield's refreshing  
mildness, better taste and  
more pleasing aroma give  
*more pleasure* to more  
smokers every day.

*They Satisfy  
..millions*



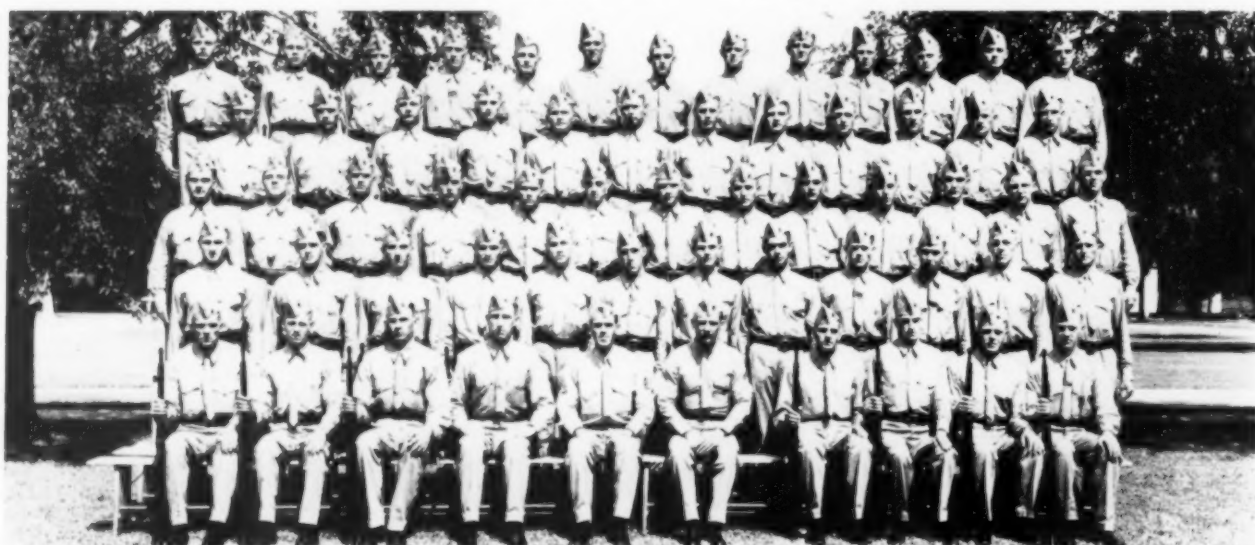


# WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



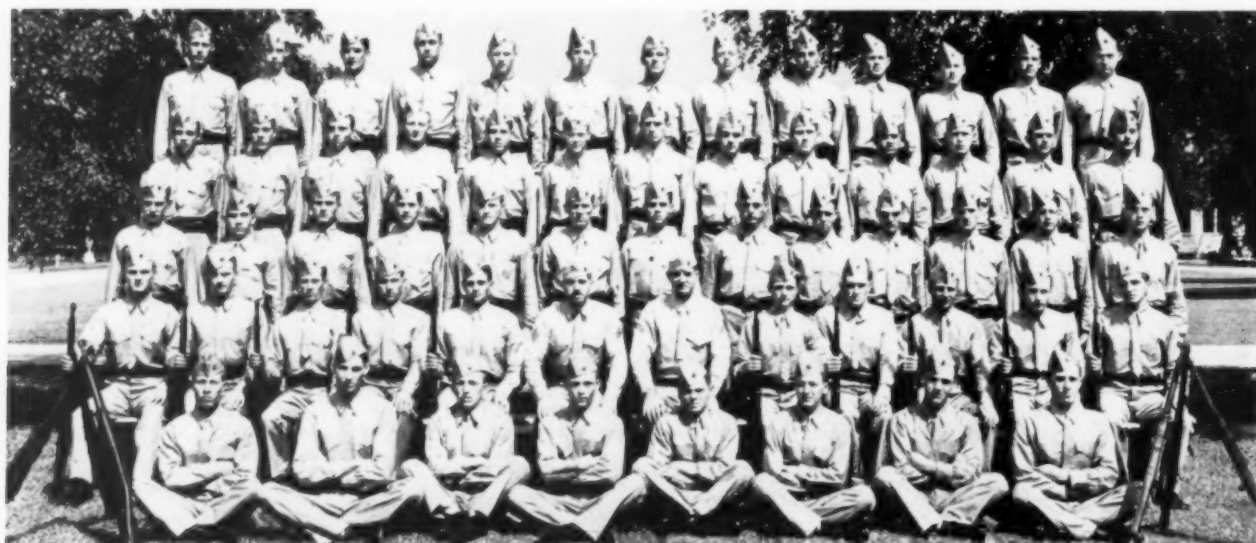
Platoon 21, Parris Island; Instructed by Sgt. M. C. Pulliam, Cpl. J. D. Hall and Cpl. O. Kemp

Photo by Kolmer



Platoon 25, Parris Island; Instructed by Pl-Sgt. M. L. Ross, Cpl. P. A. Scott and Cpl. O. Kemp

Photo by Kolmer



Platoon 23, Parris Island; Instructed by Sgt. O. P. Hagerty and Cpl. W. S. Allen

Photo by Kolmer



# The LEATHERNECK

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*Sketched by D. L. DICKSON*

*Cover Designed by the Late A. T. MANOOKIAN*

## Navy Day

**L**OOKING at the calendar, we note that the birthday of a great American is soon to reach us—that of Theodore Roosevelt. On that day, also, we celebrate Navy Day. Perhaps men will think of Roosevelt. I wonder how many will think of the Navy, the organization of which he was such an ardent supporter? The two go well together.

Just what does Navy Day mean to the average citizen, and to the men who compose the Navy? To the former it must recall patriotic days when the sailors went marching down the street with bands playing, colors flying and everyone tingling with excitement. It must recall days when the United States Navy meant so much to the national pride and integrity; when everyone was so much concerned that this organization be one of the best.

Today, this service means to them exactly the same,

and all those who witness the many naval demonstrations that will take place on Navy Day, ought surely to be reminded of the fact. Their pride should be no less sincere, their hearts no less filled with admiration in the knowl-

edge that the Navy is still the same faithful servant and watchdog of the nation's security.

To the men in the service, Navy Day marks another annual review of the progress of a nation's power; a day to look back and see what accomplishments and what improvements have taken place in this organization which means so much to the country.

To these men an annual review means a time to look back and see how well their work has been done; a time to think of how much they have given, and how much they have received.

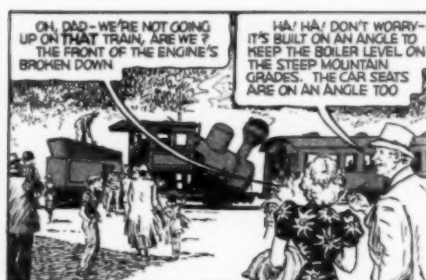
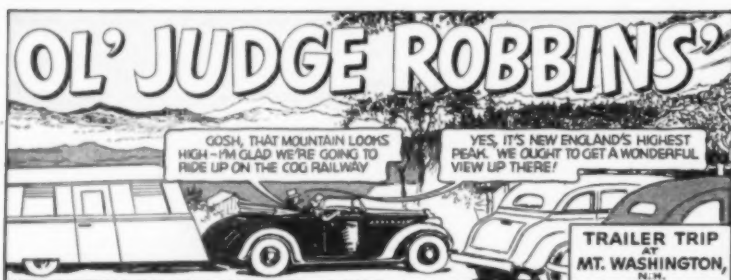
To them comes the greatest satisfaction of having played a real and constructive part in the progress of the nation's defense. To all the men who give their lives, or part of their lives to this service, there must come a feeling of patriotism at this time of celebration.

On Navy Day we remind the country of this service, the United States Navy. We remind them of its efficiency, power and readiness to serve in the true spirit of a first line defense of a great nation, and believe that in so doing the people will all be intensely aroused to that thrilling patriotism which was so sincere and in so much evidence during the war days.—W. F. KOSTORRY, *USN*.

## Luck

**S**O MANY people speak of luck and the breaks of the game. There really is no such thing as luck in contests of skill. The lucky blow in the ring never would have landed if the opponent had been prepared to block or dodge it. The fumble in baseball means that some player did not hold the ball. The armed forces that surprise the enemy and destroy them can do so only if the enemy has not taken proper precautions against surprise. In your competitive examinations for the next higher rating you must be prepared by having a thorough knowledge of your rate; if you don't the other fellow who has been diligently applying himself will have the rate. LUCK won't give it to you.—*Sub Base Ballast*.

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**'I'M SAYIN' PRINCE ALBERT IS ALSO THE SMOOTHEST-ROLLIN', MELLOWEST-TASTIN' 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO ON THE POST!**

### MONEY-BACK OFFER FOR PIPE-SMOKERS

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



### OFFER GOOD ON "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES TOO

Roll yourself 30 swell cigarettes from Prince Albert. If you don't find them the finest, tastiest roll-your-own cigarettes you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**70**

fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

**50**

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

**PRINCE ALBERT**

**THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE**

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# THE LEATHERNECK

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## YOUR HOME TOWN—WHAT ABOUT IT?

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN B. SEBREE, U.S.M.C.

*Officer in Charge, Western Recruiting Division*

**H**ERE'S the opportunity every Marine has been waiting for—to write a story for the home-town paper. Yes, an opportunity to write a story in your own words pertaining to some event or incident experienced in your career as a Marine. Whether you're a recruit or old-timer, makes no difference. You have a story to tell and it will prove highly entertaining to the readers of your home-town papers. We know this to be a fact because editors all over the country are soliciting news stories about Marines.

During a recent tour of inspection of recruiting districts, the Officer in Charge of the Western Recruiting Division contacted many newspaper editors and publishers, especially those in rural and smaller communities. In analyzing the news value of Marine Corps stories to their readers, the editors emphasized stories pertaining to local youths, young men well-known in the community.

These stories, regardless of how simple the material might be, nevertheless contain more entertainment than most stories depicting stirring episodes in remote spots of the earth. Why? Because these stories pertain to the young man everybody knows. Can you imagine anything more thrilling for your school companions, the school principal, the athletic coach, or—well, let's say it—"the girl back home" seeing your picture in the local newspaper with a column story describing your recent pinch-hitting against the Stanford Nine when the situation was nip-and-tuck in the final inning? Or reading about how you just nosed out ahead in a aquatic contest in Honolulu or shooting the highest score of any member of your organization during practice on the rifle range? And imagine how such news will affect your own folks; especially so if you have been somewhat negligent in writing home. A letter from you, personally, describing your achievements wouldn't produce the exultation your folks would derive from seeing you publicized in the local papers. Perhaps you failed to

graduate from high school. But what a change in local sentiment when everybody reads about you enrolling with the Marine Corps Institute, or being awarded a diploma attesting to many months of diligent, self-application. Are these things news? In your home town, they are news of first magnitude.

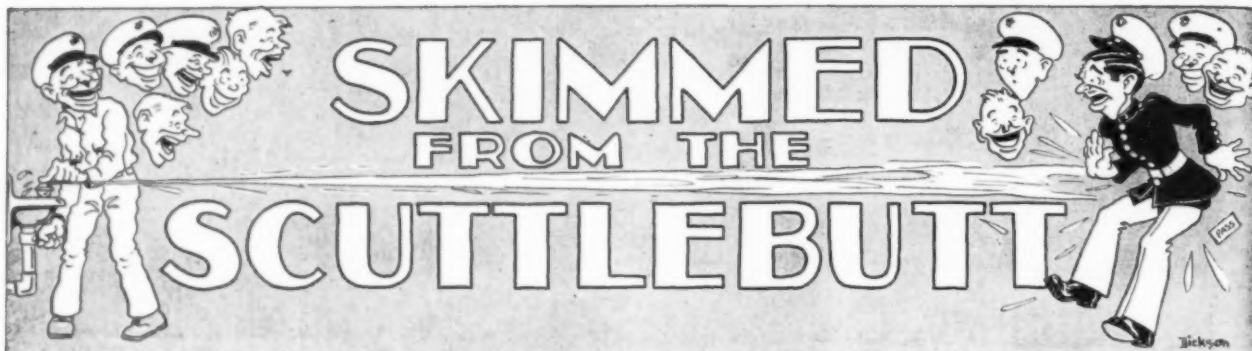
"Well, what about it? What does all this do for me?" you undoubtedly query.

Before we of the recruiting service answer that question, we shall ask you this one: Offhand, how many persons of your own age in your home town have ever had a feature story published about them in the local papers? Remember, a feature story is one which can be given a wide range of news space, an item that is expensive if one should have to purchase it. You will probably admit that, except for the local politicians and a few other celebrities, feature stories about average citizens were few.

Now, what will these stories do for you? They are giving you the finest publicity money can buy, and it doesn't cost you, or the Marine Corps, one cent. Most likely, you will not make the Marine Corps your career, therefore it's important that you maintain your old contacts, at least to some extent. Making new contacts is essential. What greater and more influential medium for building your personal background and elevating your prestige within your own community is there than through the newspapers? Great men have been crushed by news stories and editorials, and in contrast, ordinary individuals, because of some slight achievement—portraying an unusual virtue—have been sky-rocketed into popularity overnight.

The purpose of your story is to give the home-town folks an insight as to your career as a Marine, so that they may follow you from port to port, from station to station, and watch you advance. If it's only to Private First Class. More than likely, it's more than you would have accomplished in the home town, con- (Continued on page 65)





### CHANGING CREWS

An ambassador to a Latin-American country was in conference with the president of the republic. Suddenly a stooge burst into the room, whispered something into the president's ear, and dashed out. The president rose slowly and apologetically saying, "Excuse me, sir, I'll send the new president in to finish our conversation."  
—*Thousand Jokes.*

"What makes you so unpopular with these other girls?"

"I won a popularity contest."

—*Dell Publications.*

"Why," inquired the Commanding Officer of the man who was up for office hours, "did you assault Private Smith and knock four of his teeth out?"

"Well, Sir, that's all the teeth he had," was the explanation.

Lady on Phone: "Is my husband in the N.C.O.'s club?"

Houseman: "No, Ma'am!"

Lady: "But I haven't told you who I am!"

Houseman: "Lady, no husbands are here ever!"—*The Chevron.*

"No, Lady—Private Flattop ain't here. He's out chasing prisoners today."

"Gracious, how many escaped?"

—*Our Army.*

Pete, the post carpenter, barged into the Industrial School of the M.C.I.: "You guys put in a request for some shelves?" he inquired.

"We did, you know," snapped Johnny Rausch, "last April."

Pete surveyed his work-sheet. "I'm in the wrong place," he answered, "this request was entered last February."

"Colonel, can you give the police a description of your missing post exchange steward?"

"Well, he's about five foot nine inches tall and \$2,500 short."—*Our Army.*

First Sergeant: "In the time it takes me to explain this muster roll, I could make it up myself."

New Clerk: "Yeh, an' in the time it takes me to listen, so could I."

Sigma Nu: "My hen lays eggs with no yolks."

Phi Gam: "Mighty white of her."—*Covered Wagon.*

Second: "Why did you fall down? He didn't hit you."

Boxer: "I read his thoughts."—*Jokes.*

### ALTERNATIVE PROPOSALS

Rastus and Liza were married but a short time when he came home with a big wash tub, a washboard, and a handsome three-foot mirror.

Liza—"What's all de truck you brung?"

Rastus—"You-all kin take yo' pick. Yo' kin take de tub an' washboard an' go to work, or yo' kin take de mirror an' set down and watch yo's 'f starve."

—*Sixth District Gazette.*



She: "You're the kind of a man I can trust."

He: "Say, haven't we met before? Your faith is familiar."

Sailor: "So you think a guy could get into the Navy if he was both deaf and dumb?"

The Girl Friend: "I didn't say deaf."

—*Pennsylvania Guardsman.*

Seaman:—"What is a comet?"

Sea.2c:—"A star with a tail."

Seaman:—"Name one."

Sea.2c:—"Mickey Mouse."

—*Exchange.*

Patient: "What does modus operandi mean?"

Corpsman: "Mode of operating, of course."

Patient: "Gee, you guys know all them medical terms."—*Let's Laugh.*

### LET'S HAVE ANOTHER SCOTCH

Jock McPherson and family sat down to Sunday dinner.

"Now children," he said, "do ye want the cold meat or a nickel apiece?" Three hands went up for the nickel. The meat was removed and Mrs. McPherson then served apple pie.

"Now children," said Jock, "who wants a piece of pie for a nickel?"

—*Wednesday Nite Life.*

"Just think, before I joined the Marine Corps, I didn't have a dime. Now I got A dime."—*Our Navy.*

Chief: "I wish you would type these requests before you bring them to me."

Seaman: "Type them? If I could type I would be a yeoman and wouldn't have to put in requests."—*FAB Contact.*

"I never felt so punk in all my life."

"Do any drinking last night?"

"Yes, and when I went to bed I felt fine. But when I woke up I felt terrible. It was the sleep that did it."

—*Rope Yarn.*

The inspecting officer paused in front of a grizzled old veteran. "Hm," he said, "where have I seen you before?" The old vet beamed proudly. "General, I served with you back in '98. I carried a message for you to the blockhouse near Guantanamo Bay."

"Oh yeh?" yehed the General—"And where's the answer?"

"What do you mean, your name is Bill? It should be William, shouldn't it," inquired the recruiting sergeant.

"Nope," answered the applicant. "It's Bill. I was born on the first of the month."

One of our extra smart M.C.I. professors was boasting about how much book learnin' he had. "Education broadens the mind," he said to the private in the barracks detachment.

"Yeh?" snapped the B.D. man. "It not only broadened your mind, but it swelled your head."

The new police sergeant was telling the guy on the working party to weed the garden. "How am I going to know the flowers from the weeds?" the fellow asked. "I'm no farmer."

The police sergeant scratched his head, then got an inspiration. "Pull 'em all out," he said. "If they come up again, they're weeds."

## STILL AN ASSET

The boy had to go to summer school because he hadn't passed out of the fourth grade. He brought home his report card and handed it to his father.

"D in work, D in effort, D in conduct," read his father angrily. "That settles it. From now on you and I are through."

"Stop deluding yourself, pop," the youngster replied. "Just remember that I'm still an exemption on your income tax."

—Fifth Corps Area News.



"I got up at dawn yesterday to see the sun rise."

"Well, you couldn't have picked a better time."

The novice was getting his tryout with the Marine Band. He tootled along all right until he came to the chorus, then he took the instrument from his lips.

"Why do you leave off just as you come to the chorus?" asked the second leader, who was conducting.

"Well," explained the boot, "it says 'refrain,' so I did."

The court-martial was at its height. "And just what," thundered the counsel, "did the defendant say?"

"I'd rather not repeat it," replied the witness. "It's not fit for gentlemen to hear."

"All right," the counsel agreed, "just whisper it to the Judge Advocate."

The corporal stood rather timidly before the commanding officer. "You see, sir," he said, "my wife thinks I ain't being advanced fast enough. She told me to ask you to recommend me for sergeant."

"I understand, corporal," smiled the C.O. "And I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll ask my wife if I can."

A navy pilot, assigned to the new USS *Ranger*, swooped down on the flight deck—and missed it. His plane smashed into the water alongside. The pilot climbed out on the wing and glared up at the bridge. "Can't you mugs hold that darned thing still?" he growled.

"Nora, did you have company in the kitchen last night?"

"Only me sister, mum."

"Well, tell her she left her belt and boyonet there!"—Our Army.

## NE PLUS ULTRA

Old Paw was in his rocking chair on the front porch, rocking due East and West. Beside him was Sonny Boy, an innocent of 40, rocking North and South. Presently Paw said, "Son, why wear yo' self out that-a-way? Rock with the grain and save yore strength."

—Army and Navy Journal.

There is a fellow we know whose wife hasn't permitted him to spend a cent of his wages in thirty years. Yet he lies awake nights worrying about Roosevelt establishing a dictatorship.—Troy (N. Y.) Record.

"I asked you not to tell mother what time I came in last night, Mary."

"I didn't, sir. I merely said that I was too busy with breakfast to notice the clock."—Christian Science Monitor.

The truant officer grabbed little Corky's car. "Why," he asked severely, "must you be the only boy in the school to play hookey?"

The boy shrugged. "Live and let live is my motto," he replied. "I don't want you to lose your job."—The American Observer.



He: "No, I won't kiss you. I've got scruples."

She: "That's all right. I've been vaccinated."

Water Tender: "Do you mean to call me a liar?"

Radioman: "That is the construction which suggests itself in connection with the observation I addressed to you."

Water Tender (modified): "All right. I accept your apology, but I allow no man to insult me."—Tennessee Tar.

Bashful bluejacket: "To tell the truth I haven't kissed a girl since I've been in the Navy."

The girl: "Well don't come buzzing around me, I'm not a Naval Training Station."—Great Lakes Bulletin.

It was the first time he called on her in civvies. They were going to a movie. He looked in horror at her hat, the newer, goofier kind. "Holy smokes," he cursed. "That bonnet looks like an inverted flower pot."

With a cold eye she appraised the suit he had just bought from Uncle Moe. "Do you know," she said, "that's the first time I've ever seen a sunset with buttons on it."

## ANGER SIGNALS

Little Willie: "You haven't any whiskers or very much hair."

Visiting sailor: "What about it?"

Little Willie: "I don't see how dad can carry out his promise."

Sailor: "What promise?"

Little Willie: "Dad said if any sailors called on Sister Sue he was going to mop up the place with them."

—Our Navy.

Three men named Jones, all in the same line of business, opened shops next door to one another. The one on the right had the name "Jones" painted in large letters over the door. The one on the left immediately did the same thing.

The sign painter then approached the center Mr. Jones, asking him if he would like his name painted also.

"No," said the wily one. "I want you to paint the word 'Entrance' over my door."—The American Observer.

"See here, why didn't you tell me that horse was lame before I bought him from you?"

"Well, suh, the fellow that sold him to me didn't say nothin' about it, so I thought it was a secret!"—The American Observer.

A man visited his creditor the other day and said, "Are you worried about whether I can meet my note next month?"

"Yes, I am," confessed the creditor.

"Good," said the client. "That's what I'm paying you six per cent for."—Detroit News.

"These trousers may be useful to you," said the kind old lady. "All they need is a little mending."

"That's all right, lady," said the tramp. "I'll call back in 'arf an hour."—London Herald.

Husband: "How did you get along driving through the big cities?"

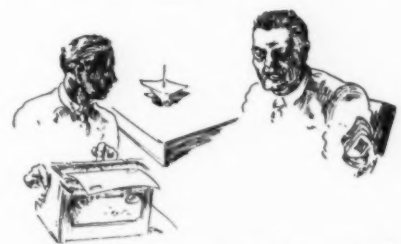
Wife: "Just fine; nearly every one of them had safety zones marked—and I just drove in them."—The American Observer.

Newspaper representative: "Good morning, madam. You have won 2,000 pounds cash, three pounds a week for life, a world cruise, and a pet dog!"

Successful competitor: "What breed?"—Humorist.

"When I looked out of the window, Johnny, I was glad to see you playing marbles with Billy Simpkins."

"We weren't playing marbles. We'd just had a fight, and I was helping him pick up his teeth."—Tid-Bits Magazine.



First Sgt.: "Jones, you are the most stubborn mule I've ever encountered. You contradict everything I say."

Pvt. Jones: "I do not!"

# GYNGLES of a GYRENE



## OLD TIMER

By Tim Riley

I remember you, Old Timer,  
As a youngster trim and neat,  
Saluting at the gangway  
That day you joined the Fleet;  
I recall your salty lingo  
When at drill or on parade—  
Down there at Parris Island  
Where real Leathernecks were made.

I remember you, Old Timer,  
And I'm proud I served with you  
When Leathernecks on land and sea  
Were but a chosen few,  
When men like Lee and Waller,  
Catlin, Butler and Lejeune—  
Won wars with Fleet battalions  
Or just a mere platoon.

I remember you, Old Timer,  
In the hills at Port Au Prince  
And down in San Domingo  
Where the sun made he-men wince;  
We hiked through Nicaragua  
Where the spigs put on a show  
And then shoved off for quiet scenes  
In old Guantanamo.

I remember you, Old Timer,  
When the outfit hit Shanghai  
In Peking then at Vera Cruz  
With gray ships standing by;  
You led the gang in every scrap  
A fighting Leatherneck  
And I am proud I trod with you  
A Flagship's quarterdeck.

I remember you, Old Timer,  
On those watches out at sea—  
When ships were steaming westward  
Cloaked in War's grim mystery;

I can see you at the breech-block  
Of a slim, gray five-inch gun  
Your shipmates at their stations,  
Gallant comrades, every one.

I remember you, Old Timer,  
That gray dawn in Belleau Wood,  
When you silenced the machine guns—  
Weary Frenchmen never could;  
I can see your blood-stained helmet  
As it slipped down on your pack  
And hear you whisper softly,  
"Tell the Old Man I'll be back."

I remember you, Old Timer,  
Though it's years since, "Seventeen,"  
When you showed me by example  
How to be a real Marine;  
You taught me how to take it,  
Keep my chin up, carry on,  
When you grabbed that Heinie's Luger,  
In a Gaulie wood at dawn.

I remember you, Old Timer,  
'Tis a treasured memory—  
Shipmates we were together  
Sharing joy and misery;  
Somehow it seems, Old Timer,  
You got underneath my skin  
And we shall meet out yonder  
When they turn my dog-tag in.

## "IF I WERE KING"

*A few nights ago as I was strolling  
along the upper deck I overheard a sailor  
remark that the lower deck ought to have  
a representative on the Board of Admiralty.  
That unknown quantity, my brain, immedi-  
ately set to work, imagining how some of  
us would respond to the responsibility if  
we were selected for this important posi-  
tion. As my middle names are Spungarn  
Kipperling, I rushed away to the doubtful  
seclusion of my study (the fo'c's'le) and  
composed the following epic, with humble  
apologies to all our naval ancestors:—*

If I were at the Admiralty, I'd sponsor  
feather beds,  
With silken downey pillows, for Marines  
to rest their heads,  
Each Company would have a Club, each  
club would have a Bar  
Each young Marine a Motorbyke, each old  
Marine a Car.  
I'd cancel all fatigues and work, no more  
parades and drills—  
For standing on a cold parade exposes men  
to chills,  
I'd do away with Adjutants, they all would  
be retired.  
And pension men twelve years before their  
first twelve had expired.  
I'd give each man a suite of rooms which  
he could call his own,  
And issue Patent Boots, to save the wear  
and tear of bone.  
I'd give them rows of medals to pin upon  
their chest,  
But save myself the prettiest ones, for I  
must look the best!  
I'll do my own Inspection once in every  
twenty years;  
They'd fall in in the canteen, and I'd in-  
spect the Beers.  
I'd audit all the funds to see no cash  
had been misspent,  
But when I'd finished auditing I'd claim  
my Five per cent.  
Then if the Board of Admiralty said, "Sir,  
what has been done?"  
I'd grab the ready cash at hand, take to  
my heels and Run!

—Globe and Laurel.

## "THEY'VE MADE YOU MESS- COOK, NOW, MARINE!"

By Mel Westenberg

Remember when you used to stand  
Those watches—twelve to four?  
But now you're through with standing  
guard  
For ninety days—or more!  
You wear an apron, Leatherneck;  
You're slingin' up the chow—  
Don't let it get you down, Marine:  
They've made you mess-cook, now!

It's "survey" this and "survey" that—  
"Hey! Mess-cook—down the slum!"  
"I wonder where that dope is at!"  
"Why doesn't that guy come?"  
"Bring on the beans!" "Bring on the  
spuds!"

You're not behind a plow—  
So, wear your apron with a smile:  
They've made you mess-cook now!

The sea is breaking o'er the decks;  
Your ship is underway;  
The tables heave; your dishes slide—  
The same thing everyday!  
Your knives and forks go spinning  
With each dip of the bow—  
Just face the music with a grin:  
They've made you mess-cook now!

You say you passed inspection?  
And all your gear was clean?  
The Captain said, "Well done, me lad!"—  
"We're proud of you, Marine!"  
They'll bang your ears and promise beers  
For extra bits of chow—  
But you can take it, Devil-dog:  
They've made you mess-cook now!

The bugle's sounding "Mess-gear"—  
You're off and to the "front";  
And juggling dishes on a ship  
Is really quite a stunt!  
So let 'em holler—let 'em yell—  
And let 'em scream for chow!  
You'll face the hungry mob—and smile:  
They've made you mess-cook now!

## THE DREAMERS

Anonymous

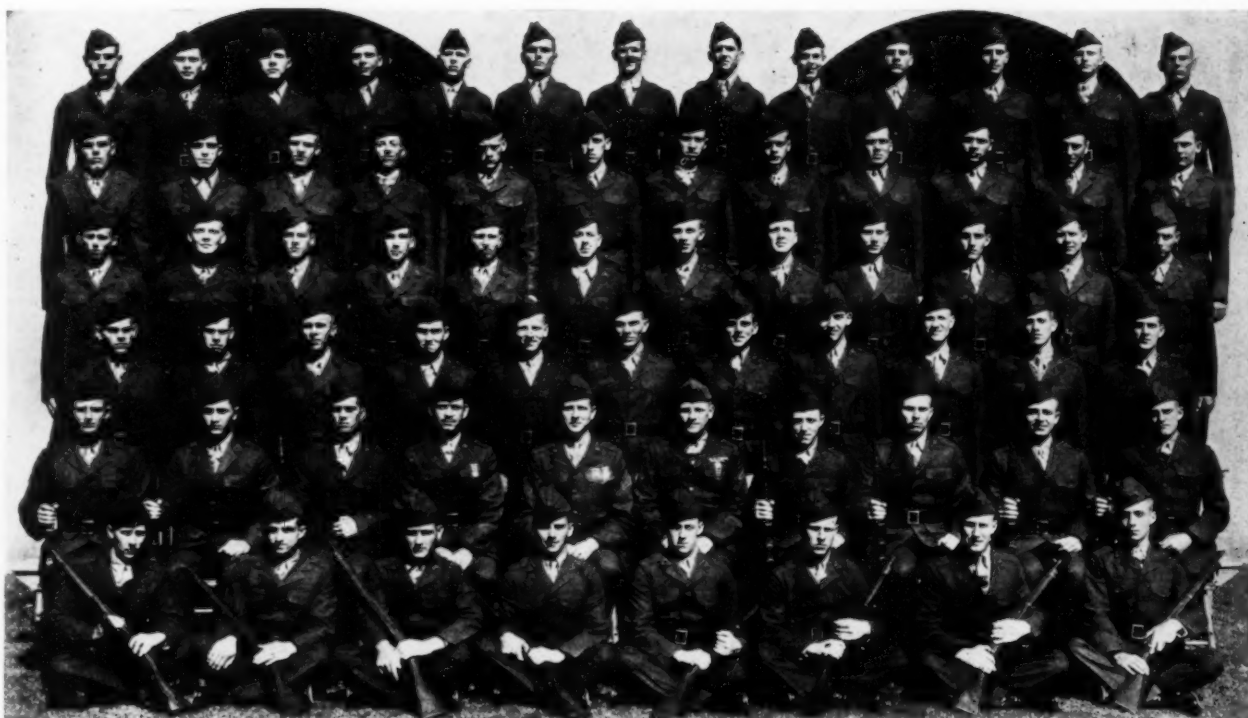
I know the sun is warm upon the hill—  
That little hill we took—beyond Belleau,  
The earth is sentient with the lift and  
thrill  
Of spring; beside the ghost of that chateau,  
Where poppies wild will fling their scarlet  
fire,  
I wonder if the trenches still remain  
Beneath the rusted wire?  
Lord, how the world forgets! The fear,  
the pain,  
The zero hour, the gas—to most they seem  
A dream. A fading dream,  
And yet when'er the spring is in the air,  
And all the streets with sunlight is astrir  
I am not here, not I; but over there—  
Upon a little hill that's half a blur  
Of blood and mud, and men that for a  
while  
Fought side by side with God to save the  
world,  
Oh, you may sneer and smile!  
Let States forget, guns rust, and flags be  
furled,  
You dreamers are the dead—whom God  
forgive,  
Those things were real. They live!

## THE LEATHERNECK

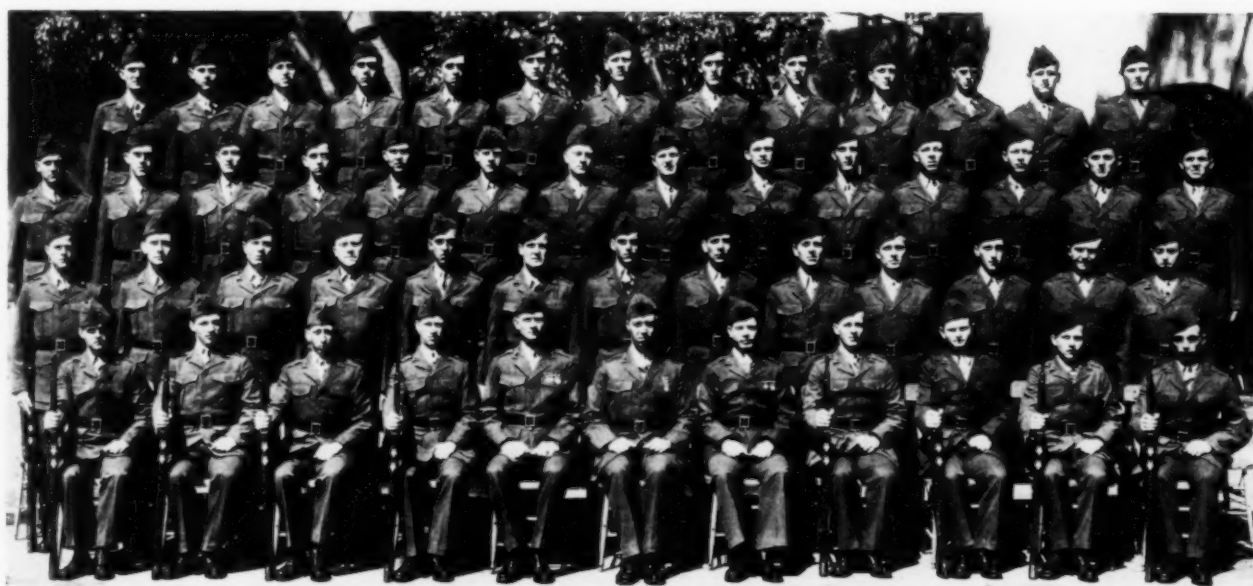


WELCOME  
TO THE RANKS  
OF THE

UNITED STATES  
MARINES

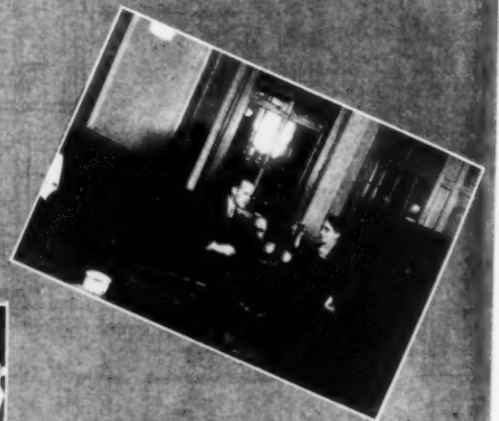


Platoon 17, San Diego; Instructed by Sgt. C. G. Rollen and Cpl. S. L. Bradshaw



Platoon 16, San Diego; Instructed by Sgt. J. D. Fleeman and Sgt. H. W. Gagner

# CHINA-SIDE FLASHES



# THE BROADCAST



## MARINE FORCES IN NORTH CHINA

Peking, China  
By Bill Brunk

The main topic here at Peking at the moment, and that which has been a terrific blow to liberty hounds for the past two weeks, is the most unusual style of California liquid sunshine. Men leaving on liberty several days ago had to secure rickshaw boys with tailor made canoes.

Peking came through with "flying colors" upon our recent annual visit of the Admiral and his staff. From all rumors, Admiral Yarnell was well pleased with the progress since we took over from the 15th Infantry.

Bye the bye, ex-Pifis Craig Carter, who used to carry the burden of this article, has secured a special order discharge and is now a clerk in the American Embassy.

Now for company dope, the writers remaining anonymous: Headquarters reports—two stripes for "Chick" Brabham and a successful party at the NCO club. One piece "Molines" for Arthur, Bondelid, Tomek, Weir, Kazmaier, Baron and Edwards. Senlick prefers to remain a bachelor. Mr. Ward claims bricks have no sense of justice and that the law of gravitation should be reversed, particularly when assembling a radio antenna. Simp-

son says that he can remember when liberty expires. Flash—'tis rumored that all of Hdq. from the first three pay grades down are now falling out for reveille and physical drill. Who's to blame?? True Blue Creviere, on being interviewed as to why he enjoyed getting ladies of Peking intoxicated and seeing them thus inebriated replied, "Shucks, it's just like pulling the wings off flies."

Company A bursts and powder fouling—Captain F. S. Beans came from Tientsin to relieve Capt. Orr on Ju'y 1. Co. A won the baseball cup—Pvts. Armonia, Gablick and Duncan are now "one pieces." Sgt. "Caribou" Johnson has been telling us all about the snow in Guam. Flash—Cpl. Oscar Lister, the pride of Yorktown, was left stranded at the NCO club by a Russian princess, oh yeah! Zanat is working out for the 1940 Olympics as springboard champion. Cpl. R. M. "Lipstick" O'Day does the disappearing act simultaneously with liberty call, now I hear Music Roy Belk sounding taps.

Company B refrains from giving us an ample supply, however, they are going to

Tientsin soon to fire the trench mortar and 37 mm. Promotions—Lieutenant Van Ryzin to first lieutenant, Sgt. Teer to platoon sergeant, Pfes. Arter, Anderson, Davidson, and Lester from private. Graham gave a party recently to welcome Worley back to B Co., the party was held at the Privates Club in a glamorous setting and during the ceremony of formal appreciation, Graham was presented with a bouquet of poison ivy.

## SHANGHAI BROADSIDE

A Fourth Marines Newsletter

By G. F. Ogilvie

Summer in Shanghai, as ex-members of the Fourth Marines can testify, is a very warm and sticky experience, yet in spite of excess humidity and high temperature, baseball maintains a universal popularity during these sweltering days. With three teams in the City League, the First, Second, and Headquarters Battalions, the Regiment is well represented on the diamond and the stands are always packed to capacity with rooting fans who brave Old Sol's burning rays to cheer their favorite club on to victory.

The Marine Officer's polo team, consisting of Captain Hogaboom, Lieut. Hochmuth, Lieut. Krulak, and Lieut. Winecoff, have been doing excellently against more experienced competition, and are well on their way to add new laurels to the history of the Fourth in the world of sports.

The Shanghai sea-soldiers, however, aren't

Captions for China-side pictures on opposite page: Top, center: MDAE, Peking, China. The Colors on parade, with the famous Chien Mien Pagoda in the background. This picture was made during Admiral Yarnell's inspection. The Color detail, left to right, Pfc. Cotten, Sgt. Welch, and Cpl. C. B. Smith (Photo by Brunk).

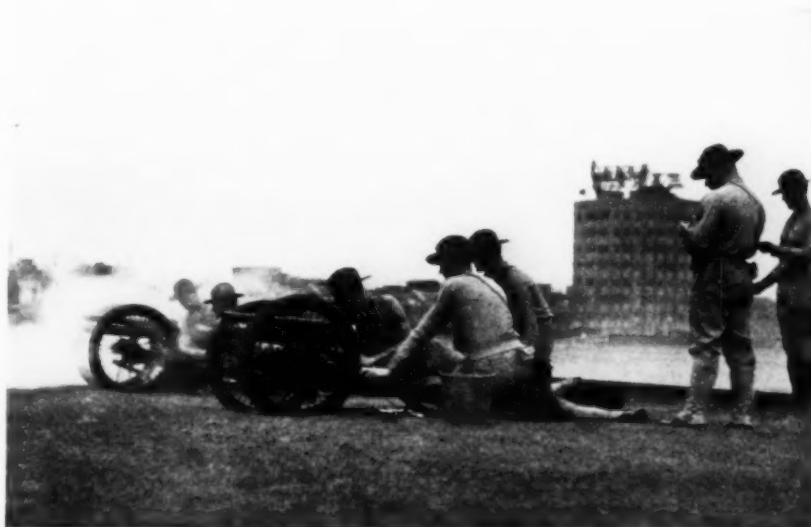
The flanking pictures, top, show scenes of a street riot drill, Shanghai.

Center picture, circle, shows Sgt. Carrick aboard a Peking camel while refereeing a donkey polo game (Photo by Brunk).

Flanking the center, Color ceremonies, July 4th, Shanghai.

The interior scenes show shots of the Fourth Marines Enlisted Men's Club, Shanghai.

Bottom, members of the Bowling Team, Fourth Marines, Shanghai.



Shanghai Marines in Combat Drill





MDAE, PEKING, CHINA

A Rifle Range detail and a few of the so called "local color" surround a well known table, which has had many a beer placed on its carved up top. 'Tis said that the names appearing on this table have been carved therein by Marines since 1925, while shooting the range in Peking. Anyone who has interesting information about this table should write the same in to *The Leatherneck*.

Photo by Brunk

growling. How could anyone possibly sing the blues with the rate of exchange standing around \$6.20 mex for \$1.00 U. S.?

Then there is the new Enlisted Men's Club. Ex-Fourthers will no doubt remember the imposing appearing building opposite Love Lane on Bubbling Well Road, the former rather swanky International Recreation Club. A few months ago all three branches of the Club were merged into one and now occupy that splendid building. A gymnasium, three bowling alleys, a ballroom where movies are held three times a week and dances on Saturday nights, a large and beautifully furnished library, a soda fountain, guest rooms, a billiard room, a large Private's Bar, and a somewhat smaller but very attractively decorated Non-Commissioned Officer's Bar, are some of the features of this new Club. The old Non-Com's Club on Seymour Road has been converted into a beer and sandwich oasis, and also houses the Regimental shoemaker, barbers, and tailors.

Following the example set by D Company, which visited Camp Holcomb in May, F Company is now sojourning at that exclusive northern resort, firing the range.

On Independence Day, July 4th, before a large turn out of members of the American Community, the Fourth paraded on the Race Course, being reviewed by the American Consul-General. Present also was a Guard of Honor of bluejackets from the USS *Marblehead*. A detail was selected from the *Marblehead* detachment to hoist the National Colors. Immediately following the flag-raising ceremony, a twenty-one gun salute was fired.

In the afternoon the annual baseball classic between the Shanghai Amateurs and the Fourth Marines took place. With the score 5-1, Marines' favor, the game came to a finish, and for the ninth time since its presentation by the American Community in 1916, the Fourth Marines

bore the Community Cup triumphantly off the field.

Should old-time Fourthers wonder, it is still a long and hot hike to the Race course and back on Thursday mornings. Sochow Creek smells just a little worse (like Limburger cheese, its fragrance be-

comes more picturesque with age), Avenue Joffre and Museovite mystery still beckons to many of our number, and Sikh policemen still chase rickshaw pullers off Bubbling Well road.

## TIENTSINER'S

### Headquarters Tientsin, China

Tientsin, China—with the clash of the cymbals, the oriental beauty of the far east. Well, to many new Marines this city is too modern; they expect to see a China like the picture "Good Earth," but lo—theaters, taxis, cabarets, nite clubs, roller skating rinks, *hai alai* and other things too numerous to mention make it all seem just like stateside.

Relieving the 15th Infantry, U. S. Army, a few months ago, seemed a large job for there were over eight hundred doughboys here and only a little over two hundred Marines to take over their duties, but like all other stories, the Marines had the situation well in hand.

Our detachment consists of Headquarters Detachment, Company C, and Company D. Lieutenant Colonel William C. James, our Commanding Officer; Captain William F. Coleman, Post Adjutant; First Lieutenant Dixon Goen, Post Exchange Officer; Second Lieutenant DeWolf Schatzel, Communication Officer and Commanding Officer, Headquarters Detachment; Chief Quartermaster Clerk Willis V. Harris, Post Property Officer; Lieutenant Rupert H. Draeger (MC) (USN), Medical Officer. Commanding Company C, is Captain William W. Orr; company officers, First Lieutenant Roger W. Beadle; Second Lieutenant Odell M. Conoley. Commanding Company D, is Captain Bernard H. Kirk; company officers, First Lieutenant Stanley W. Trachta; Second Lieutenant Arthur A. Chidester.

(Continued on page 65)



One of the panoramic scenes whenever the Navy lands in a tropical country. A typical fruit-eating contest, USS *Erie*.

THE LEATHERNECK



## WITH THE U. S. S. ERIE

### From the Top-Kick's Note Book

**I**T WAS the morning of April 27th. There were unmistakable signs of exuberance on the vessel that morning. The U.S.S. *Erie*, as Flagship of the Special Service Squadron, had been given a new lease on life, for at 9:00 a.m., we were on our way to Ecuador, steaming across the waters of Panama Bay and into the open sea.

The morning of April 29th dawned calm and clear. Immediately after breakfast all hands assembled at quarters to pay homage to King Neptune Rex and his Royal Family and Staff. The pollywogs were resigned to whatever their fate might be. After the grand parade of the Royal Party, the King with all Royal Members assembled on the No. 4 gun platform and proceeded with the initiation of the pollywogs into the Ancient Order of the Deep. The writer and 15 other husky pollywogs of the Detachment received the "Royal Works."

We were condemned by the Judge, pricked by the devil, pounded by the masseur, pilled by the medico, shaved by the barbers, consoled by the chaplain, and then hurled into the tank by the surly cops where we were abused by the hungry bears who savagely ducked and flailed our impudent hides, making us sore behind and before. Sgt. A. A. Rodriguez, right hand man to Major Donald J. Kendall, (Squadron Marine Officer) was the member of the detachment who suffered the most tortures, he was compelled to give a demonstration of how a dignified Marine should "take it on the chin" and other parts of his raw anatomy. Our first sergeant, E. J. Barton, was so well received by Nep's gang that he chose to stand up for dinner and supper.

This was the prologue of the grand shambles which lasted till high noon, when the last pollywog had been paddled out of the tank yelling "Shellback."

As the Royal Ensign, a white skull and crossbones on a blue field was hauled from the main, King Neptune and his Royal Party vanished as quickly as they appeared. Thus ended the ceremonies of "Crossing the Line." No longer do shallow-water sailors and Marines prowl about the *Erie's* decks, for they all are shellbacks and happy members of the Royal Order of Neptune Rex.

### Ecuador

The itinerary of the good-will cruise scheduled Guayaquil, Ecuador, as the first port of call. Here we stayed from April 30th to May 9th.

The Special Service Squadron Rifle Team, coached by Captain Earl S. Piper, and composed of Sergeants W. C. Kepple and H. W. Jones; Corporals J. C. Dowies and

I. Friedman; Privates First Class J. S. McCracken, F. T. Larrabee, C. Weatherford and J. L. Daigle, added lustre to the ship by outclassing the crack rifle team of Guayaquil by a score of 458 to 393. Their shooting was superb.

Field Music Archie H. Francis spent nearly all of his time at the swimming pool of the local Electric plant admiring the sun tanned beauties.

### Peru

Leaving Guayaquil we commenced to encounter cooler weather due to the Humboldt current, so we shifted from khaki to



Attorney for the Defense, USS *Erie* Crossing the Line.

blues as the uniform of the day. As the vessel steamed into the harbor at Callao, Peru, on the 12th of May, the distant towers of Lima's churches and hills made a pleasing sight.

The Catholic University of Lima having heard that we had an Expert Rifle Team, shot it out with the boys. On being defeated by a score of 562 to 435 they presented our team with a beautiful silver trophy.

### Chile

After six days of sight seeing and fun making in Callao and Lima, we hurried on to Valparaiso, Chile. The ship rolled and pitched as we arrived at that port on May 23rd to stay until May 27th. The city, when viewed from the ocean pre-

sented a majestic panorama amidst encircling hills backed by the snow-capped peaks of the Cordillera.

The last port of call in South America was Arica, Chile. Arica reminded us of the desert towns out West. It is built at the foot of the Morro headland and fringed by sand-hills which are unique in formation and appearance.

Upon leaving Arica, we sailed for Balboa, Canal Zone, to replenish our supply of stores and oil. On our return we again stopped off at Callao, Peru, to receive as passenger the American Ambassador to Peru.

On June 11th we arrived at Balboa. Captain Earl S. Piper and 2nd Lieutenant J. B. Heles, our junior officer, started bidding good-bye to all hands for they were packed and ready to sail for the States for duty. At this time Captain J. Sabater reported on board and took over the command of the Detachment.

### Guatemala

At the end of a six day stay in Balboa, we again weighed anchor on June 17, this time for Central America with San Jose, Guatemala, being the port to have the honor of our good-will visit. It seems that some of the men hardly knew what to do with themselves as liberty expired at 6 o'clock so they "took to the horses" and spent most of their time parading up and down before others who were not fortunate enough (or quick enough) to get "Caballos" for themselves.

Our prized rifle team was challenged to a match by the 10th of November Club of Guatemala City. Under the excellent leadership of Captain Sabater the Marines defeated their opponents by a score of 799 to 662. For this well accomplished task they were presented with a beautiful silver loving cup. After many, many sips of champagne from the "Cup of Victory," Sgt. Bill Kepple remarked to Sgt. "Wimpy" Jones that the stuff they were drinking was pretty good cider, and then passed out. First Sergeant E. R. Hardy, on duty in Guatemala City did likewise.

### El Salvador

After a four day stay at Guatemala, we departed on June 24, for El Salvador, the main port being La Libertad. Here horseback riding went on the decline and swimming was soon occupying the limelight. Cpl. "Chief" Cartwright, Pfc's. Charlie Massiglia, C. W. Weatherford, together with Pts. Fisher, Haas, and Snisky, seemed to have taken first place in this main event. We also remember quite distinctly that Cpl. "Hardrock" Dickerson said that he was not going ashore at any time on this cruise, but we did notice that he was doing quite well for himself by snooping around from tree to tree.

It was here again that our unbeatable rifle team displayed its eagle eyes by trimming the 1938 Central American Olympic Team of El Salvador by a slight score of 642 to 638. 'Twas a close shave, we'll say.

## Honduras

Leaving La Libertad on the 30th of June, we set out to sea for an overnight passage to Amapola, Honduras, which is on Tigre Island in the Gulf of Fonseca. It was in this port that we celebrated Independence Day and the 2nd anniversary of the commissioning of the U.S.S. *Erie*, by having a beer party.

## Nicaragua

Leaving more good will behind us we plied through the calm and peaceful waters of the Pacific for Corinto, Nicaragua, on the 5th of July. The public received us with open arms and hands full of paper money welcoming us to change our dollar for their cordovas—which we did with pleasure—for a good time was in store for all. How many of the old timers remember The American, The Texas, The Phenix Bars; Sweet memories!

After a few days ashore, Cpl. J. C. Dowies earned the name of "Cowboy" because of his superb riding. Pvt. Lane missed his first meal in months due to a little stomach disturbance—that's his side of the story. Cpl. L. Friedman actually learned to speak Spanish. Yea—man—everybody did everyone else. And it was with regret that we had to say Bye-Bye, Corinto, for on the 11th of July we nosed our way into Puntarenas, Costa Rica, arriving there next morn. Here again we had a grand and joyous fiesta. Cpl. Friedman was the biggest hit of all. His fluent (no savvy) Spanish went far to make the time pleasant.

All in All, the cruise was marvelous—opportunities were offered for extended trips to the more remote points of interest of the countries visited. Taking good advantage of the warm weather and abundant sunshine, many of the Marines tried out the local swimming pools and beaches. Others drifted about with their cameras and snapped what they might, while others collected the usual assortment of souvenirs and what not. Of course the night clubs and dance emporiums were well patronized by the remaining few.



## THE SAVANNAH BATS

USS *Savannah*

By Jack H. Martin

After spending the greater part of a month lying in dry dock at the Philadelphia Navy Yard undergoing repairs and reconstruction, we now rejoin the contributors of sea going news for our magazine, THE LEATHERNECK.

At present we are anchored some five hundred yards off the small town of Rockland, Maine, enjoying a three day period of relaxation before venturing out into the high seas for our final trial runs. During these trial runs most of us will get our first chance to test our ability in firing the five inch anti-aircraft guns.

During our stay in dry dock, back in Philadelphia, most of us were baptized in the art of going over the side. To you, who are land lubbers, who have an uncanny fear of going over a ship's side, let me inform you that it isn't as bad as it is reputed to be.

We left Philadelphia on the thirtieth of August and cruised down the Delaware River to Lewes, Delaware, at the mouth of the river, where we spent the remainder of the day running around in circles calibrating the ships navigational instruments. The following day we resumed the same tactics up until noon time and then shoved off for President Roads, Boston Harbor. We arrived there on the evening of the first and the following day took on fuel from a sea going fuel barge. This task was completed by noon and one o'clock found us

on our way to our present location. Being in the Boston Harbor without liberty was a great disappointment to a great many of us. Some lived there and some had heart throbbing interests in and around Boston. Oh well, there's always a chance that we may go there for a real visit one of these days, until then we are crossing our fingers and hearts and fervently praying.

The trip from Philadelphia to Rockland was very interesting. Most of us have never been this far north before and it is a trip that will long be remembered.

As for the detachment news, we report that sixteen men joined to build us up to full complement. The new members to our happy family are—Corporals Burns and Manning, Privates First Class McClain and Thompson, Privates Abadie, Andrews, Creech, Cote, Cziak, Frederick, McCurdy, Ryan, Shoenfeld and Field Music Waresyn. These lads were heartily welcomed and they have stepped into their places readily and are developing into first class sea going Marines. Of course our old timers (Ahem) had to take them under our wings and nurse them along for awhile.

Several furloughs were in order during the past two months. Captain Games, our commanding officer, recently spent three days in that grand old state of Delaware and from all appearances really enjoyed his brief rest from the old grind. Lt. Trotti fulfilled the duties of commanding officer in the absence of Captain Games very handily which spells a very successful future for him. Sgt. Spragg has taken several days to visit friends and relations in Boston and mayhap even as far as Maine. Sgt. McBee took thirty days to go back to Tennessee and tell his folks all about the Marine Corps. Pfc. Peake received several days leave in Philadelphia and returned with a sheepish grin on his map, but very silent. Music Besso journeyed to Boston and home and is still crowing about it. Cpl. Mericantante and Pfc. Guy also went to Boston for several days to visit their parents.

Since leaving, about all you can hear is wailings and moanings for a hasty return to the old stamping grounds. League Island Park is now at the mercy of the USS *Texas* during our absence. We aren't worrying any as absence makes the heart grow fonder. Pvt. Creech has temporarily forfeited his title of "Casanova" of the Park but it won't take him long to recapture it. Quite frequently you can find Guy, Daves, Maxey, Abadie, Cote and Baron walking around the Park with a lonesome expression on their faces but awkwardness stamped all over them. Private Baron (Frenehy) is always complaining of his hard luck. Try your hand in Rockland, Baron, you live around here somewhere?

Two promotions to Private First Class went into effect last month with Pfc. Hasinger and Pfc. Guy on the receiving end. Congrats, fellows, and may you prosper even more so ere your cruise is finished.

## WE WONDER:

If "Poop Deck Pappy" figures it was worth it.

If Daves will ever get a steady girl.

Why Guy is throwing his chest out at everybody.

If Johnson will ever learn to cook.

If Smith should have joined the Navy.

If Guilano will find any other hidden place to sleep.

If Markin will really ship over in the Navy.

If Usifer will ever grow up.

If Lancaster could stand a facial.



Pollywogs of the USS *Erie*



## COLUMBO CLEAVINGS

USS *Colorado*

By C. R. Weppener

Again the roar of the guns disturb our solitude but the results have been very gratifying to all hands concerned. While the Marines have not yet fired their long awaited short range, we had much to do with the gunnery school held for the sky guns during the past six weeks.

Before we start in on the activities of the guard and the "mud slinging" that we have scheduled for some of the brighter lights, let's bring to the front all the new men who have joined the detachment since we last appeared in print.

First off we'll start with the chicken of the new bunch and introduce Frank W. Montfort, a good, husky lad if ever there was one and very likely looking material for the whale boat. At least that is what Coxswain Joe Beckett seems to think. Next in line is G. O. Smith, as neat a soldier as has ever crossed our gangway. Then the "Gold Dust Twins" Replacements, Louis R. Largey and James I. Lockard. Closer than two peas in a pod and both of them are doing their bit on the wrestling mat alongside of the old salt, John Gordon.

Walter R. Anderson, William E. Douglass, Eldon S. Johnson, Wilburn E. Keith, Robert L. Kizzia, Daniel Stevens, another coming leather pusher; and Alfred B. Williamson complete the list of privates.

Corporals Edward W. Sims and C. E. Gillete are the new non-coms to come aboard for duty. Sims was recently based at Pensacola, Florida, and Gillete hailed from North Island, San Diego.

Recent promotions within the guard include George W. Thomas and Fred L. Burton from privates to Privates First Class.

Palmer D. Winfield and Hubert P. Bruner, of the Missouri Bruners, successfully passed the examinations for corporal and are now sporting bright new red stripes to show for their work.

Corporal C. R. Weppener, aside from being scribe for the detachment was fortunate enough to gain another stripe and is now a full fledged, sea-going sergeant.

One of the last minute joiners of the guard is Jack Griffith, who recently came out of the wilds of northern China where he completed a tour of duty with the mounted brigade.

Word from out of the Great Pacific Northwest has it that Corporal Estenson, who recently deserted the good ship *Colorado* for beach duty, is finding things coming his way nicely. A recent letter from that area also revealed that "Chuck" Gebhardt has ceased pining for George Fearnough and is now contentedly doing duty at Key Port with Chieh Hall.

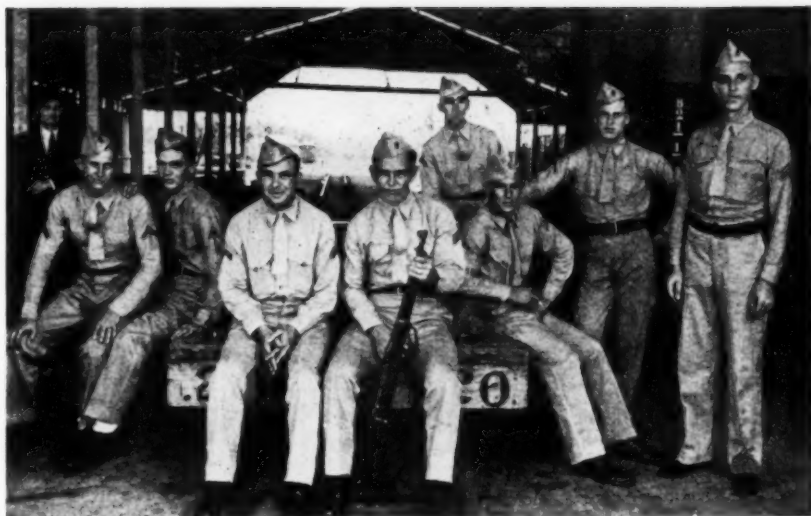
Pfe. Louis Kosovic is at the rifle range at La Jolla as a messman and is enjoying the "wilds" of that part of the west.

"Slinger" Dunn has been quite the shore goer of late since his heart's flutter has been out here on the coast from Ohio and let me tell you right now, we can't blame him at all.

"Little Freddie" Shisler is busier than a wet hen learning the great game of Pinochle and although his ability is cramped at times, he has shown great aggressiveness for an Irishman.

Pfe. Art Saxell has decided to hang up the gloves and retire as undefeated welter weight champ of the Navy, but we have our doubts.

(Continued on page 62)



### SPECIAL SERVICE SQUADRON RIFLE TEAM

Defeated rifle teams of Ecuador, Peru, Guatemala and El Salvador during recent goodwill cruise to South and Central America. Left to right: Cpl. J. C. Dowies, Pfc. F. T. Larrabee, Cpl. I. Friedman, Sgt. H. W. Jones, Pfc. C. W. Weatherford, Pfc. G. E. Daigle, Pfc. J. S. McCracken and Sgt. W. C. Kepple (Team Captain).

## WYOMING WANDERLINGS

USS *Wyoming*

Since the last writing, another midshipman practice cruise has become history. The memory of the fine European ports visited this summer will be fondly cherished by all hands. Especially the trip to Paris, that gay metropolis is not easily forgotten.

After our trip across from England, the shores of the good, old USA were a welcome sight indeed. We tied up at the Naval Base and before long—le and behold—there they were! It seemed as though all the female population of Norfolk was down to meet the ship.

Before disembarking the Middies at Annapolis, we made a short trip to New York, the best port of all. Here all the uninitiated back-woods boys had an opportunity to stare open-mouthed at the spires and canyons of old Gotham.

At the present time, we are anchored in the Hudson off 135th Street. Our purpose here in New York is to stand by for the Naval Reserve cruise upon which we will embark on the 10th.

Funniest sight of the month was watching the old, confirmed visitors guides, Tyburezy and Buvens, trying to keep track of about thirty school kids who ran quite wild when they came aboard to inspect this time honored battlewagon.

## CHESTER CHIRPS

USS *Chester*

By Joseph E. Lang

The good ship *Chester* has returned to Long Beach once again after completing an Alaskan Cruise and the annual Summer Cruise to Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco. The Alaskan ports we visited were Cordova, Valdez, and Yakutat. Most of the time spent in Alaska was in admiring the surroundings, taking photographs, purchasing souvenirs, sight-seeing trips, hiking, fishing parties, and—the usual research work in the local bar-rooms.

Portland may well be named the Utopia

of the Pacific Coast for the enlisted personnel in the service. We moored alongside the *Pensacola* and remained in Portland for ten glorious days.

There never was a dull moment while the Fleet was in—most notable of the events were the Marine Picnic given by the Albert Harlow Marine League at Avalon Park. Everybody that attended the picnic had a marvelous time—even the police sergeant. The American Legion also staged a number of dances for us and also gave a huge buffet supper for the enlisted personnel. The ship's rifle and pistol team participated in the Oregon State Matches and made an excellent showing. First Sergeant Hooper garnered a total of four medals at the matches—it's positively criminal the way he insists in beating the younger riflemen.

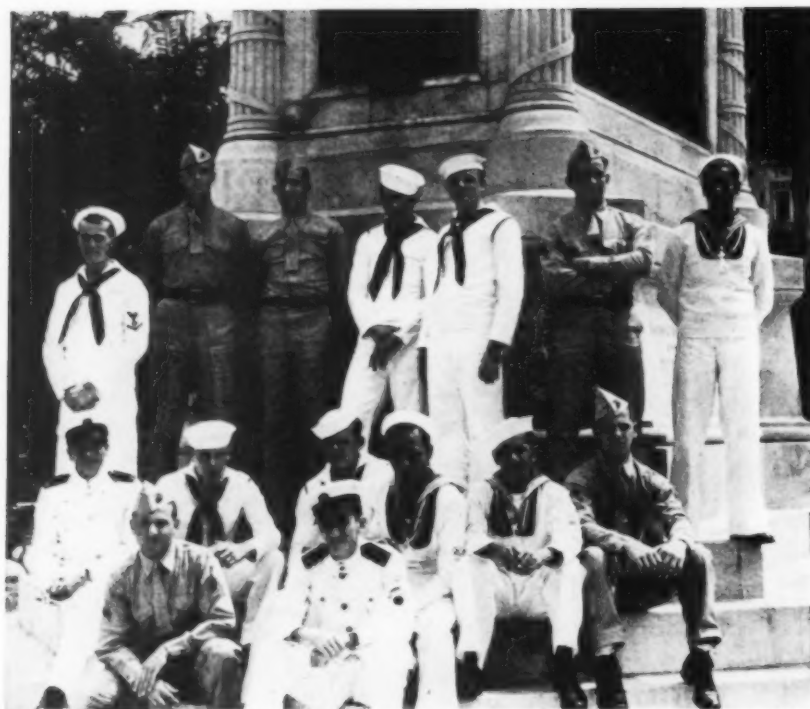
And now I shall commence to ladle out the "dirt" about my shipmates: Are you ready?—Stand by!

Flash! This particular question is directed at Corporal Joe Cappel. What kind of dogs don't bite, Joe? Joe experienced considerable difficulty with a most peculiar species of canine—the kind that are generally found prowling about ladders on ships. And so it is with the entire detachment's consent, and approval of the gunnery sergeant that I dub Joe with the honorary degree of Joseph Cappel (D.T.)—and we don't mean Doctor of Theosophy.

A certain group of Marines, who are tired of listening to "Soupy" Moore strum on the bunk chains in time to the swing music on the radio, are contemplating starting a collection to purchase a bass fiddle for the detachment's "jitterbug"—"so he can really get in the groove and jibe"—the approved Benny Goodman fashion.

'Tis also rumored that quite a few universities on the Pacific Coast have offered Olsen, Tally, and Lang athletic scholarships in view of their rowing achievements at the Marine Picnic in Portland. What a crew!—just a poem of smooth harmony when they stroked down the racing cur-

(Continued on page 63)



A close-up of the monument of Simon Bolivar with the personnel of the navies of the United States and Ecuador.

## NEW MEXICO SALVOS

USS *New Mexico*

By "The Toad" Wo'ger

The month of August will long be remembered by us all on the "Wonder ship." Watches seemed to come from all directions and with a range detail it was a bit harder. We came out of it all in fine style and are now back to normalcy.

We spent fifteen days in drydock with the "going over the side" routine holding sway.

Short Range gunnery drills started on September first. Though it will be the first firing for many, we aim to do better than we did last year. We made two "E's" and missed two others by close margins last year with new men so our hopes are high this year. Sergeant Alford hopes to add a hashmark to gun six. Sergeant Turner has taken over Sergeant Hancock's old gun 9 and also will be in there for a hashmark.

Captain M. P. Schneider, our new Commanding Officer, reported aboard in early August. 1st Lieutenant Floom and Second Lieutenant Roe reported back from gunnery school early in August also.

We on board that knew Sergeant "Bill" Doolin were all pleased to hear of his being Commissioned as a Second Lieutenant. When Bill left us in March, 1937, we have followed his career with interest and now that he has reached his first goal we wish him continued success.

Wooley, Haynes and Stidham are our "gridiron greats." Stidham has taken over the center position which he held last year and only an all-American will remove him. "Shorty" Haynes has shown up very spectacularly in early practices and has served notice to the veterans he'll have to be contended with this year.

Wooley is a blocking back and he has shown up well. After their sea duty is up they all should be heading for the San Diego football squad.

Our range detail under the direction of Captain Schneider, 2nd Lieutenant Roe and Sergeant McKinney did remarkably well at Camp Wesley Harris. Yes! They blasted away and came home in the money. While at the range they fired B.A.R., pistols, rifle grenades and .30 caliber rifle. The men that aided their "pay chit" were as follows, "Fieldscarf" Ferris who quieted us all with a cool 329, "Boathouse" Stidham quietly fired a 325, "FUZZY" WOOLEY HAS TOLD US MANY TIMES OF HIS 324, "Calm and Collected" Hankins and "Butch" Marshall finished excitedly with 321 each. "Silent" Hendershot continued his good firing with a 320, "Sitting Position" Orton squeezed through with a 316, "P&E" Langenwalter missed a squeeze and wound up with 312, "Chicago" Collier and "Frenchy" Leger came across with 309 each, "Chicken" Wooderson and "Fairview" Pellerin knocked out 306 each and "Dingle" Offenbacher and "Robin Hood" Twitty ended up with a 305 each.

"Sluggo" Dolben, the "Chicago Chopper," is looked upon as the likely welterweight contender for fleet honors from our ship. Many of his Chicago friends take THE LEATHERNECK and read of his defeat in a sparring contest and flooded him with letters. It was a comedy match and not the "Chi" type of fight.

HOPS AND JUMPS—"Right Windage" Turner now holds school in the ancient way of regulating the windage knob . . . "Fieldscarf" put on an old "Pfe." shirt and ended up with a little galley much to the amusement of Hankins and Marshall. . . Kendrick met the Bremerton Lamp Lighter

(Continued on page 63)

## NOLA KNOWINGS

USS *New Orleans*

Captain A. R. Brunelli, Commanding

By Pfc. Sammy Hunter

With the familiar "Mark, Mark" of the gun pointers as they coach their trainers on the target, the detachment gunners are displaying much excitement over the coming short range battle practise, which will find the entire Marine Detachment taking part in the annual money shoot. Sgt. (Sheriff Wild Bill) Rice, is taking the lead in the "futurebook" in the wagering of old swab handles and empty brass polish cans on the outcome of number 1 gun. With practically the entire crew in hook already, the year's fastest shoot promises much excitement when the targets are carried on board after cease firing.

In view of the transfer of many of the rated gun pointers, together with Sgt. Harold J. Thomas, the detachment started from scratch in the preparation for this shoot, newer men received on board from the recruit camp at San Diego, taking a large part in the shoot and if preliminary checks on the crews are any criterion, the "boots" will come home with honors.

The detachment out for 100 per cent in all endeavors went over the top on the annual drive for sweet charity in the recent red cross campaign, and have continued daily in leading the ship's pointer sets on the guns, getting much publicity at the picture show's nightly where for three consecutive nights Pfc. Hunter and Cpl. Godwin have the lead in the showing of results of the check sight officer's "official" battle runs for the day.

With Lieutenant K. A. King ordering a micrometer, sight adjuster, indications point to an early turn out of the detachment rifle team.

Cpl. (long legs) Lawrence Harris has already sounded the call for "beeg strong fellows" and answering the call for the whaleboat crew are: Privates first class Kasarda, Hunter, Busk, Phelps, Whiffen, Parsley, Kirkwood, Zimmerman, Durant, Harris, Walker. This crew, already cutting through the early morning San Pedro fog off the breakwater light looks to be the goods for the annual classic to be held 1 October.

Sergeant Harold J. Thomas, who, for his entire tour of duty on board the ship was our police sergeant was suddenly transferred to the Base at San Diego, Calif., on 15 August. Private Martino (little tough guy) Pintarelli, also went to the Base via transfer on the 25 instant.

With Captain Brunelli, our skipper, on the golf team (ship's officers) and Lt. King casting longing eyes at last year's rifle scores, the detachment first sergeant was observed thumbing over fishing tackle advertisements in preparation for the annual fishing competition of the Chief Petty Officer's mess on board, everything is looking up in the way of athletics.

A recent announcement by Pvt. Harry (never say no) Parsley, dean of detachment messmen, was the cause of much sadness and dejection and was received with profound sadness by all detachment chow hounds when he stated that he would not extend his tour of sea duty. Immediate cancellation of "gee dunks" by the ship's service on board was a direct result of this momentous decision, Parsley, leading all others in the "gee dunk" destroyers in the detachment.

## THE LEATHERNECK

## NEVADA MARINES

### USS Nevada

By George Thornton

The Marine detachment, USS Nevada, with short range practice over for another year, is glad to be back in port for a time. As a result of short range practice this year, the Marines have only two "E" broadside guns against four last year. Sergeant T. C. Palmer and his crew are sporting "hash marks" under their E's. Upon completion of firing, the Nevada returned to San Pedro where she tied up alongside the USS Medusa for a stay of about two weeks to get a large accumulation of repairs done.

Shortly after the task of tying up was completed, liberty call was sounded, and, as usual, some persons, notable Sgts. Vanscooter and Israel, Cpls. Liisanantti, Kegerreis and Bledsoe had one foot over the gangway before the last note had sounded. Cpl. Bledsoe and Pfc. A. G. Clark are spending a great deal of time in Long Beach these days. 'Tis rumored the fairer sex have something to do with it.

Pvts. G. P. M. and H. E. Vernon were promoted to Pfc. to fill vacancies left when Pfc. Copp and Odell were transferred. Both men are outstanding in the performance of duty, and we of the detachment take this opportunity to congratulate them. It is customary for persons promoted to pass out cigars, and we want to thank them for passing out those cigars. Cpl. Bledsoe finally turned up smoking a good cigar for a change.

Captain Potter and sixteen men are going to the Rifle Range, at La Jolla this week. They are "Old Guns" Walshe, Sgt. Vanscooter, Cpl. Burton, Field Cook Robinson, Pfc. Wright, Pvts. Camp, Clements, Mulloy, Self, W. H. Ward, L. F. Ward, Davey, McCarron, Parker, Young, and Frier. Good luck to all, here's hoping you all make expert. Among other leaving the ship on temporary duty are Cpl. Gordon, Pvts. Bertels, Bushey and DeLashmit, who are going to the .50 caliber Machine Gun School at San Clemente Island.

## THE ARKANEERS

### USS Arkansas

By Oboikovits

Since last month the "Arkie" has been hitting the high seas on all cylinders, rushing the Reserves hither and yon and back again. Our latest being to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, for liberty and short range battle practice with the units from the Southern Reserve Area. Although we are now having a breathing spell in New York City, there is a promise of more Reserves to come (groans from all hands).

When we dropped anchor in the Bay the Enterprise was off our starboard beam, and from the looks of her decks everyone was in the shore party. We left the next day, so we had no chance to see some of our former bunkies. How did you like the city, Duffy and Ponick, better than P. I.??? The cruiser Nashville also was in the Bay for a few hours, and afforded our crew with a glimpse of the new construction work that is taking place in our Navy. Standing by the rail one could hear many comments passed between old salts on her design and more than a few predictions made about the new battle wagons that are being built to replace the Arkansas and Texas.

The liberty parties to Guantanamo City were crowded, four boats loaded to capacity leaving the first day and three the next. Among the members of the detach-

ment that went, was "Cowboy" Buster Brownson, our camera fiend, who claims he was going to look for the same horse he rode last year.

When he finally left the units off at Charleston, S. C., we piled on steam for New York, and it sure looked good to see the towering sky-scrapers of Manhattan coming closer and closer.

We were cordially greeted wherever we turned, and many were the feet that turned toward Broadway and the bright lights. The influx of Marines and Sailors was easily noted along the great white way from Forty-second Street to Central Park.

Since last going to press, a few promotions have taken place; Pfc. Mobley to corporal, Pfc. Haren to Corporal, and Pvts. Butler and Robertson to Pfc. The whole Guard joins me when I offer congratulations and say that I hope you all make Top Sergeant in your second cruise (do I hear sighs from Cpl. Mobley or was it Haren?). Sergeant Nelson put his blues on for the first time since he added that service stripe, now he's going around telling us recruits that the first four years are the hardest.

He should know, but it seems to me that I saw a strange twinkle in the Top's, the Gunnie's, and Sgt. Blasingame's eyes—maybe I ought to sit down and think it all out—"something's funny," as the Gunnie would put it.



Harris, USS Vincennes, enjoyed the Marine Corps League picnic in Portland.

## VINCENNES VIGNETTE

### USS Vincennes

By Hurley

Saturday morning at zero six hundred we pulled out of Portland, Oregon, the City of Roses, to the Tune of "California here I Come." Some of the boys were sad and their hearts heavy as we pulled out, but cheer up, boys, time does wonders. Ask Pfc. H. C. Nation and Pvt. Rex Hankins, but then they wouldn't know either as they receive post cards daily with the following comments: My dashing Marine. My Fighting Marine. Or My Hero. Ah, it must be grand to be a ladies' man like some of the boys, meaning Field Music First Class Jesse Harris. You will find a picture enclosed to back up this statement. A familiar theme song of Sergeant Broadus' is, "Junior dear come over here and see who this is knocking on your window," and Junior found

out it was Platoon Sgt. Morse with a fishing pole, a new alarm clock trying to keep his Sergeant from being over leave.

After a few days at sea we pulled into San Francisco to pick up supplies and to let the boys give the girls a thrill. How do you do it, Bogler?

Two long weeks were spent at anchor in port to give the liberty hounds a break and up pops Pvt. Sutherland to go the way of all liberty hounds, but then I blame "Speed Evans" for the downfall of "Babe." I wonder how it feels to be just a gigolo and having women following you around? Ask Pfc. Slayton, I think he could tell us.

The next few months will find a few changes made in the Guard as some of the old Guard's sea duty is coming to a fast end. Pvt. Ray H. Bishop is now under way for shore duty in New York Navy Yard and the boys wish him the best of luck. I wonder if Margie had anything to do with his going. Also Sergeant George T. Edwards has in for a transfer to New York Navy Yard and I understand that Virginia won't have to look for air mails anymore.

"Pop" Campbell wants to know if any one else saw him fall out of the stool at the "College Inn" the night before we left Portland, besides myself. If not, then he will deny that he fell out. At present Corporal John Thomas is worried about the matter of hording gold. The best solution to that would be to stop shooting in matches I guess.

Promotion will be open to all very shortly. Why sure your shoes are shining, Rapp!

Two newcomers to try their legs at sea are: Pvt. A. L. Broderick, and Pvt. F. D. Roberts. Welcome aboard, boys, and may your cruise be a happy one.

The boys who went to machine gun school for a two week vacation are back again and there is no rest. The jitterbugs are now doing the big apple and trucking, even Pvt. Bogler is trucking to the tune of the "Bright Yellow Basket," but then music does something to "Bogo." From the looks of "Jeep" Reynold's sunburnt nose, they must have done a lot of shooting on their backs at school.

## ENTERPRISE MARINES

### USS Enterprise

By E. C. Poirier

More cigar smoke for the Enterprise Marines. The title and stripes of private first class are now being sewed on the uniforms of Pvt. Beggs, Hale, Kitson and Fyffe. Keep 'em nice and clean until we get to Rio, men.

During the past month furloughs were given and enjoyed by Gy-Sgt. Hansen, Sgt. J. V. Murray, Sgt. Thomas, Cpl. Snyder, Pfc. Green, Pvts. Pulliam, Freeman, and W. J. Lewis. Most of these men reported back to the ship with dreamy eyes and romantic tales of the splendid times back home.

The ship's dance was a big success. Many a Marine returned to the ship with romance in his heart, and many a Marine made history that night as far as popularity is concerned. Among those who glided along the waxed deck with ease were 1st Sgt. Hearn and wife, Sgt. and Mrs. Thomas, and pray tell, where was the Gunny on this night? Pvt. Harford was dubbed the "trucking Marine." He had Pfc. Beggs and Pvt. Struthers worried as he almost took their girls by storm.

Now don't get the idea that I am calling anyone a chow-hound, but Pfc. Fyffe,





**THEY'RE NOT BOOTS—BUT!**  
Pfc. Chandler, Sgt. Tade, Pfc. Frost and Pvt. Mugford, USS *Arizona*, taken at Camp Wesley Harris Rifle Range.

Joyner and Pvt. Norris were keeping the table pretty well crowded. Pvt. Roser was set to croon and didn't. Pfc. Bland was waltzing with a lovely blonde. Pfc. Beggs was sighted making circles around a New Orleans chicken. She's got Beggs snowed under. Pvt. O'Brien was taken in by the attractions of a very beautiful brunette who was about as graceful a dancer as I've ever seen. We are already looking forward to the next dance.

Pvt. Housenick joined the detachment from sea school, and he seems happy to be with us. What's this! Pfc. Burton and Armstrong have been promoted to corporals.

Monday, 18 July, the *Enterprise* unmoored from the dock at NOB and proceeded on her shakedown cruise. The first day at sea, I thought that 1st Sgt. Hearn, Gy-Sgt. Hansen and Sgts. Murray, Thomas, May and Waugh were going to be plenty seasick. Our first stop was Ponce, Puerto Rico. We took part in a big parade on the day of arrival, to celebrate the landing of troops in Puerto Rico forty years ago. After the parade, the people of Ponce gave us a chow with drinks and the drinks were rum, too. The Spanish girls were a big attraction to some of the Marines and Beggs, Green, Norris, Struthers and Oglesby all tried to learn to speak Spanish in one easy lesson.

At the present time we are preparing to fire the rifle range. Twenty-eight men will fire at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and everyone expects to make expert—including myself.

### AT 'EM GROANINGS USS *Arizona*

Since the last time the At 'Em guard was heard from, many things have happened to change the complexion and feeling among the plank owners and new men. First, through the medium of the ship's paper, the detachment has welcomed aboard our new commanding officer, Captain L. C. Godeau who comes from Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, for duty on the *Arizona*. Lt. Coursey who did duty at the Marine Barracks, Bremerton, is our new second lieutenant who will add a little seagoing

duty to his career. Gunnery Sgt. Crocker, who replaced Plt. Sgt. English in time to get here right in the middle of short range and gunnery season, just can't find time to try out his bunk down in chiefs quarters.

Tannahill cut short his seagoing to go to San Diego for radio school. He was an abstract radio bug but few knew it. By the looks of his countenance when he left, he seemed to be all smiles when he went over the gangway. Pvt. Nicholson also wanted to do duty on the beach but he is in for a sad disappointment. After taking a seventy-two he turned in at Diego only to find out that he will soon be returned to our happy home afore long.

Cpl. K. O. Christopher claims he is only on the *Arizona* for rations and by the time that the presses roll out another issue of THE LEATHERNECK he will be long gone from the ole At 'Em. Mauldin extended in the service and will do a portion of that duty here. Tade is still threatening to get off when his time is due but we've heard that story before. Holcomb, Kolling, Bauer, Heater brothers, Arnold and some more claim that they too will leave before mid October, should we laugh or believe them.

Someone asked for a picture of the ideal Marine so here is our description: By starting at the bottom we have Perry's feet (it takes a cow for a shoe). Harmon's build astern (Grantham offers competition here but the both of them have extremities that go for much more comfortable sitting). Meneoni's graceful long legs. Fesselmeyers chow pit (with his capacity the great Jim Brady was an amateur. Johnson's chest (even Atlas couldn't do much for it and it frequently is out of line when in ranks). For a giraffe neck we don't have much to offer due to the fact every one is quite a rubberneck. Kollings' nose (it has that mark of distinction). Sowell's baby blue eyes, Lorenz's ears (the China Clipper on a small scale). For the final physical characteristic we give you Arnold's head (what a book of knowledge it must contain). To start off the mental and whatnot aspect of this model Marine, we have Stitzel E. C. (only he can make points as no other can).

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### SALT LAKE FLASHES USS *Salt Lake City*

By The Mormon

Yes, gang, I agree with you, are you asking me what I'm referring to? Well in case it has slipped your mind that we have left that never-to-be-forgotten City of Portland, I'll agree with you that Uncle Sam should let the Fleet spend at least six months a year enjoying the hospitality of that northern city that should have been named Paradise.

Upon arriving in Frisco our erstwhile soda-jerker, Pfc. R. D. Sharp, decided that he would bid the old Queene farewell and is now getting his daily work-outs in Hawthorne, Nevada, and from what I hear he is becoming very adept in the art of catching Gophers at midnight with a gunny-sack and lantern, keep up the good work Red and maybe you won't have to ship over. We also bid farewell to Pvts. Mehl and Dahlberg who have finished their tour of duty and have gone to the FMF in Diego to decide if they should take a chance on getting Asiatic by going to China or go back to that so-called (civilian life).

It seems as tho' some people just can't take a hint until you kick them in the face so I suppose I'll have to inform Pvts. Fager and Crawford that it's high time they started passing the cigars around due to the fact that they have been promoted to the rank of P.P.C. How about it boys?

After spending two weeks away from the ship due to firing the Rifle Range at La Jolla I haven't much dope on the boys around here but while down at the Range I had the pleasure of finding out who our No. 1 chow-hound was, yes you guessed right, gang, it's our one and only Uncle Louie and if you don't know who that could be, it's Pfc. Curry (believe it or not). The mess Sgt. felt so sorry for the rest of us that he put an extra messman on each table to keep us from starving to death, yes sir, that boy can really pack it away.

A couple of last minute flashes have just been relayed to me so I'll give you the low-down. It seems as tho' Baldy DeLoach has been pining for a Montana Moon lately, if the boys get you down, Baldy, you can cry on my shoulder because I would like to see a couple of those Detroit Moons myself.

If anybody knows the definition of a four leaf clover being received from one of the fair sex thru the mail, will they please inform our Casanova Police Sgt. Beard just what it means, nothing like young Love, eh Charles?

Well, gang, as a parting gesture I'll have to let you know that Quatman has decided to leave the rank of bachelors, so if any of you guys want to prove your friendship to him you had better do some fast thinking and talking because he won't listen to me, I'll be seeing ya.

### OKLAHOMA RENAGADES USS *Oklahoma*

By Spence D. Gartz

Short range battle practice is over and there's almost as many alibis flying around as there is when a range detail returns.

We did manage to snag two "E" guns on the broadside, and incidentally, they were the same two that were awarded "E's" last year—Guns 6 and 10.

The men that shared in the prize money on Gun 10 were Sgt. Callaghan, Gun Captain; Pfc. Joe Tellier and Cpl. Si

### THE LEATHERNECK

Kemp, first and second pointers; Cpl. Lar-gess and Pfc. Tommy McCauley, first and second trainers; Pfc. Denbo, and Pvt. Tol-ber, first and second shellmen; Pfts. Clair-day and Froembling, first and second pow-dermen; Pfc. Stinnett and Pvt. Zabel, spongemane and rammerman.

Gun 6 was composed of the following men: Sgt. "Doe" Humbley, gun captain; Cpls. Gartz and Patterson, pointers; Pfts. Wright and Williams, trainers; Pfts. Brum-mett and Kerek, first and second shell-men; Pfts. Roeheny and Metzger, first and second powdermen; Pvt. Cavanagh and Fld. Music "Pixey" Scarborough. The trayers on each gun were Pfts. Mont-gomery and Lohry.

All we need for that long awaited good liberty is the prize money. The usual six week delay is anticipated.

The detachment welcomes heartily its new commanding officer, Captain L. N. Utz; and also Second Lieutenant A. C. Shofner.

The guard had a bet with the blue-jackets that manned the other half of the secondary battery on who would have the most "E" guns. The result was a tie of two each, so a ball game was arranged to see who would pay for the Budweiser. We are very depressed in announcing that the bill fell on our shoulders.

Four sailors were assigned to watch the kegs while the game was in progress, and the loss is attributed to the fact that too many Marine players were watching the beer-guard instead of the ball.

The result of the game was forgotten as soon as the spigots were turned and the party got under way.

We hope that the Tennessee Rebels will take note of the fact that we lost a game, and feel more confident about fulfilling that much postponed game.

Two new men, Pfts. Garvey and Conradi are aboard—both coming from the range detachment at San Diego.

Sgt. Callaghan has replaced Sgt. "Honey-Barge Bill" Boucher in his duties as Har-bor Commissioner, or in more polite circles, Police Sergeant. Callaghan won the election by promising the guard smaller trash cans and bigger spit-kits.

Add mysteries of the guard: who are the beautiful bathing beauties that sent their pictures to Mrs. Wright's little boy, Richmond Jr. Guess we'll put in for the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Why are they calling Heinecke and Gartz Swing Hi, and Guey Sam—and why fo' all those trips up to Chinatown?

Is it true what they say about "Two-shell" Pennington?

## QUINCY LANCERS

USS Quincy

By Maddy

Back in San Pedro, the Quincy Marines seem to feel at home once more. It is cer-tainly a relief to be here out of the noise and confusion of the Navy Yard where the "Big Q" underwent a three months' overhaul.

The Quincy weighed anchor August 8 and left Mare Island for her trial runs which turned out to be very successful, then back to Frisco for only an hour Wednesday, 10 August.

These days aboard the Quincy are filled with quite a mixture of almost everything. With gunnery just beginning and so many new men to be trained, we spend quite a bit of time on the guns, trying to stay off Howell's and Simonich's paintwork and at the same time learn the trick of staying on the target. The new men seem to be

catching on very well and the experienced men are getting back into excellent condi-tion once more, all for that treasured "E."

The Quincy is represented at the San Clemente Machine Gun School by 2nd Lieut. Colmer, Ensign Cooper, Pfc. Duch-nowski, and Rehberg, and Pfts. Watt and Barlow. We hope that those two weeks will not only be a school in which they learn all about the guns, but also a rest from boat calls, night watches and the crowded compartments aboard ship.

There have been few changes in the guard in the past month. Captain L. C. Hudson is our new Commanding Officer and at the present rate he, with the able assistance of Lieut. Colmer and 1st Sgt. Livermore, will soon have a guard that



FLEET LANDING EXERCISE NO. 4,  
USS NEW YORK

"FOR HAVING SUCCESSFULLY EVAD-ED ALL LANDING PARTIES," Sgt. Ma-jor Christian is decorated by CBM Peckam as First Sergeant Smith reads the letter of commendation.

will always be remembered by the re-mainder of the officers and crew. Pfc. R. P. Guy looked back long and hard as he left the ship last week headed for a furlough transfer to Washington, D. C., via Georgia.

We wonder why the far away look in "Dynamite" Tabor's eyes since his fur-lough to Louisiana. Could it be that the breaker of a thousand hearts has at last been hooked???? Field Music Box has decided that sperm oil is better for the rifle than the hair. He says that it gives the hair a smart appearance but is afraid that after dancing awhile the odor might become embarrassing. The three of them, "Trev" Howells, "Speed" Simonich, and Pl. Sgt. "Shifty" Shaffer have the Ma-rine five inch guns in excellent firing con-dition and Tabor is willing to bet five dol-lars that he doesn't have a stoppage on any one of his four machine guns. "Pop" Johns is going to give the people in Ala-bama the thrill of their lives when he gets there in his red sport coupe. I can see the head lines of a local newspaper now.

"Home Town Boy Makes Good; Rides Home in Automobile." Some one made the suggestion that a good way to use the "slush fund" was to buy the after-deck sentry a pair of roller skates.

Wonder why some people stay below during the week-days but come to top side on Sunday evenings. Is it to let the occupants of the love boats get a look at our handsome Marine . . . would you know any thing about that, "Windy" McCloud?

## HONOLULU LEIS

USS Honolulu

By William H. Lentz

Amid the mad seramble of final prepara-tions for our shakedown cruise, we take time out to welcome the mali-hini, Cap-tain Harry S. Leon, who at this time has taken over the command of the detach-ment from 2nd Lt. Clair W. Shisler. To you, Captain Leon, we say Aloha and may you have a happy cruise. The detachment sincerely appreciated the efforts put forth by Lt. Shisler during his short period of command. "Now that the responsibility is over, sir, why not join the luau."

Sugar Department . . . Don Hayden used to be "bothered" with rather fat envelopes from Ohio . . . but alas they have dwindled to a shadow, sideways. Mott is cutting pictures out of "Film Fun" for his scrap book. Still cutting out paper dolls. tsK tsK . . . Jackie Gately, from Yell County, Arkansas, draws more water on the Honolulu than the Honolulu draws in the water . . . almost forgot to mention that Jackie is still at the Paradise, isn't she Reuben? Wild Bill Terry unfortunately was turned down when he approached the living image of Ann Dvorak . . . the gal from Elmhurst . . . who thinks the First Soldier is quite the boy.

With strains of Lohengren and delicate perfume of banked heliotropes, to say nothing of scads of hyacinths, King Cole, the man with the iron to you, took unto himself a queen. The happy couple were "jerner" in holy matrimony, executed an about face and marched aft where they were met by a firing squad of news camera-men and a barrage of rice on the steps of the cathedral.

The best man at the nuptials was none other than the Wild Rebel E. E. "Bill" Terry, a brother Tennessean to the blushing groom. Nutt and Butt Department. . . Odell D. Rogers, who has taken the stage name of Rajah O'Dell will fill the ether with melodious strains that are des-tined to flutter the heart strings of the feminine world . . . The "Duke" as he is popularly called at home and abroad will have his big chance at the Fabian Fox on the night of Monday, September 5th, over a nation wide hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting Company . . . by the time you read this you might hear of another "Singing Marine" . . . Reynolds the ex-soja from Schofield didn't exactly drink all the beer on Governor's Island t'other night but if someone wanted to sneak a few, someone certainly would not have much to sneak.

Wallace is a rounder, a cad, and a bounder, Sez Wallace, Quote "It was just an optical illusion." Unquote, but the steak wasn't ordered for chow . . . Eu-gene "The Jeep" O'Neill is the best known character aboard ship . . . receives anywhere from a dozen to two phone calls per day . . . we understand that George Smutsch is his social secretary . . . "Es-quire's" Sound and Fury page wants to know just who the . . . George Smutsch is.

## MANHATTAN MELODIES

USS *New York*

With the return of the Training Squadron to the States from a pleasant European cruise and with a long navy yard period ahead, the Guard of the *New York* has had time to relax and enjoy the memories of the Midshipman Practice Cruise of 1938.

In looking back, all the full guards and other Navy regulations and drills that threatens every Marine with gray hair in two years of sea-going was well paid for by the liberties in France, England and Copenhagen.

It would be impossible to tell all the happenings in France, but with country tours, trips to Paris, buying presents, drinking, eating, and getting acquainted with the people, everyone had a fine time and regretted leaving.

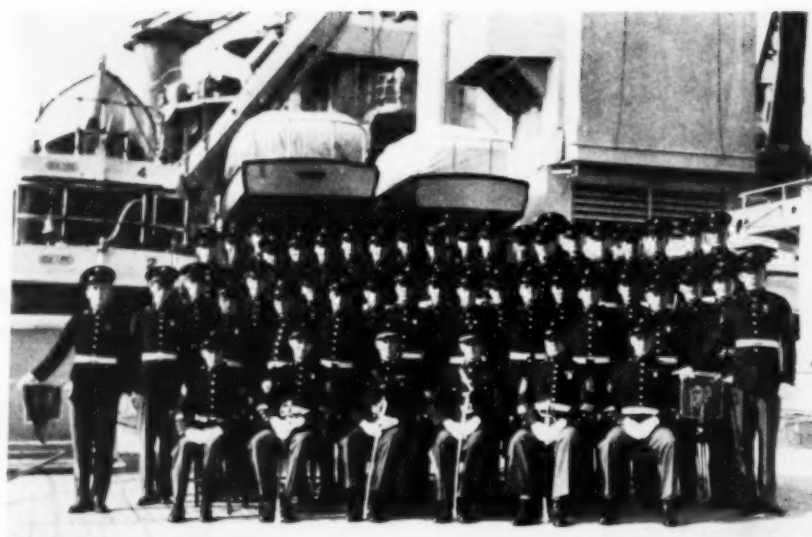
In Copenhagen the Tivoli amusement park was the main place of interest, but the free beer and an inspection of the Tuborg brewery was a high spot for a few. The inability to speak Danish and the early hours for the girls made everyone anxious to reach England where a dollar went farther and you didn't have to use your hands to talk.

In Portsmouth, the people, and especially the Royal Marines, outdone themselves in trying to make everyone feel at home. The only thing they couldn't change was the strict enforcement of the business hours of the Public Houses. The Royal Marines think there is nothing finer than a U. S. Marine, and to show their feelings they took us on a tour of the countryside around Portsmouth. Then later to the barracks at Eastney for tea. In the evening, at a beer party in their canteen, some sailors from the King's yacht furnished entertainment. Several of the Guard found their own entertainment with the fair sex at Southsea and Clarence Pier.

When the Twenty-third of July came, with most of our Shillings in the Public Houses, we were ready to leave England and started making plans for Norfolk and New York City. But someone threw a monkey wrench into the Navy's well laid plans and as a result the starboard propeller shaft was broken and we limped home on one screw, arriving a week overdue.

Several nautical field meets were held on the way back, with the admiral's guest, Mr. William K. Ryan, the most interested spectator of all. To show his interest in the Marine Guard, Mr. Ryan offered a silver cigarette case to the winner of a competition which consisted of field stripping a Browning Automatic Rifle and a Colt Automatic pistol against time. After the elimination of all the Guard the final eight contestants tried for the prize before an audience of Rear Admiral Johnson, Commander Drill Detachment, Rear Admiral Rock, U. S. N. (Ret.), and Mr. Ryan and other officers and members of the crew. Pfc. Michael E. Camden was the winner with a time of 4 minutes and 41 seconds for stripping and assembling both weapons. We believe that is a record of some kind and deserves recognition. Admiral Rock made the presentation of the prize which included five dollars from Admiral Johnson.

Mr. Ryan also gave a ball for the entire ship's company after we returned to the Navy Yard. The only trouble is that there aren't more men like him who like the Service.



MARINE DETACHMENT, USS *NEW YORK*

Seated, left to right: Sgt. L. F. Hughes, 1st Sgt. M. S. Smith, Capt. E. O. Price, 2nd Lt. L. M. Mason, Gy-Sgt. W. F. Kromp, Sgt. F. McBride.

## Tropical Topics

VMS 3 FMF

St. Thomas, V. I.

By Al Cardamone

We extend our greeting to 2nd Lieutenants Robert E. Galer, and Milo G. Haines, and to 2nd Lieutenant and Mrs. George A. McKusick and 2nd Lieutenant and Mrs. John P. Dobbin and 1st Lieutenant and Mrs. Frederick B. Winfree. We are happy to have them join our Squadron and hope that they feel the same. We also extend our best wishes to Pay Clerk and Mrs. Julian B. Bird, who came here to relieve ChPay Clk. Clinton A. Phillips, transferred to Pensacola, Fla. Mr. Bird has been combining his bowling ability with that of his assistant Cpl. Herman Albert Brazske much to the despair of Stf. Sgt. Davidovic (newly promoted from Sgt.) and Cpl. George Dillman. Maybe Mike didn't feel like bowling after making Stf. Sgt. He put up a case of rum that night at the service club and the boys put it down. We hope there are more Stf. Sgt. ratings. Captain Salmon (Recreation Officer) has been noticing George's form and has predicted that his average would catch up with him sooner or later. It seems that is the only reason George has been bowling so bad lately.

Pvt. White has relieved Pvt. Miller so he is now the Boy Contractor of VMS-3. He has been wondering what his hired hands are talking about up there in the hills. White is the young lad who has been coaching White Hope Powers into his present position as VMS-3 Phantom. By the way, what became of all the training rituals the boys used to go through in the evenings? Powers says he would rather lift Tom Collins glasses (full of course) than a Bar Bell any night.

Holthus has a wonderful system in his

commissary for counting the days until his wife arrives from the West Coast. Short timers (if there are any left, besides Brazske) should see Herb about this amazing method.

Duke Overstreet is on a one year extension and we bet he sent home and said "Won't be home tonight. Keep the chow hot." If the Duke's partner (QM) Maschia were here we could understand. What will Britton say now that he won't be seeing your cherubic countenance for a year, Duke? The Duke will explain to anyone the method of keeping hair glowing and silky and he uses Rosecaln as an exhibit of "before" and R. D. (Topee) Smith as "after." The boys would like to know Before and After what???? It looks like the hand-work of Bill Grimes and Father Time to me. Rosie has been giving his head a thorough going over by dropping out of the liberty truck and lighting on his dome. His cranium will eventually wear out with all the beating it has been taking, if he don't take heed.

Pvt. Moody (The Pride of Padueah and the St. Thomas Spokesman) is apparently taking an interest in political affairs lately. Moody has been congratulated by many people on his ability to lull the crowds and to captivate his audience—into believing that he knew what he was talking about. In his public address to the congregation down in Cha Cha town, Moody held his audience spellbound with his oratorical powers. He still can't remember if he spoke about Communism or Socialism. Whatever the topic, he sure has a following. People are anxiously awaiting your next speech, so please oblige us some night.

Three Cheers!!! Pvt. Haws (Full House) has finally lost a bet and to Donald Thornbury—of all people!! Haws bet that one Marine would make Pfc. before the

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## GROWLS FROM THE GUAM MARINES

Guam, M. I.

By Sumay Sam

Well, men, every post has its own growls but the most common one around here now is about the rain. It is rainy season and it comes down in solid water. The only man outside on the post except those going to and from the Enlisted Men's Club is the post gardener. During rainy season he can only plant a few seeds at a time because every time it rains he has to run out and hold them in the ground to keep them from washing down the street.

On 19 April, 1938, Lieut.-Col. Charles I. Murray relieved Col. Albert E. Randall as Commanding Officer of this Post.

The range season for the fiscal year 1937-38 was concluded very satisfactorily, there being an increase in percentage for marksmanship over the preceding year. The figures which follow are the results not only of the fine range, the good coaching, and the interest exhibited, but of the continued efforts of the range officer, Captain H. R. Paige: Expert riflemen, 48; Sharpshooters, 76; Marksmen, 70. In other words 92% of the command were in the money or qualified. The old timers won't know the range in another six months as grass is being planted between the firing points not to mention other improvements as well.

On the 4th of July our Field Day program went off with a bang despite the lack of the customary fireworks. The highlight of the day was the introduction of a new event which is, perhaps, best named "Hit and Run" golf, and originated by the island golf champ, 1st Lieut. R. H. Hayden. As many teams as may enter, of five men each, each man using one club and no man being allowed to hit the ball twice in succession, must try to complete nine holes in the fastest time. This sport provided some new shots in golf and some golfer remarked that, although a good swat brings the winning team in first, once a year is enough for the average golfer to play this "stream-lined" game. The winning team: Pvt. A. A. Cianeanelli, E. W. Collins, E. E. Meredith, R. J. Short, W. A. Smith. Other events and winners who were awarded cash prizes and beer are as follows: *Bicycle race*: Pvt. O. C. Nuske; second, Pvt. H. G. Hancock; third, Tpr. W. E. Nations. *Grenade Throw for Accuracy*: Pvt. S. Carrow; and the winners for each relay: Pvt. J. R. Anduze, E. Sullivan and L. A. Walton. *O'Grady Drill*: first, Pfc. A. Lareher; second, Pvt. D. F. Ames; third, Pvt. C. R. Mitchell. *Swimming*: 100 yds. free style; first, Pvt. H. A. DeLooff; second, Pvt. W. A. Smith. Underwater: First, Pvt. H. A. DeLooff; second, Tpr. W. E. Nations. Three-man relay: Pvt. H. A. DeLooff, M. A. Helms, C. V. May. Also there was a tug of war and a soft-ball game, both of which were well attended. The great spirit of O'Grady, whose presence was mediumized by the commanding voice of 1st-sgt. F. V. Osborn, probably was surprised, as was the "Top" that, even though the winner is an oldtimer, most of the finalists in the drill are "stream-lined" Marines.

As there is not enough space for all our "Candid" camera shots, the following will give you a few descriptions of what the boys are doing around the Post:

The Mess Officer looking with consternation at a head of lettuce which he had been

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## CANAL WATER

M.D., N.A.D.

Balboa, C. Z.

After several months' solitude and silence, we are back with news of our detachment. August 5th, we were honored with the visit of President Roosevelt, for whom we did our stuff, apparently with considerable success judging from the compliments of Admiral Vernou and the Presidential smiles. He could not have picked a better date for the visit as we were in a period of brief relief from the malaria siege which has kept our ranks depleted. The full guard was paraded on the entrance and departure of the President, who was accompanied by President Arosemena of the Republic of Panama, and twenty cars loaded with high priced help.

Captain Butler is still our CO, and competing with Pvt. Manahan for the most titles. For the moment the score is 3 all, the skipper being also Mess Officer and P. E. Officer. Manahan, our movie operator (traditional figure-head), also PH's for Depot librarian and mail orderly. Pl-Sgt. Dalton is still QM-ing for the detachment, hoping that some day (after about a year as No. 3 on the list for supply sergeant) some of the QM big-shots will get out so he can change his place on the list. Sgt. Batson is our "beer baron" and PX steward. He and several others are due to go back to the U. S. shortly. Pfc. Biglan and Croy are wearing fresh stripes; in fact we have had a fair number of promotions since the detachment was organized. Everybody's still doing it—planting grass and shrubs—but when we are all gone the replacements will have it easy. Most of the grounds and improvements are nearing completion.

Cpl. "Tubby" Bernard, our police sergeant holds reveille roll call like we did back in the old days at Quantico, rake, shovel, hoe, etc.; you know the rest. He claims by April, next, the Department of Agriculture will be consulting him on botanical matters. Right now he is experimenting with a cross between Bermuda grass and horse weeds; trying to grow a plant that will produce its own fertilizer, and still have the appearance of lawn grass. With the new reading room furniture, and all the improvements to the recreation room the depot is becoming livable, thanks largely to the concerted efforts of Captain Butler as barracks officer.

## GUANTANAMO GOSSIP

Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

By McLaughlin

A sprinkle of news, a pinch of spice and a dash of humor from Guantanamo. The pleasant tranquillity of camp life and routine duties has, regrettably, remained much the same for the past month. One refreshing break in the monotony was the arrival of six new faces. First Lieutenant John J. Cosgrove, Jr., and his wife, Mrs. Jean S. Cosgrove, arrived here from Quantico, Virginia. Lieutenant Cosgrove will act as the Post Police Officer, Post Mess Officer and Detachment Officer. The enlisted men who joined this Command were Privates Anthony J. Coeco, William R. Earney, William C. Perry and Robert J. Thrower.

The fishing contest which was held during the month of August has been completed. FM-Sgt. Watkins pulled in a one hundred and thirteen pound jew-fish to win the first prize of seven dollars and fifty cents. Corporal "Midget" Bailey won the second prize of five dollars with a thirty-five pound sea-bass. Asst-Ck. Donnell and Private "Sea-Bag" Owings will have to split the third prize of two dollars and fifty cents as they both caught fish that weighed eighteen pounds.

The Marine baseball team was sadly defeated by the Navy in the first four games of the little-world-series. The necessary cooperation was lacking in the Marine team this year. There were more errors made in the games than there were pitched balls.

FLASH:—The curly-haired Baldwin and Johnny Watkins have both taken on the responsibility of teaching the dusky-maids of this Post the art of swimming. Both boys were seen one fair Sunday afternoon on the beach adjacent to the dumps with two of the darkest tanned girls imaginable.

It is learned that Pfc. Paulk is an accomplished linguist. "The Captain's Daughter," a book advertised in the magazine section of a popular New York paper, appealed to him; he ordered it and on its arrival, the volume was found to be written in Russian. Are you having Shimboski read the book to you, Paulk?

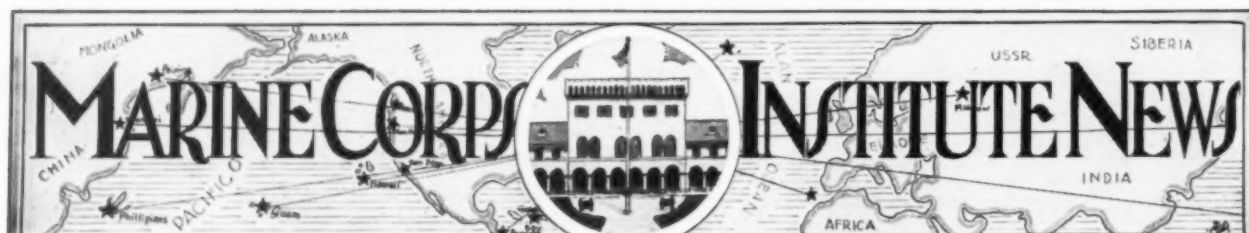
Sergeant Robison and Corporal Espeland have enlisted in the ranks of a lonely hearts club. It seems that they were the

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FIELD DAY ACTIVITIES AT GUAM

Left: Start of bicycle race, with Nuske getting off to the flying start that won the race. Right: the Second Platoon is trying to pull the First Platoon off the island.



## ADD TO OUR TRADITIONS - - -

**S**URE, we've all read those old-timer stories. They begin with an evening after a hard day's drill. Supper has been forgotten. A group of Marines are sitting in a circle around a small bonfire whose smoke, mingling with that of our cigarettes, twirls upward to make the mosquitoes sneeze. An old-timer drops into the circle, bums a cigarette from the man on his left, a light from the man on his right, and after an impressive pause, starts to sound off. We youngsters in the service wonder whether we shall ever have stories like his to tell. Or that is, we did, until Red Garvin signed up with us. Now we've got one, too.

It will begin like this. Way back in the late '30's—I was serving with Company A, Ninth Battalion, of the Reserves in those days—our company commander was a first luff named John Bathum. He was a big bruiser with the bad habit of wanting 'o try to do things that everybody else said couldn't be done. The battalion had a red-headed major named Keller. What that major didn't know about the Marine Corps wasn't much. When he entered the Corps it was full of colorful characters, and he knew many of them by their first names, or nicknames. These buddies of his had stimulated his imagination to the point where he was even worse than Bathum, if that is possible. Anyway, the combination always threatened excitement.

Well, one of these wise guys who is always trying to prove that you are wrong—sea-lawyers, we called them—got into the major's way once. He pointed out that the Marine Corps Reserves were telling prospective recruits that they could get a whack at an appointment to Annapolis if they would enlist in this outfit; and that the Marine Corps Institute would prepare them for the examination without cost.

This sea-lawyer demanded the name of just one man from our battalion who had done that. Although no such name was available at the moment, the major was not the kind of man to back down. Among his acquaintances was an old-timer named Frank Garvin who was remembered by everybody who ever served with him. Why they remembered him is their story, not mine. Now, if this Garvin only had a son. . . .

He did. The kid, a redhead, at the moment had his mother's hair standing straight up because he was trying with more than ordinary success to be an aviator. It was Garvin's son, all right. He was also a cadet first lieutenant in his high school R.O.T.C. He had what it took to stand in front of a crowd, the bigger the better, make a speech on the desired subject, forget the applause that always followed, and go on with his business. Also, he was named Alfred, after the first ship to be commissioned in the American

IF THE  
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AT PARRIS ISLAND, SERGEANT  
V. A. McHEILL WILL SUPPLY  
FULL PARTICULARS AND AID  
IN THE SELECTION OF A  
COURSE

ENROLL TODAY

Navy. Of course, everybody called him "RED."

Red listened to the proposition. He was to enlist in the Marine Corps Reserves, be assigned to a company where no one knew either him or his father, and earn the chance to take the entrance examination for Annapolis. He was to prepare for this examination by studying a course designed for this purpose by the Marine Corps Institute, a correspondence method of instruction. It was pointed out to him that no Marine from our battalion, at least, had yet attained success by this

method of getting in Annapolis. Success would make him another midshipman. Failure would make him just another cheese who didn't make the grade—which would put two strikes on him for the rest of his life. The hardships of such a preparation were made very clear to him, as well as the chagrin of his family in case of failure. Standing a sea-lawyer—his father had often mentioned them in terms that did not suggest admiration—on his ear seemed to be enough compensation to make the risk of a future worth taking.

The Marine Corps Institute gave a hearty hand to the deal. Giving without cost instruction that old-timers had to pay for out of a buck private's eighteen dollars a month—and many old-timers studied that way—certainly sounds like a bargain, but you know how people are. This school wanted Marines to put the same enthusiasm in their peace time pursuits that they are known to put in their fighting work. The time left until the next entrance examination was so little that if Red Garvin did make the grade it would prove the value of study in a way that would get into the other students' hair. As an added attraction, the registrar of the institute was Lt. Col. Hunt, who was a major in the First Battalion of the Fifth Marines during the World War, and Red's father was one of the official nuisances of that same outfit. The colonel got a big kick out of training the second generation of a buddy.

One drawback of this correspondence instruction is that you can't bluff your way through the course. You have to know it, or you don't get by. And really knowing it takes a lot of time. There wasn't a lot of time available, so things didn't look so bright. But First Luff Bathum wanted the distinction of sending up a midshipman, and when he wanted anything it was less painful to get it for him than to explain why he couldn't have it. A nice guy, and a good officer, but very hard to convince. And Major Keller was calling a man's bluff, something not laughed off so easily. Also, certain interests of Red's father were mixed up in this deal.

The combination of circumstances offered a lot of material for a good worrier, but Red Garvin didn't have the time to use it. Instead, he used the strategy of Marshall Foch who once reported, "My left flank is retreating, my right flank is crushed; I shall advance through the center." Red advanced through the center, and when the marks of the examination came up like markers at the butts on the rifle range, he had qualified. He is now Alfred D. Garvin, Midshipman.

First Luff John Bathum got what he wanted, and now he is just about the happiest man in the whole Marine Corps Reserves. Major Keller? Well, he isn't so happy, yet. He wants to find that sea-lawyer and rub his nose in the record of a Marine who is the son of a Marine, and has what it takes to prove it.



Midshipman A. D. Garvin, formerly of  
Company A, 9th Battalion, FMCR.

# DETACHMENTS

## MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON, D. C.

By Leo J. Werner  
BARRACKS DETACHMENT

**S**ERGEANT ORR is back to stay—Until he is promoted and moves away. Cpl. Sterling also moved in. Pfc. Dinsmore extended his enlistment. This, together with the ten men from China, and the Bks. Det. is ready for the winter season. Basketball and Bowling.

Crosby was promoted to Sergeant and First Sergeant Belton joined from the 5th Battalion Reserve Marines. Top Belton is near the head of the list and will be Sergeant-Major very soon. Skowronek is back to drillmaster again after having a very good year on the range.

For men with lots of spare time, the magazine "Hobbies" is recommended. Many hobbies turn into valuable sources of revenue and possibly a career. The magazine rack in the Post Exchange looks like big business and is one more sign of progress. The bigger the sphere of choice, the more money will be spent. A good idea would be to have a match between two billiard champs in the recreation room.

Tony Dowdle is moving up on the list and will be Mr. D. soon. The new semi-automatic rifles take 8 shells to the clip. With MCO No. 113 under way, many curious boys would like to see and try the new weapon. Bye Bye, Springfield. Also, the new "Delayed Fuse" bombs will feature the next scrap. What else? However, the tanks bog in mud and will not run without gas. For the man who invents a concentrated "fuel pill," a fortune awaits. Pfc. Alley of the MCI is an authority on firearms.

### MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

School days or rather nights are here again. The scale is from Night High to the University uptown. Three typing classes are held at Hine Night High School in Southeast Washington, and the tuition is gratis.

Promotions: to Sergeant, McDonald; to Corporal, Ramadan, O'Brien, Hedesh, Dawson, Rogers and Hoffman; to Private First Class, Wadsworth, Alley, Queen and Thomas. To this group can be added the new arrivals in the person of Pvt. Lowell H. King, and Pvt. Lloyd D. Harley.

The range season is over and many surprises were uncovered on the various record days. Verily the low were high and the high stayed that way. This was one of the best years the M. B. Washington

has yet had. Certain people feel that there should be a gun-club and that firing take place every Saturday morning throughout the year. Practice makes perfect.

Coincident with the advent of Greens, is talk of the roll collar for blues. Has anyone seen the Army Dress Blue Uniform? October 12th is Columbus Day and the 27th is Navy Day. Rainy?? Football is here and the usual Baltimore game with their Fire Department, but always when everyone is broke and hitchhiking a misdemeanor in Maryland. Remember the days when the M.C.I. had a football team? Ping pong tourney—pass the lemonade. Now that McNelly has accumulated a sizable block of Hearst stock, he is thinking of entering into competition with Andy. Your correspondent belongs to the Cunard Travel Club and will be glad to give anyone travel literature, etc., upon request.

The M.C.I. Recruiting folder is being revised and the new one should be worth having. Ask for your copy when it arrives. The Blackfriar's Guild's first production will be "First Lady." Also, stamp collectors may have the used envelopes that come into the MCI by applying to Red Landman in the Registrar's. The stamp collectors are headed by Landman, O'Brien, Fike, and Ondek. The personnel of the MCI extend their sympathy to Joe Ondek in his recent bereavement. Adios—

### UNITED STATES MARINE BAND

By Leo Joseph Werner

With the Band on a six weeks' tour of the principal cities of the U. S. there is very little local news. However, the convention of the Marine Corps League was tepid without the presence of the "President's Own." The winter concert series will usher in a new high in attendance and the monthly dances will once more live up to expectations.

Will the band go to the New York World's Fair in 1939? Or the Olympics in 1940? This would be a fond hope for the newest member, Eugene H. Graham. Also, Mus. 2cl. Arthur C. Bachman has reenlisted. There are always vacancies in the Band from time to time and the leader Captain Taylor Branson or in his absence Second Leader Santellman will be very glad to interview prospective applicants.

For anyone interested in musical history, they are referred to the Band library, ably operated by Teddy Roth and Mr.

Bies. Drum Major Florea will lead the Band on Navy Day. Suggestion for a concert: An all Gershwin program. Any suggestions will be welcome in the band office. The pleasant voice you hear when the band program is announced, belongs to Mr. Rogers, who supervised the recent Marine Corps Institute spelling match in Washington.

### NAVY YARD RUMBLINGS

Washington, D. C.

By Mac

Absence from these columns for nearly a year has undoubtedly left us very rusty and out of date; therefore, we suggest that our endeavors be considered not too seriously.

Recent transfers: To MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.; Pfc. A. J. Dithrich, E. E. Frazier, J. G. Graf, C. J. Moss, and R. Tallman—Best of luck, boys, and may duty along the cool and breezy shores of Lake Michigan be as pleasant for you as your presence was to us back here in WNY. Upon reenlistment Cpl. J. M. Lightsey left for MCB, San Diego, Calif., for further transfer to the high seas—Another swell fellow departed, but may the salt air agree with you, "Johnny."

Discharges: A list of the discharges during recent weeks would compare favorably with a complete roster of a fair size detachment. Therefore we leave each and every one, all swell fellows, with these words, "May the outside be as square with you as you rightfully deserve, and may the future find you contented and speeding along the road to success."

Exceptional good luck has been ours in the matter of promotions lately. To Sergeant, Cpl. H. B. Poe; To Corporal, Pfc. A. A. Anderson, and O. J. Cooper; To Privates First Class, Pvs. H. S. Baskin, C. J. Blocker, J. Homenick, P. J. Mas-trillo, E. R. Neville, Jr., and J. L. Stuart. Small wonder that the old adage of free cigars and the like has slowly but surely died an ignominious death. But congratulations, lads, and may there be still better things ahead, what with the high standards of living here in the District.

The reenlistment of Quartermaster Sergeant C. D. Feustel a few weeks ago definitely established him as jogging around the turn into the home stretch with the figures "thirty" looming up invitingly at the pole. Remember this, fellows, when the old proverb, "All good things must end," comes to mind. First Sergeant Hughes extensive vocabulary has again, as usual, left most of us gasping and in many cases resuscitative measures have been necessary. But cheer up boys—While there are lexicographers and dictionaries, there must still be hope.

Things we should forget, but somehow can't: The rotund, and corpulent figure



of our Mess Steward, Fred Seyfert, who presents a very amusing, if not pathetic figure as he cautiously wends his merry way on, well, most any pay day; First Sergeant Hughes' continuous upbraiding of Post Exchange Steward "Taft" Snyder, because of the latter's unforgivable act of racing in on a fly ball at a crucial moment when he should have raced back, and therefore comparing him unquestionably with a certain major league player who has much the same habit; "Jake" Durmer caught between the cross fire of "Hank" Poe and George Toth, and finding all means of abscondence cut off, surprising all hands with a brilliant display of acrimonious temperament; "Greek" Snyder asked to compare the "beating of gums," and "the beating of drums," and stating very presumptuously and arrogantly that there was no similarity whatsoever—Of course we know better, don't we? "Red" Cornell, who is somewhat skeptical as to the mysteries of water and its contents, apprehensively, and waveringly easing his large right toe into the swimming pool at the two feet mark, and then with an expression of panic passing over his fiery and freckled countenance, rapidly emerging same.

Anyone having a working knowledge on how a waistline may be reduced, and at the same time afford the person concerned more pleasure and enjoyment than caused by its enlargement, is requested to deliver such information and particulars to Sgt. John Howard. A handsome reward goes to the person who can show results.

## RECEIVING STATION MARINES Philadelphia, Navy Yard

By J. P. Gale

Since our last article a number of new men have come in to replace the old guard. Here is hoping that they are as good a band of fellows as we have had during the past. During the month of July, Sgt. George W. Monteith joined this detachment from Bty. "A" 1st Bn, 10th Marines, 1st Marine Brig, MB, Quantico, Va. Right along with the Sarg we received another member of the same outfit in the person of Pfc. Walter Haverlack. On the 23rd of said month, Pvt. Horace Belanger joined this outfit from the Bks. Det., MB, NYd, New York, via the furlough route. The pay off of the month was when that dizzy music John W. Kirk shipped over for straight line duty. Well you could have knocked me over with an atom when he ambled into the office with his shipping over papers. Yes, you might have guessed it, the first thing he tried to do was bum a cigarette. So we leave the month of July and gaily trip, oop my mistake I mean flit over to August whereupon calculating ahead I see that we gained fourteen new faces. Reading from top to bottom or right or left or—well anyway here they are: Pfts. Lebert L. Estes, Clarence Gordon, Jack L. Hill, Frank Huchler, Anthony Kronberg, Guy L. Mathews, Edmund G. Miksit, William P. Mitsopoulos, Clarence E. Orr, Mienah Pitts, Jr., George A. Robinson, Paul Vitek, Warren C. Williamson, Jr., who joined the members of the Stockade and Fire Department from the MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., and in addition to these, Frederick A. Kohlman joined but soon thereafter transferred to the 1st Bn., 10th Marines, 1st MB, FMF, Quantico, Va. According to the foregoing list, many readers may think that we are overloaded with men here, so to dispel any thought in that direction let me linger a little longer and bid adieu to a few of the

boys who have forsaken us for civilian life. To say that we miss them one and all would be saying a little and we sincerely hope that they come through in whatever they decide to tackle on the outside, let it rip—Cpl. Clarence J. Stones, Pld. Cook Wayne C. Bish, Pfc. John J. Salata, Jr., Pfc. Stephen M. Zeher, Pfts. Albert J. Bastian, Dominic DelPrato, Jack J. Leyenaar, Thomas V. Marbut, and George L. O'Connor. In the month of August there is just as sad a story to relate viz: Pfts. Promo Armandi, Branislave Dumbrovsky, Harold H. Higgins, Paul E. Snisky, Levi W. Sweet, Lawrence F. Wingate and Peter M. Wrubleski.

Our ailing Captain Muri Corbett received his orders relieving him from active service in the U. S. Marine Corps and we are very sorry to see the captain go and hope he is enjoying himself during his stay in Florida.

Our present mess of messmen are heading my list. Yours truly was working late last night and missed chow and when he asked one of the messmen to get him some vittles he said that it could not be done and this was none other than my little sparrow Jesse Ulmer. Ho, wait until these messmen come around to find out whether or not they are to stay in the mess hall next month. Ah me, revenge is sweet. Well, nuff said is nuff said so I'll say Aloha.



## WARDENIGS

The tide still comes in and the tide still goes out around the Naval Prison and each tide finds an additional feature in our Post Training Center. The number of models has grown to fifty-three now, the most recent addition is a series of quotations of a military nature made by famous men.

The sand table has been put in shape and now holds a carefully worked out display of terrain features.

Colonel and Mrs. Robert L. Denig had as luncheon guests on August 3, Colonel H. M. Smith, U.S.M.C., director of Operations and Training and Lt-Col. W. W. Ashurst, U.S.M.C., director of Rifle and Pistol Marksmanship. After lunch, an informal inspection of prison activities was conducted by Colonel Denig, the Commanding Officer of the Naval Prison.

An eyesore landmark disappeared from the Naval Prison Reservation this last month. The old wireless masts were removed.

The most recent improvement in the Prison grounds is a gold fish pool below the knoll on the upper reservation between the Commanding Officer's quarters and the pond. The pool measures about eight by twelve feet and lies at the bottom of a large outcropping of rock. A small stream of water trickles down over the rock and keeps the pool full of fresh water.

Colonel and Mrs. R. L. Denig with their son James, left Portsmouth on August 9th for a short motor trip into Maine. They returned on August 12th, having visited Bar Harbor, Quoddy Dam, Mt. Katahdin and Augusta.

On Thursday night, August 11th, the prisoners and duty personnel received a real treat in the form of an illustrated and very interesting lecture by Amory H. Waite, Jr., entitled "With Admiral Byrd at Little America." Mr. Waite was radio operator and electrician of the "Ice Party" at Little America and his four years of service in the Navy enabled him to talk in the language of his audience.

Ginger, a Husky, was the only dog he brought with him from his team of "Ginger," "Mustard," "Cinnamon," "Salt," and "Pepper."

Twelve Marines returned to duty Saturday from the Rifle Range at Wakefield, Mass. Following in the footsteps of the last range detail from the Prison, these men qualified 100 per cent.

Colonel Frank E. Evans visited the Navy Yard August 21 and 22, and dined with Colonel and Mrs. Robert L. Denig. Colonel Evans just arrived from the West Coast where he was in charge of the Western Recruiting Division. After leaving Portsmouth the Colonel will travel to Quebec and Montreal before reporting at New Orleans to take charge of the Southern Recruiting Division.

Intrigued by the reports and rumors of our Post Training Center the powers that be are having a "look see." Lt. Col. Pedro A. del Valle was ordered by the Major General Commandant "to inspect the training and school facilities at the Naval Prison."

Captain C. E. Fox has received advance information that he is to be detached from the Naval Prison on or about October 1, and is to go to the USS *Phoenix* where he will become Commanding Officer of the Marine Guard on this new cruiser.

During the month of August the following named men were discharged and returned to their homes to give the USS "Outside" a whirl: Pfc. James H. Hatten, and Privates Joseph R. Lasich; Woodrow Neely; Frank R. Millard; and Charles O. Wells. Mess Sgt. James C. Eiland, was discharged and reenlisted the following day and is now enjoying thirty days' furlough between New York and Florida points.

The following named men were transferred from the Detachment during the month of August to the following stations: To MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.: Pfc. John F. Rizer and Privates George M. Hodgdon; Woodrow W. Lyons; Vernon L. Millrons; Raymond H. Morelli; Rodney Piper and Keith M. Smith. To MB, NOP, South Charleston, W. Va.: Private Virgil K. Newberry. To MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.: Pfc. Lee R. White and Privates Earl M. Powell and William M. Smedley. To Asiatic Station: Corporal John E. Keegan and to MB, Quantico, Va., Privates Hermit B. Adams and Laton E. Barbee.

The following named men joined the detachment during the month of August from the following stations: From MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.: Pfts. Carl E. Dunbar, Karl H. Kinder and Ralph E. Troutman; Privates Raymond W. Perkins, Joseph C. Trobasso, John E. Steer, Roland Gardner, Lauryn Hall, Herbert C. Jeeves, Joseph Konopelski, Sidney Markowitz and Carlo M. Trentecoste. From Motor Transport School, Depot of Supplies, Phila., Pa.: Pfc. Clifton E. Drake. From MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., Corporal Roy P. Peterson and Private Milo C. Barney. From Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, Corporal Alex Chiginski.

## WE NEWPORTERS

### Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I.

After a poor start in which the Marine Soft Ball Team of the Newport City League won one and lost nine, the Marines finished with a rush and gave the managers of the opposition many a headache. Winning fourteen of their last twenty-two games, the Marines finished one half game behind the Trojans in fourth place, who were only one half game out of third place and two and one half games out of first.

First Sergeant "Patty" Quinn arrived in Newport to find his newly acquired detachment resigned to a cellar berth, but the "Old Master" refused to accept this for granted and took over the coaching job, put the old fight in the Marine Team and in two weeks time had the Team bowling over the opposition—much to the Aquidneck's disgust, for it was the Marines who took two games of a double header from the Aquidnecks and knocked them out of first place, a position they never regained.

This little post with its authorized allowance of seventy-five has undergone practically a complete turnover since the first of May; discharges and transfers being the number one cause. Beckworth was promoted to Gunnery Sergeant and immediately received orders to journey China-ward. Rosenberger, the ironman of the softball team, was discharged and elected to renew his citizenship down Pennsylvania way. Several new men have recently joined and their tales of China are holding down the floor for the present: This can't go on forever.

### HINGHAM SALVOS NAD, Hingham, Mass.

By R. L. S.

This month's column finds yours truly an ex-bachelor. Woo is me, so they say!!

We look forward, with keen anticipation, to the arrival of the several new men scheduled for transfer to this detachment. This will bring our detachment up to strength, day-on day-off duty will prevail and someone might even get a furlough (Balasaitis hasn't had one for several weeks now).

Several men were discharged during the month of August, namely: Mess Corporal Lawson, Pfc. Roessner and Privates Cavanaugh, Foster, Story, Myers, Grey, Waltz, Noyes and Waller. Declining to take a furlough, Pfc. Roessner did take time off between a pair of 8-12's to ship over. We hope he stays with us for some time to come. Our detachment sports a new first sergeant in the person of 1st Sgt. F. T. Davenport, who hails from the Schools Detachment, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa. We Hingham Marines seem to have all the luck. First Sergeant O. P. Olson, who had been stationed here in Hingham for the past five years, was detached to the West Coast for further assignment aboard ship. "Good luck, 'Top'." We have several other new additions to the detachment, namely: Pfc. Lajoie and Pfc. Greene who were transferred here from Parris Island and Wakefield respectively.

From Boston, Privates Clark, Brown and Hansen and from Portsmouth, Virginia, Privates Cantrell, Crawford, Hutchins, Platt and McLaughlin. Field Music Kesner preferred Hingham to civilian life, shipped over, and as a result twice as many wined noises echo throughout the barracks these days. With Nantasket Beach closed for the season, we must now trek to Boston for liberty. MISCELLANEOUS: Fitzmaurice hitch-hiked to New York over La-

bor Day. Probably clipped several hours of the time it would have taken him to go in his "crate."

We might ask Lattimer, Berrett and Roman whose girl that really is? We might also ask what it is Costa has that Frederick hasn't got? Sankus informs me he might forsake bachelorhood any day now. "How about it, Sankus?" He sure knows how to buy an automobile but perhaps he will have a little more luck on this deal. In closing we might add: "There's nothing like a fire-watch to break that quartermaster spirit, is there McBee?"

## TOM TOMS OF INDIAN HEAD

### Indian Head, Maryland

By the Indian

Everybody here seems to just be getting over one splendid picnic. I might add an outing that any post in the Corps would be proud of having sponsored. It took place at Chapel Point, Md., on Labor Day from early morning until late at night. Everybody seemed to retain a happy mood throughout the entire affair. The beer flowed freely and as for food there seemed to be no end. I might add at this point that, judging from the amount of headache powders and Bromos being sold at the Post Exchange, the hangovers were numerous also.

During the day a number of presched-

BROADCAST FOR THE  
NOVEMBER LEATHERNECK  
SHOULD REACH THE EDITOR  
BEFORE OCTOBER 8

uled events took place. Here are the events and winners:

1. Sack Race—Pvt. Moyer.
2. Shoe Race—Pvt. Moyer.
3. Tug of War for Men—Dahlgren Team.
4. Tug of War for Women—Indian Head Team.
5. Small Boys' Race—1st Jack Gallagher, 2nd Floyd Hudson, Jr.
6. Women's Relay Race—Mrs. Hilderbrand, Mrs. Felio, Miss Buck, Miss Budd.
7. Rolling Pin Throwing Contest for Women—Mrs. Tarlton.
8. Dance Contest—Mrs. Hilderbrand, Pvt. Durant.
9. The married women played the single women a four-inning soft ball game. The single women came out winners by a score of 22 to 18.

Among our guests were Lt-Col. Ery M. Spencer and family, Major George F. Stokes and family, Lt. Comdr. Chester B. Peake, USN, and family; Chief Boatswain Gustave B. Martinson, USN, and family; Lt. Comdr. Thomas S. Wyly, USN, and family; Chief Carpenter H. E. Landre, USN, and family; Staff Sgt. Carl Glaser, USMC, and family; eleven men from the Rifle Range detachment, Quantico, Va.; forty-eight guests from the Naval Proving Grounds, Dahlgren, Va.

Everybody who attended votes sincere thanks and appreciation to Major Cartwright, Marine Gunner Henderson, 1st Sgt. Harris, Mess Sergeant Griffin, Cpl. Clayton and everyone who made this splendid affair possible.

We have at present three men at the Rifle Range, Quantico, Va., Cpl. Neason, who, I understand, is trying desperately to make expert in order to win a case of beer he will get from Cpl. Clayton. "Pop"

also states that he, provided he makes expert, will place a barrel of beer on the home plate of our baseball field and distribute straws to all hands that they may drink their fill. Good luck, "Pop," we are all thirsty, so hold them and squeeze them. Our other would-be experts are Pfts. Clements and Singley.

Pvt. Murray was taken to the U. S. Naval Hospital at Washington on Labor Day with acute appendicitis; he is reported as doing nicely.

We wonder why Sgt. Ivy is so modest about his new creation, the "Water-cumber." Sgt. Ivy invented this new "vegefruit" by crossing the cucumber and the watermelon. Our garden is producing a bumper crop of these "Water-cumbers" and the entire population of Indian Head is waiting for Sgt. Ivy to announce why he made this creation and just what it will be used for.

## CREAKS FROM THE CREEK

### St. Julien's Creek, Va.

Seeing that our maiden effort at being a "scribe" met with a fair degree of success, we are back with another contribution. First of all greetings to the new members of our post and "so-long" to several that have been discharged and transferred. Those joining have been Field Cook Clifford H. (Irish) Brady, and what a cook he is—our hats off to you "Irish." Privates Stephen L. Brecht is our new chief jalopy doctor, with Private Alvin R. Phelps as his noble assistant. Private Lige N. Thomas, Edward J. Dunn, and John F. Carberry are also welcome additions to the post. Our demon movie operator, R. Julius Koepfer, has departed for Quantico and his relief, Private Frank R. Forsyth, appears to have the well known situation in hand. Sorry to see you go Julius—even if you never wore your cap straight for inspection and your rifle always looked as if you had just dipped it in an oil vat.

High Private Robert W. Knowles has been elevated to Chief Magazine Attendant, vice High Private Charles E. Cundiff who has been discharged and is now hanging out in the vicinity of Cradoek, Va.

Our gardener, Isaac L. Mareantel, is well and happy—but he doesn't seem to be bringing in a great deal of fresh vegetables, in fact he has been accused of buying what little he does bring in—just to uphold his reputation as a gardener. Our smiling and cheerful Canteen Steward Perry has been having his troubles with his jalopy—no run. It seems that his bitter rival for the affections of a certain lass in Cradoek did Perry dirt—while Perry was busy spooning with the fair damsel his rival (we know him, too) was prowling around outside and when he saw Perry's Rolls Royce he thought it would be a swell idea to put some sand in his gas tank—it was. But then Perry is still Head-man with the fair lass—so all is well.

Our portly but athletic First Sergeant H. Doty Hudson, is in strenuous training in preparation for his visit to the range at Quantico where he will repeat as usual and return a dashing 320 man—and poor "Duke" Lafever of the Navy Yard will have to stand the cost of a steak, for "Duke" only managed to make 318—Hia "Duke," you know how Hud can polish off those huge steaks. But remember Hud, get down low on that ole sitting position—and hold 'em—not like I did.

Sergeant M. M. (Mail Man) Stamps,

our mail orderly, is busy totin' the mail and doubling as the impresario of the "Blue Room" on the late watch.

As predicted in our last column, "Gunny" Kelly was unable to stay more than twelve days on his thirty day furlough.

Our Navy, which consists of Machinist's Mate 1st Class "Matey" Southworth and Coxswain "Shanghai" Masterson is well and happy. "Shanghai" having a "mad" on with your scribe, we are unable to report a great deal on the activities of our Navy.

THIS AND THAT: "Spud" at Philly—Prince misses you, so does Hazel at Ann's Bar-B-Q. Brunelle at Quantico—Hang in there "Bru" you'll make that next "list." McCoy and Burch—many, many, thanks—Bozo.

## DOVER DEVIL DOGS

N. A. D., Dover, New Jersey

By Morgan

Ahoy! The Devil dogs are on the air.

Our barber "Taxi" MacDaniel has been down in Louisiana on a short furlough.

Pvts. Donnelly, Connelly, Lyn, Rudd, La Rocco, Cimino, have joined our company since the last issue. Private "Sponky, Two Beer" Worman, had quite a "belly" ache a couple of weeks ago and was sent to the hospital but upon his recovery he has returned to Dover.

Private "Bragget Barr" claims to be the No. 1 ladies' man. But we all know of Barr's adventures ashore.

Our Private "Rebel Rip Stitch" Lineberger is now walking too straight and narrow, says he is a reformed man, but we all know the Rebel.

Pvt. Spadero our swimming champ and No. 1 life guard says he has been living too wicked a life. Wonder if he can by any means be casting a reflection on his fellow shipmates.

Since our last writing quite a few of our old shipmates have taken their leave of the dear old Corps, namely, Pvts. Bansky, Violante, Miller and Reynolds, and F. M. 1st. Sumner.

May success and prosperity be with you boys. Before this edition is published Corporals Kane and White will also be paid off.

Pvt. "Shotgun" Schuten seems to be very happy over assuming the role of a married man, but we know the "shotgun" knows when he is well off.

Our ace truck driver Pvt. Abernathy seems to be quite a Cranford liberty hound here of late. Is she a blonde or a redhead, "Abbie?"

Since McDaniel returned from furlough he claims to have cast aside the wicked ways of a recruit, and has assumed the serious mood of a short timer, for we all know that he is to become a farmer again.

"FLASH"! Who besides our friend Staniszewski is about to become a six day bike rider? It couldn't be our Store Keeper Corporal Jawbone "Knott," who makes the sixth day Saturday ride around Budd Lake accompanied by the intended Mother-in-law.

Our new movie operator Private Graham seems to be very excited over his new job.

Pvt. Scott, another new member of our detachment, seems to have quite a bit of difficulty in making the proper acquaintance among our civilian population hereabouts, so we all wish you better luck in the future Scottie.

The Devil-Dogs now take their leave until next month—So Adios, and smooth sailing, Mates.



# WEST COAST

## HEADQUARTERS, FLEET MARINE FORCE, MARINE CORPS BASE

Major General Louis McCarty Little, Commanding

By Wheel & Ash

AT this time the men of the company are just beginning to get back to earth from the heavenly entertainment of the Navy Relief Carnival which was held here at the Base on August 18, 19, and 20. A good time was enjoyed by all.

We have recently heard that our good friend Corporal Walker has been gaining a few steins via the public address system for his magnificent "gift of gab."

Pfc. Ashmore is getting to be quite a reckless lad. He was recently observed slinging baseballs at nice fresh bottles of milk—we understand it was the desire to win Mae West, who likes 'em reckless.

Our good friend Harold Windes recently joined the ranks of civilian life via the own-convenience discharge—good luck, Harold, here's wishing you continued success and happiness in the new art of "home-life" and business.

Those joining this month were Pvt. Armstrong from 2nd Engineers, and Pvt. Paul from recruit depot detachment, welcome to the organization, men, we hope you find your new duties to your liking.

There has been plenty of smoke and cigars around this month due to recent promotion of Corporal Joe Crouch, star football player and ace of Southern hospitality, who, of course, made Sergeant. Congrats, Joe, we hope the next one comes soon. Pvts. Maxwell, Wheeler, and Smith were also promoted to Private First Class—Keep kicking, men, one more to go and it's bound to be corporal, which we hope will be soon.

Pfc. Pierce Smith was so happy over the promotion that he sewed on the chevrons and headed for Chicago. We know that the ladies of Chi will get a treat now, with those chevrons and that "purity" blond hair. Best wishes, "Smitty," hurry home and give us the dope.

## SECOND MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Brig. Gen. James C. Beaumont, Commanding

## SIXTH MARINES, SECOND MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Colonel Harry L. Smith, Commanding

### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By B. F. Kisso

THE Corps is noted for traveling over the world. This fact is certainly seen by the transferring personnel in our outfit. The roster changes so many times that Pfc. Kregoski checks his muster roll and reports at least one-half hour daily.

Lieutenant Colonel DeCarre was detached to the Sixth Marines for duty as executive officer. Lieutenant Colonel Jenkins is the commanding officer of the battalion. Captain Peters has gone into line duty as Commanding Officer of Company B. Captain Claude has taken the battalion quartermaster job. Captain Monahan is returning to China duty.

First Lieutenant Vadnais, recently of Fort Monmouth Signal School, is our new communication officer. Welcome, Lieutenant! First Sergeant Smith and Corporal Pau-

mala have added another hashmark to their uniforms. They said, "I do" for another four years. Pfc. Shire left us for a position in civilian life.

The company is drilling with full squads as the replacements from radio school have arrived. Privates Replinger, Robinson, and Zawasky found that their schooling hasn't stopped. Sergeant Backus and Private First Class Cantwell, also new-comers, are teaching them manual signalling.

Furloughs were granted to Technical Sergeant Lynch, Corporals Gilson and Kazlouski, and Privates First Class Orem and Klug. Cigars were passed around for two occasions. Private 1st Class Gilson and Private Kisso. Corporal and Pfc. now.

Our company is becoming motorized. Corporal Chiappetta has taught two bunkies, Corporals Cohen and Blackwell how to fly his airplane. Sergeant Backus is a motorcycle enthusiast. Private Polakiewicz and ye soulder will own their cycles soon.



After a roll call on "Jallopies," we all ride!

"Casanova" Griffey is still adding phone numbers to his note book. Privates Stone, Brickman, and White could help him fill it since they've been to Mission Beach.

Corporal McGuire and Private First Class Mays are still arguing about the best bait for surf-fishing at LaJolla. How about a seine or a cute little depth-bomb?

Corporal Dorsett, Private First Class Smith, and Private Reynolds are busy on the tennis courts. They prance so gracefully every afternoon. Or is it adagio dancing?

## COMPANY A NEWS

By Brightwork

Back again with the news of the month; though there isn't much to tell after returning from the rifle range. We are all preparing for our annual field maneuvers at Camp Kearney, with all hands turning to under the guidance of our new company commander, Lieutenant Leek.

One of our company officers, Lieutenant Richard A. Beard, outside of his regular duties with Company A, is hard at work these afternoons on the base gridiron; with the coming season's games it looks as though our Marine team will be comprised of high ranking football stars!

Lieutenant Woodhouse, who was our company commander prior to the return of Lieutenant Leek, has been very busy getting the Navy Relief Carnival in shape; which at this time of writing had its gala opening last night. Judging by the goodly crowds that attended, it is going to be a success! A Company, true to form, turned out one hundred per cent for the premiere and a good time was had by all. Many of the men went obligingly out of their way to show the civilian populace the numerous exhibits on display.

Our new "first soldier" is none other than L. E. Simmons who has just returned from a ninety-day furlough—everybody likes the jovial new first sergeant!

Recently returned from the Asiatics and joining Company A, is a celebrated Marine Corps character known throughout the Navy and Marine Corps as "Paddy" Brennan. Next year "Paddy" rounds out twenty years of service with one of the most colorful records of present day Marines. In fact some aspiring young author would do well to write a volume about this famous personage.

## COMPANY B

By Sullivan

From a Marine Corps point of view, everything around here has suddenly gone screwy, for our cherished domain has been taken over by the Navy. Yes indeed, the nautical atmosphere is positively stifling. And all because the Navy Relief Carnival is being staged at the Marine Corps Base, bigger and better than ever, with everything from a merry-go-round to a fortune-teller. Not to be outdone by any manner or means, the Marines are insuring the success of the Carnival with a mammoth military display, which from the very start, has been the cynosure of all eyes.

The piece-de-resistance will be a very realistic "Sham Battle" to be executed by the First and Second Battalions. To our own B Company goes the credit for the First Battalion show. Due entirely to the managerial genius of our company commander, Captain Peters, and the untiring efforts of Corporal Wright, that paragon of property sergeants, the First Battalion show really stands out. It is only fair that a bouquet be thrown in the direction of our friend, Corporal Agnone, for the remarkable number of tickets sold. Of course, on the other hand we sincerely advise this Agnone person to leave town in case a Marine fails to win the automobile involved.

While on the subject of relief, our ex-comrade, DeRenzis, was paid off during the past month.

Our officer strength has risen with the welcome advent of Lieutenant Stacy. This

is merely a return engagement to Lieutenant Stacy, who served with the company even before the days of "Soochow Creek."

Interest in the manly art of self-defense is being evidenced by the appearance of a rugged batch of leather pushers working out daily under the expert tutelage of Lieutenant Gormley. We have it right out of the books that the lieutenant made an enviable record with the gloves in the not-so-distant past. Among the future champs who are working out daily are "Red" Harris, Privates Gallup and Dunlap, and even W. L. (Wing Over-Shanghai) Skinner.

Football is taking its share of man power in the persons of Lieutenants Robertshaw, Walt, and Gormley, Private First Class Taylor and Private Waugneux. Private Waugneux gets a lot of coaching from the police sergeant also. We do hope we can save a few people for the game called (Guard Duty). "Ace" Ringenback, the ultra-sophisticate, having done everything else, at last staged a matrimonial maneuver recently. Now two will have to live as cheaply as one. "Congrats, Ace, sincere, even if belated."

Private First Class Fowler made a double bid for fame; first by changing the rate to corporal and second by receiving a post card addressed to the "Ugliest Man in the World," should we say correct on both counts. No, no, we can't, he owes us some dough.

Private Shoffie isn't doing so bad either, just try and cite another instance of a Marine falling fast asleep in a chow formation. Maybe our tired friend couldn't visualize any future in "Pop" Wallace's chow-line. It might be pure frustration, to quote Shoffie: "I spent nearly three hundred dollars on an aviation course and now the Top won't transfer me to aviation. Gee! If I could only be a grease monkey!"

A little artistic talent showed up the other day when the "Whispering Baritone," Private Roberts, was caught wielding a mean pencil. A guy that can draw pictures ought to make a good sign painter—"Make a note of it, police sergeant."



AIRCRAFT TWO

Left to right, back row: Pvt. Kleven, Sgt. Schilberg, Pvt. Sakert, Lt. Seeds, Cpl. Knack, Pfc. Folkert, Pvt. Evenic, Mgr. 1st Sgt. Marshall. Front row: Cpl. Fields, Pvt. Frank, Pvt. Barker, Sgt. Couch (Captain of Team), Pvt. Potter, Sgt. McCoy.

And who ever heard of taking coca-cola on a beer party, and then having beer left over? A very enjoyable time was had by all and the men of the company deeply appreciate the hearty cooperation of the officers in making it a success.

And lastly, after watching Private Grim devour eleven eggs and twelve cups of coffee, we wonder if a certain girl's mother still admires a man with a healthy appetite.

## COMPANY C

By E. A. Kuhn

It looks as though dear old "Cast Co." has a new scribe. Yep! Yours truly has taken over the pen, probably for the worse but who knows.

First, I'd like to mention the fact that Capt. Wayne Adams is now in command of this company and a good one too. Capt. Adams was a lieutenant in command of Company C in 1934, bringing the company from Hampton Roads, Va., to San Diego, Calif., in order to form part of the 6th Regiment. After arriving on the west coast Mr. Adams turned the company over to Capt. Gilman. Here's hoping that Capt. Adams stays with us a long time.

Sgt. (What-a-man) Lock has joined us from furlough. It seems as though the QM. can't find a set of dress blues to fit Sgt. Lock, so he doesn't have to make dress parades. The lucky guy.

Two of our "He" men are out for football. They hope to make the team, but your tattler thinks someone's going to be disappointed. How's about it Eargle?

Pfc. Travis J. Adams is now Cpl. He surely rated it. Also FldMus. Edwin C. Cannon, Jr., is now Fm 1st. Congrats, fellows. A little late I suppose, but formal.

Pfc. Rea, Pvt. Eldredge, and Pvt. Torrington have earned a much needed furlough. I'll bet the home town girls get a thrill.

The Western Platoon Leaders Class, who have just completed their annual six weeks of training, invited three "Chow Hounds" from each company to sit in on a "Chicken Feed" the other day. Two

of the fellows from this company came back under their own power. The other had to be carried. "Corky, I hear that the sixth chicken was tasteless."

This month's stumper: Who are the three romeos who have the fair maidens of Escondido all in a flutter? It looks as though the new (?) stompin' grounds are bearing fruit.

## "DOG" COMPANY DOPE

By "Gizmo"



Movie Star Pat O'Brien aided in 1938 Navy Relief Carnival

Well, fellows, the 1938 Navy Relief Carnival is underway, and the place looks like a county fair when the crops are good and the prices of corn is high. The parade ground has been transformed into a parking lot and the other side of the barracks is a midway. Behind the power plant a stage has been erected and the best of San Diego amateur talent has been performing side by side with famous Hollywood personalities. Pat O'Brien, Rosemary and Pricilla Lane, Johnnie Davis and June Lang have appeared to date. We are all looking forward to seeing and hearing Judy Garland this evening. This afternoon the whole Sixth Regiment will "go into action." The Second Battalion will defend a model village while the First will be a landing force supported by Aircraft Two. After all this each man in D Co. will draw a flashlight and be a "traffic director" until about midnight, so all in all, fellas, it's a great day.

The following changes in address will be noted: You may now address "Tarzen" Whittington and Frank Drasil as corporals and Bill "Greek" Hountis as Platoon Sergeant, while E. O. Beck has a brand new Pfc. warrant.

Any ex-D Co. men will be interested to learn that the company qualified 98.5%

over the machine gun course this year. We fired the short course at the rifle range and long course on the combat range at Camp Kearney. Pfc. Bill Gillman set an all time high for qualification by shooting 400, beat that, machine gunners!

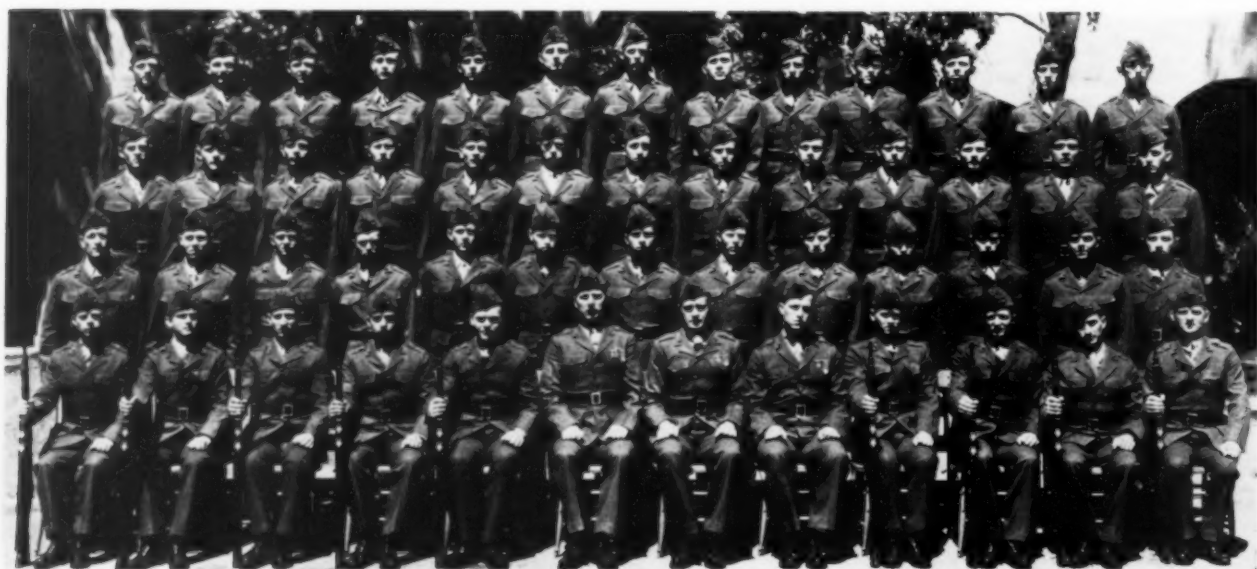
I'd better close this epistle, 'cause there goes the whistle and I'll give you some more "dope" next month if I'm not a casualty in the sham (it could be spelled with a capital D) battle.

## SECOND BATTALION HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Another month bites the dust, and nothing much to report. Everything is being held in abeyance as we wait with eager anticipation for Camp Kearney. Somehow when I think of those bucket baths, I wish I were in the Paymaster's Department, or something.

Several joinings, discharges and transfers have filled out the company to its allotted strength. Those joining are: Pvt. Walter T. Spieer, from 2nd Signal Co. Base; Roger S. Fuller, same outfit; Cpl. Paul Brandenburg, 1st Sig. Co., Quantico, Va. The discharges are Cpl. Karl W. Berg, Pfc. Kenneth J. Sorsdal, Pfc. Ray H. Smith, and I needn't say they all had character "Ex," because that's all we have in Headquarters, excellent characters. That ought to be worth a beer, anyway.

Pfc. Bernard W. McIntosh has left us for dear old Parris Island, where he will hibernate with the other seven signalmen, or is it six? Seems to me everybody else gets all the breaks. "The Man Who Knows," Pvt. Perry T. Erkenoff, has asked me to print an ad in this issue. He defies anyone to send him a question that will stump him. Around 2-Hq-6 Perry T. is the walking encyclopedia, dictionary, and Emily Post's courtesy primer, all rolled into one. And when it comes to the knowledge of delectable dishes such as "Lobster a la Louis," or "Scallops Francais," just write in and you will receive the recipe absolutely free. No strings attached. Just send a self addressed, stamped envelope, with the tops from three hundred and twenty-two beer bottles and



Platoon 14, San Diego; Instructed by Sgt. F. J. Iversen and Sgt. H. L. McReynolds

we'll see what we can do. If you should happen to send the beer with the tops you would probably get much, much faster service.

I'm afraid that closes us out for this issue. What with leaving for the combat range at 0600 tomorrow, getting the sea bags stowed, etc., life is going to be just one big merry-go-round for the next fifteen or sixteen hours, or haven't you ever been in the F.M.F.?

If a grenade doesn't get me, or the chow, I'll see you next month. Cruise easy.

## Second Battalion "EASY" COMPANY, SIXTH

Since this is the first time for "yours truly" to appear, I will try to give you the low down on E Company. We are commanded by Captain A. Zuber, with the assistance of Lieutenants Barba, Shine, and Stewart. Naturally we have the usual contingent of noncoms, pfes. and privates.

This office has been rather busy lately making out papers of various kinds. Corporals Kaszycki, Dean, Lamar, and Loving recently shipped over. Kaszycki and Dean are now on furlough while the other two are staying with the ship. I admit the company would be in bad shape without the esteemed presence of said gentlemen. Private Woods is being transferred to Base Headquarters Company, and Private Reynolds is leaving us for the tropical shores at Hawaii.

We have more men to be paid off before long. Pfes. Good and Goodnight are counting the days now, but Private Lewis insists that both of them are boots.

A few rates have been handed out recently also. John J. O'Shea is now sporting a pair of sergeant's chevrons while Paul Dean looks well in a new red stripe. Privates Johnston and Manley are now first class. Many thanks for those cigars, boys.

Camp Kearney looms large in the immediate foreground these days. We move out August 27th for three weeks of intense maneuvering, when we will put into practice all of the knowledge that has been so extensively drilled and pounded into our skulls since our return from China. I only hope that the rattlesnakes survive the ordeal.

Field work is not the only branch that we excel in, you should see what a company of snappy soldiers we make in the weekly parade every Friday.

Adios, everybody! Don't leave any chance on the counter.

## COMPANY F

Early morning of 22 August, Company F, 2nd Battalion, Sixth Marines, "moved out" to Camp Kearney area as advance echelon to construct camp for the battalion due to arrive on 28 August. The billeting plan called for construction of some 280 tents, wall, hospital, and storage. Some doubt existed at the Base as to the ability of the company to construct the camp in a week, but due to the splendid spirit and willingness to "lay to," which has always been a predominant characteristic of F Company Marines, the camp was completed in two and one-half days. This in spite of the baked and "case-hardened" terrain which made necessary the digging of every tent peg hole with a steel gaff and many blows of a sledge-hammer. Many of the men are sporting blisters of goodly proportions as a result, but the "balm" of "open gate" liberty for all hands until

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Lt-Col. Mitchell, R. J., presenting the Eleventh Naval District Tennis Trophy to Aircraft Two Tennis Team. Left to right: Cpl. Eaton, Pfc. Stahn, Capt. Walker, Athletic Officer, Lt. Bison, Lt-Col. Mitchell, R. J., Pvt. Stahn, T-Sgt. Jahant (Captain of Team).

# TENTH MARINES, SECOND BATTALION

## HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

**O**TS and Dashes . . . The Navy Relief Carnival is over and everyone is happy, this organization's part being a huge success. The officers and their ladies did a jam-up job of playing gypsy at the fortune-telling concession. Sgt. Bailey, Cpl. Cutchin and newly promoted Pfc. Tomkevich returned from the rifle range. Thanks for the cigars, Tommy, and congratulations. There seems to be a new deal movement going on around this outfit. Lieutenant Ennis, fresh from the wilds of San Clemente Island, is our new skipper. Our acting 1st Sgt. Gy-Sgt. Isham, who was transferred away across the hall from the Battery E office, arrived recently. Lieutenant Chapman, who has been attending the Artillery School at Ft. Sill, Okla., is our new QM. and Communications Officer. . . . Pvt. Hartnutt joined the outfit and was immediately assigned the job of battery clerk. . . . Pfc. Murray took a well earned (?) furlough. Question and Answer Dept.—What prominent Pfc. is paying for a block of pavement in Chula Vista? This same guy is on very confidential terms with a couple of two year olds at the Del Mar Track, and suffers from fainting spells.

## BARKS FROM DOG BATTERY

Back home again after six weeks of camp life on San Clemente Island, we find that the old stamping ground is getting quite a going over. What with all the

new buildings going up and with all the new organizations moving in, this is destined to be one of the largest and best military reservations in the nation.

Now that we have had a chance to get some of the island dust off of our hides and some of the loneliness out of our systems, we can look back with a chuckle, at the interesting and at times amusing incidents that took place during our stay there. It becomes part of everyone's album and memory that they were really away from civilization, and had a chance to enjoy the full rigors and routine of camp life.

Some of highlights that come to mind are: Our esteemed fishermen—Kafka, Bell, Buster, Mirick, and Wunderly bringing in huge catches of fish (and delicious too!). "Crash" Ignatz doing a grand loop in one of the Battery trucks. Large working parties that literally kept the camp on the move. "Pawnee" Luko sounding off a few war-whoops in his teepee in the middle of the night. A lost Navy pilot who landed in a rockpile with only a blowout, and the endless supply of beans we had for chow.

Congratulations: Some promotions in the ranks are noteworthy of mention. We now have Platoon Sergeant Floyd, Sergeant Keane, Corporal Watson, and Pfes. Barney, Beckett and Peksa. Just as I reach this point, I learn that LeRoux is now sporting two stripes. Nice going, fella.

Auld Lang Syne: Pfc. Semardjie was paid off recently and is now out in the



cold, cold world leaving his many friends wondering what "Sammy" is going to do. Cpl. Walker was discharged the other day and is preparing for Arizona University. Cpl. Holloway finds the Marine Corps much to his liking and plans to ship-over for another hash-mark. Pfc. Bostrom will complete his first enlistment in the first part of September and plans to take up civil service work.

Battery D now has some of the best equipment that an artillery outfit could desire, and with gun sections all vying for honors, it will no doubt develop into a crack organization. This being the period of vacations and furloughs, material is very much lacking. So will close, and pass the word along that this article should be given more attention in the future. Be seeing ya.

### SALVOS FROM BATTERY E

Working parties and special guard details in connection with presenting the annual Navy Relief Carnival have kept this organization busy for the past few weeks. Chief diversion from this work was afforded by a goodly supply of rates effective 12 August, which were as follows: to Sergeant: Cpl. Hodges, W. R.; to Corporal: Pfc. Johnson, D. F. and Pfc. Reynolds, M. V.; to Private First Class: Pvt. Mason, R. M., Pvt. McNow, R. T., Pvt. Roberts, G. V., and Pvt. Stapleton, J. N. We are managing fairly well to bear up under the good fortune in spite of the fact of not being used to seven ratings on one day.

FM. Pratt seems to be snapping in for a profession against the time when he will be a civilian. He has become so engrossed with the railroad game that he sometimes spends the night down at the Santa Fe Station. People are beginning to wonder if a couple of our sergeants are not con-

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## SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTALION, SECOND MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Major Jesse L. Perkins, Commanding

### H&S BATTERY

**H**IRST Lieutenant W. M. Nelson relieved Captain J. P. S. Devereux as our Battery Commander. Captain Devereux is detailed as Battalion Executive Officer.

Pfc. Anthony Galaziewski was promoted to the rank of corporal and Pvt. Paul J. Horning was promoted to the rank of Pfc. We know the cigars cost lots of money, boys, but it is strange that you both drew twenty feet of half-inch rope from the quartermaster (forewarned is forearmed, men).

The latest additions to our battery are Pfc. L. A. Dunphy, Pvs. Osborn, Parker, and Schneider. Welcome to our happy home, gentlemen (?).

The Anti-aircraft Battalion has returned from the range and the flurry of alibis has about subsided. H & S Battery had a hundred per cent qualification and a good percentage of sharpshooters and experts. Still we don't take a back seat for anybody when it comes to telling why we did not do better.

That face that is so long that the company office will not hold all of it, belongs to our long suffering battery clerk, Fairfax E. Davis. Rumor has it that his girl sent him an announcement of her engagement, (to another fellow). You have all of our sympathy, Dave, and we'll do anything we can to help you bear up under the blow.

The Navy Relief Carnival, three days of it, was held at the Marine Base. Everybody had a great time and emerged broke and happy. The carnival served a dual purpose in this respect. It also afforded a great opportunity to get some good telephone numbers and addresses which you may be sure our ranking ladies' men did not let slip. Even Horning has a few numbers on tap.

If anyone has wondered what became of the "front porch" of Sgt. Dudley Clubb, you might ask someone in the know and he will tell you that Clubb lost it working out on Gunner Beal's rowing machine. Clubb has a slight edge on everyone else due to his higher pay and shiny new automobile, and now with his new streamlined figure he will forge away in the lead.

We will have to assign an operator to check up on Sgt. Anderson and dig up the dirt. He has been operating with such secrecy that a line on him is hard to get. Seventy-two-hour leaves and a rapt look on his face might lead some to believe that he is in love or something.

Sgt. June has completely reformed. He is in the hay every night and if you engage him in conversation he will tell you about how nice a little vine covered cottage is, with kiddies playing on the lawn.

"Squaky" Bennett says that there ain't no justice. Here he is a college man—a mechanical engineer—and they have him running the dish washing machine. Tsk—Tsk.

This month's bedtime story has to do with a bangtail (deceased) named "Ski" and a wolf in cheap clothing, named "Handicap" Herndon. "Handicap" is our mess sergeant, and a good one too, but in his spare moments he has a hobby of reading up on the racing results and forms, also of betting a great deal of theoretic bets. No harm in this, but Herndon worked out a system that could not fail and then set about to save thirty dollars in real cash.

Now there is a trenchant apothegm that goes something to the effect that he who places his kale on a bangtail will sleep in the streets, but this is only one of the many axioms foisted upon us, the unsuspecting public by frustrated philosophers and pseudo Lin Pos, for if you have a system you can beat the game.

Came the day when "Handicap" accumulated the thirty skins and when the ponies went to the post at Del Mar he was in the crowd and had placed the thirty bucks on an equine masterpiece by the name of "Ski" at odds of fifteen to one. "Ski" forged ahead early in the race and when they thundered down the home stretch he was displaying a clean set of hoofs to the field at a distance of about three lengths. "Handicap" was in ecstasy. Thirty bucks at fifteen to one. Four hundred and fifty dollars Yippee! Then, by all that is holy, "Ski" dropped dead! Herndon was given first aid and has apparently recovered from the blow, but it seems that his zest for life has diminished. Well, until the next time, adios.



AIRCRAFT TWO ANNUAL DANCE

Aircraft Two Annual Dance at the start of the prize dance. Lt. Bison can be seen selecting a couple for this dance.

## BATTERY E SALVOS

By "Charlie" Holmes

As time drifted on the cannoneers unpacked their best friend, the rifle, from cosomoline and started snapping in. The aim of everyone was to shoot expert with the rifle this year, but it seems all of us couldn't be experts so we did the best we could by having six (6) experts, twenty-seven (27) sharpshooters, and twenty-eight (28) marksmen. We finished our range work by firing the Browning Automatic Rifle and came back to the Base just in time for the big Navy Relief Carnival, which opened August 18th.

Steve Pobuta proved to us while at La Jolla that his experience as a woodsman was very limited. Steve took a walk after sundown one evening and during his stroll a small kitty with a white stripe down its back crossed his path. Steve proceeded to investigate—he says he will not investigate cats any more. It is too hard on the clothes.

Corporal Amos and Pfc. Crouse have been doing some "moon gazing" during the last month or so and giving Mission Beach ball-room a sample of east coast jitterings. Take it easy, boys.

Among our newly joined we have Platoon Sergeant Regan from the Rifle Range at La Jolla, Sergeant Obluck from recruiting duty, Sergeant Thomas from the USS *Portland*, and Private First Class Autry from Battery F, 2nd Anti-aircraft Battalion. From the recruit depot we have Privates Starr, Nickel, Woodward, Padgett, Ramey and last but not least Private Joyner who put a hitch in the First Infantry at Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming.

Some people have all the luck. The following went aboard the USS *Concord* to observe experimental antiaircraft firing aboard ship: Capt. Pefley, Gunnery Sergeant McKinley, Platoon Sergeants Regan and McKinstry, Sergeants Vlach, Schwalke, and Bunch.

## BATTERY F

By D. L. Cummings

This month we are presenting a regular review of the happenings to the personnel and all information concerning them and the battery. We hope that all of you enjoy this, and if you don't like it, say so. Don't sit there and read something you don't like and growl. Get up on your hind legs and say something. All criticism is welcomed.

After completing our annual training and firing at the Rifle Range at La Jolla, and doing our share of police work for that great and ever popular but unassuming police sergeant, whose fame will live forever as the "Creating Horticulturist." A man who has given his very all that the rifle range will have the neat and well planned appearance of a National park. We call him Tony, and I am pretty sure that no one ever needed to know his last name.

We come to the present: Unafraid and undaunted as to what the future may hold for us. We live only in the present. But do we work? Yes. Repeat—Yes. The hands at the helm of this all Marine Base know when they have good and reliable men to depend upon. Who do they choose to make the dance concession at the Navy Relief Carnival a success? No one except Lt. Harry O. Smith, Jr., with brother officers and personnel of this organization to assist him. What a ballroom they made

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# BASE TROOPS, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Brigadier General James J. Meade, Commanding

## RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Lt. Col. O. R. Cauldwell, Commanding. Major A. H. Fricke, Executive Officer

### Captain J. B. Hill, Commanding, S&FMS RECRUIT DEPOT RAMBLINGS

By "Joe"

"**N**EVER a dull moment." No where in the Marine Corps can that phrase be more aptly applied than to the situation as it now is in the Recruit Depot. A recruit personnel of over six hundred men being guided through their paces by a handful of well-trained instructors. Mass production is the order of the day, and this depot can be relied upon to fill every order.

Our enlistments this month exceeded three hundred men, necessitating an increase in the size of the platoons due to the lack of barracks—the use of the old tent area is being avoided as it is found that better discipline is maintained and better training obtained when the platoons are confined as closely-knit units in individual barracks.

In keeping with the influx of recruits, a great many changes have been made in the permanent personnel roster as well. The Drills & Instructions Office was sadly depleted of officers when seventy-five per cent, or maybe I should say three, of our 2nd Lieutenants were detached. 2nd Lt. John W. Easley was detached to the Base Headquarters Company, as aide to Brigadier General Meade, Commanding Base Troops; 2nd Lt. Stephen V. Sabol to Co. G, 2nd Bn, 6th Marine, FMF, Post; and 2nd Lt. Charles S. Todd to Co. F, 2nd Bn, 6th Marines, FMF, Post. 2nd Lt. Robert W. Riekert, who recently joined us from the U. S. Fleet Training Base at San Clemente Island, is kept very, very busy with clothing issues, 782 issues, etc., now that he has to carry on alone.

Joinings for the month in the enlisted personnel were: Gunnery Sergeant J. N. Olmsted from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, Calif. (now acting as Police Sgt.—a mighty big job, what with all the inspections we are having); Sgt. A. T. Boerke from Mare Island; Sgt. F. A. Hancock from the USS *New Mexico*; Sgt. H. Reeves from Co. C, 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via Mare Island; Field Cook W. H. Carroll from the local Rifle Range; Cpl. J. Doneson from Co. H, 6th Marines, FMF, Post; Cpl. C. M. Kensick from Hawthorne, Nevada; Cpl. R. F. Pender from the USS *California*; and Cpl. O. B. Wahl from Headquarters Company, 2nd Bn, 6th Marines, FMF, Post.

Transferred to other outfits were Sgt. J. W. Fricke to Headquarters Company, 2nd Marine Brigade, FMF, Post; Chief Cook J. O. Traverso to the local Rifle Range; Cpl. E. R. Ratliff to the Destroyer Base, Post; Cpl. H. L. Pearl to the Naval Air Station, Post; and Assistant Cooks "J" "W" Russell and L. R. Brenizer to Aircraft Two, FMF, Post.

The cigar smoke had barely cleared away after last month's promotions before the depot again took on an atmosphere "a la Pittsburgh." Congratulations (to the men,

not for the cigars, they were too old) to Chief Cook W. H. Carroll; Cpl. Troy A. Cameron; Privates First Class Arne Arneson, Wade Jackson, Bernard Sorenson, Aron Misenhelter, and James Fisette. Promotions in "Professor Buck" Williams Cooking School were Lynn Brenizer, Edward Houston, Harry Collman, and "J" "W" Russell, all to Assistant Cooks.

The "Annapolis of the west," sometimes commonly known as Sea School, has been keeping pace with the detachment—over eighty men have passed through the portals of this sea college, during the past month, prepared to go forth, and cope with the new life aboard the various cruisers and battleships.

RECRUIT DEPOT ATHLETICS: It is football season again, so it is only natural that we should have a team to represent our dear old alma mater. From the wealth of material at hand we have selected what is probably the greatest collection of fighting farmers this depot has ever seen.

Known as the "Devastating Danes," the team will line up as follows:

Tachovsky, F. J.	Left End
Parkowski, J. P.	Left Tackle
Loversky, J. J.	Left Guard
Kulikowski, L. A.	Center
Sadowski, W.	Right Guard
Shafrenski, R. J.	Right Tackle
Brzezinski, H.	Right End
Sypniewski, A. T.	Left Half
Zdziebowski, F. J.	Right Half
Arneson, Arne O.	Quarterback
Schramsky, L. L.	Fullback

ORCHIDS—to Cpl. Sanford (Crashy) Price for having successfully completed his preliminary flight training at the Naval Reserve Aviation Base at Long Beach, California. He "takes off" for Pensacola next month, to be an aviator in a big way—Best of luck, and happy landings. To Sgt. Frank Frost, "proud papa" of a bouncing baby girl—to Pvts. E. B. Garnett and M. H. Miller of the 14th Platoon, W. H. Melson and A. N. Marolf of the 15th Platoon, and C. E. Pickens and T. A. King of the 16th Platoon for having been selected as "Honor Man" and "Most Improved Man," respectively. To Cpl. Inks, ex-police sergeant, for his part in making the recruit depot one of the neatest and cleanest detachments on the Base, also, for having converted a mass of unsightly, not to say dusty, sandlots into beautiful and attractive lawns. —To Mess Sgt. Williams for having made his galley one of the show places of the Base, even to such an extent that every visiting dignitary during the past two months has included the Recruit Depot Mess in his itinerary. Nice work, Buck.

The event of the month, of course, was the Navy relief carnival. From reports at hand we understand that this year's carnival was the greatest ever, financially and from a standpoint of entertainment. Three days of fun, parades, searchlight



Platoon 15, San Diego; Instructed by Cpl. E. J. Jensen, Cpl. M. R. Proske, and Cpl. E. R. Ratliff

displays, sham battles, floor shows, dancing, and amusements drew a crowd of thousands. Movie stars from Hollywood, professional singers and dancers, Marine Corps and Navy talent, and the Marine Corps Base Band combined to present a super-super stage show each evening at 8:00. The blue-jackets from the Naval Training Station opened the carnival with a huge parade. The following day the 6th Marines passed in review. Winding up the three days of activities with a gigantic sham-battle, the 6th Marines, 10th Marines, Base Troops, and fliers from Aircraft Two, FMF, fought it out before a crowd of fifteen thousand spectators. Each evening gate prizes of \$200 value were given away and on the closing night a lucky gentleman drove off with the piece de resistance, a \$1300 Buick. Yes sir, it was a great success, and a wonderful opportunity to let the public know that there isn't anything the Marine Corps can't handle, and handle well.

**FLASH!!** News bulletin from Padooka Junction. It's the fourth quarter of the game between the Padooka Porcupines and the Devastating Danes. The score is 7-6, the Danes in the lead—Padooka has the ball—the Porcupine fullback crashes through the line—But Wait! Wailing sirens in the distance—here comes an ambulance, a sudden hush over the crowd—What's happened? The careening meat-wagon comes to a shrieking stop; out jump the internes—rushing with the ghastly looking stretcher, not to the playing field, but to the announcing booth. A man lies prostrate on the deck, arms gesticulating, frothing at the mouth, a pitiful sight. The internes are working like mad to save a life—eyelashes flicker, he's coming to, he mumbles incoherently. Then, on the verge of final collapse, he gasps out, laboring with every breath—"I couldn't take it. It was an excruciating nightmare. The forwards from Arneson to Tachovsky were all right—the line bucks by Schramsky were o.k. too—but when they used those reverses from Schramsky to Sypniewski to Zdziewlowski with a forward pass to Brzezinski, it was too much." Yes, sir, it was a pitiful sight.

## SECOND CHEMICAL COMPANY

By Buckland

**A**FTER a busy month of getting acquainted with our new men and our new commanding officer, we are again settled down to a smooth schedule. We finished up our range season with one hundred per cent qualification and are quite proud of the fact that we were the only company in the brigade with one hundred per cent.

Second Lieutenant Arthur McArthur joined the company this month. This gives us two new officers. We hope our first impressions are mutual. Sgt. Carter has just returned from the hospital where he spent quite a little time as a result of an auto accident. Cpl. Seth Parker is on furlough along with Pvt. Bruy and Bond. Congrats to Ruby Fox, two stripes look good on you, Ruby.

Most of our time now is taken up with Chemical Warfare School for the benefit of the new men and review for the old men. We took MCO 113 in stride the last week, with the teaching well handled by our non-coms. Scuttlebutt has it that a new Pfc. stripe is in the air, we wonder who will have it on his arm. Our new men catch on quickly to chemical warfare, which is not the easiest thing in the world to learn, so the teaching job is not so hard as it might be.

The old gas house gang is surely well represented on the gridiron this year. We have twelve men playing. They do their regular duty in the morning. The Base is sure to have a good team this year with a wealth of material turning out and especially with so many experienced officers playing. They all assist in the coaching. The Chemical Company is very inter-

ested in football because all of us who are playing are dyed-in-the-wool Monday morning quarterbacks. It is very seldom that squad room players like us have half of the team with us on Mondays to tell how they should have done it.

## 2ND ENGINEER COMPANY

More scuttlebutt from the 2nd Eng. Co. We're right in the midst of much "honking," you all know what that means, of course. It seems that from the instructions contained in certain training orders that from now on the Engineer Co. will participate in all parades. They just love to parade and after being excused from parades for 6 months, I'm sure they will survive.

In the past month a few changes have been created. Capt. Fojt was detached to Guam, M. I. May he have as much success at his new station as he did in command of this company. 1st Lt. Bierman was promoted to 1st Lieutenant and took over as Company Commander, and we might add he is doing an excellent job. It is said that Capt. N. K. Brown will join this company in October. Welcome, Capt. Brown. 1st Sgt. Mink was discharged and re-enlisted. He is now enjoying himself on a 90-day furlough in Texas. Pfc. "Rosebud" Lawson was promoted to Pfc. The cigars were fine. Congratulations. "Cowboy" Barnes was transferred to the wide open spaces, Hawthorne, Nevada. Pvt. "Dee" Dahleiden and Pfc. "Knobby" Clark have extended their enlistment 1 & 2 years, respectively, for Asiatic Stations. Pvt. Johnson was discharged and is now on his way to success on the outside. So he says.

The men have just about recovered from the M.P. duty during the Naval Relief Carnival, which, by the way, was a big success. They said the M.P. duty was pretty tough but it happened that one night I wandered around to the different posts to see how they all were doing and I could see people of the feminine class around every post looking on as if to say "My! What big, handsome Marines." I don't think the men minded the duty as much as they put on.

BROADCAST  
FOR THE  
NOVEMBER  
LEATHERNECK  
MUST REACH THE EDITOR  
BEFORE OCTOBER 8



## KITSAPPERS NAD., Puget Sound By Curly

A great calamity has befallen this modest group of Kitsappers as some of our old friends are leaving us this month and next. They are, Klug, Lamb, Gray and Proter. If they would rather make the rounds of our employment agencies in preference to our military walkathons, all we can say is, best of luck!

What! You never heard of "Pearl Mars?" Why, that is where life begins every night at nine-thirty. At least that is what most of this command thinks. Doherty, Cowdrey and Copeland hold top honors at this terpsichorean hovel but watch out for Maclean, he is learning fast. Don't let this get out but I've heard he is taking lessons from Eschaneo, that is where he got that "each man for himself" stuff.

The other day Mess Corporal Johnson decided, after playing a baseball game, that he had a bad leg. Scratching a few personal belongings together, off to the hospital he went for a bit of rest. But who should return to us but Johnson on the return trip of the bus!

Sgt. Covell is in the race horse business. Of course I don't know how he is doing but I know that his friend, Cpl. Benedict, is keeping the hay-loft replenished with expensive hay. That's one game that can't be beaten!

Once a certain Marine was transferred from the USS *Mississippi* to do duty at NAD, and soon after arriving, he decided to be a cook—of all things, a cook. Being a little short of cooks at the time, they put him in the galley to strike and he must have struck hard, he's now wearing an assistant cook chevron.

Police Corporal B-B-B-Beck came through with top honors in the fishing circle last month by catching a 14 pound salmon out of Hood Canal. A mighty fine catch, Beck, who ate it?

## PLANE CEILING Naval Air Station San Diego, Calif.

These old barracks, at one time the administration building for the Navy during the World War, will soon be no more. The W.P.A. is starting a new building and within the week these barracks will be a pile on the scrap heap. We will then be housed in a new barracks with plenty of room for the entire company. During the renovations, we will mess with the Navy as we are quartered directly above the galley. It is said that this galley will feed two thousand men per meal, that is a lot of beans to be cooked in one place!

On August 12 and 13, the guard held their annual beer party at Imperial Beach. Beer, sandwiches and swimming were the order of the day. Platoon Sgt. Payton was in charge the first day with Sgt. Iler in charge the second day. Pvt. Kaezmarek turned out to be the one to put away the most beer, being credited with twenty-one cans. Odd, but he ignored the sandwiches and showed no interest in swimming. Cpl. T. B. Olsen acted as life guard on the first day but the gang had to do without one on the second day as no one could swim.

Captain J. F. Blanton, the commanding officer of the guard, has been appointed station athletic officer. At the present time there is a station soft ball league, golf team, tennis team and a baseball team.

When it comes to sports, the big question here is the Base football team. The

football fans in the guard will form a team this year and make use of THE LEATHERNECK to issue a challenge to the Howitzer Platoon of Company D, at the Base. Sgt. Hostad will coach our team and states that he will use the "swing system." Anyone interested in playing our team should write First Sergeant Vinson, team manager; or Cpl. Messina, team treasurer. So far we have booked games with Gallo's cafe at Hawthorne, Nevada, and the Green Front cafe of the same city as well as the office force of Aircraft Two.

Mr. E. J. McCabe, quartermaster clerk, inspected the post exchange on August 11. Cpl. Gillett has been transferred to the USS *Colorado*. Cpl. Kujawa was bitterly disappointed in failing his camp fire test. For a time he refused to go ashore, so great was his disappointment.

## AIRCRAFT TWO, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Naval Air Station, San Diego

Three major events have happened in and around Aircraft Two since the middle of July. That month July is still ringing in my ears. First, our tennis team, Captained by T Sgt. Jahant, came through with high altitude. The Marine Corps Base had a sample of Air-2, dive bombing (please don't mention basketball). "The

Base is still wondering where their 2 point lead came from at the sound of the gun last winter."

This is the second consecutive year that our tennis team has won the Eleventh Naval District Tennis Trophy. A beautiful Trophy, a hard earned record and our thankful appreciations to T Sgt. Jahant (Capt. of Team), Cpl. Eaton, Pfc. Hopkins, Capt. Walker and Pvt. Stahn. Lt-Col. Mitchell, Commanding Aircraft Two & Lt-Col. Woods have proved their judgment by selecting Lt. Bison as Athletic Officer with Lt. Seeds as Assistant. Their records prove the point.

Next we have in our notes a short story. A request for a few softballs was submitted to the Athletic Officer in May. At the end of June the so-called scrub team was undefeated; by the end of July 72 games were won with no defeats. The Chamber of Commerce of Coronado finished reading Rip Van Wink and organized a softball league. A night ball series was organized. The lights sprang up over night and the crowds went wild.

The grandstand looked like a box seat with the crowd around it. The games were thrillers but at the end of the first round robin we find the Marines at the top. They defeated the Navy with a 6 run rally in the first of the seventh to win by a score of 7-6. Between gulps of

(Continued on page 63)





## FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Brigadier General Richard P. Williams, Commanding General

**Q**UANTICO finale to Fleet Landing Exercise No. 4, during which the First Marine Brigade, together with the Training Detachment, U. S. Fleet, engaged in exercises in the Caribbean from January 15 to March 15, 1938, was the receipt at Quantico and the despatch to vessels of the Training Detachment of three bronze plaques, the tangible thanks of the officers and men of the First Marine Brigade for the fine spirit of comradeship displayed by the officers and crews of the USS *New York*, USS *Wyoming* and USS *Antares* during the maneuvers.

Although the presence of officers and men of the Brigade aboard the ships made living conditions very crowded, entailed more work for every officer and man attached to the ships and strained the facilities of all the ships' services from tailor shop to laundry, the entire maneuver was marked by a spirit and helpfulness that did much to minimize the minor discomforts inherent in transporting, accommodating and messing large numbers of men on ships planned and constructed for combatant and not transport service.

Conceived during the closing phases of the Fleet Landing Exercise, the idea of expressing the thanks of the First Marine Brigade for the kind treatment they received met an enthusiastic response. Decided upon as the best vehicle of thanks were trophies to be presented each ship for competitions between the ships' divisions.

Finally evolved was a satisfactory design. Seven of the country's leading manufacturing jewelers were invited to bid on the design. Successful bidder, a Washington firm, furnished three black walnut shields bearing bronze plaques. The plaques are dominated by an American eagle, the talons of which rest above two anchors, emblems of the Navy. On raised bronze lettering on a black sanded background are the legends: "Presented to the USS *New York*, USS *Wyoming* and USS *Antares* by the officers and men of the First Marine Brigade in recognition of the fine spirit of comradeship shown during the maneuvers." The date, 1938, is shown at the bottom of the shield with the Marine Corps emblem.

Attached to each plaque are four smaller shields which are intended to be engraved with the names of the various ships' divisions which will in the future win the trophies.

The Commander, Training Detachment, U. S. Fleet, expressed his thanks for the

trophies with the following letter:

1. Commander Training Detachment accepts with pleasure the plaques presented by the Commanding General, officers and men under his command and will further forward these plaques to the designated vessels. The thoughtfulness of the Marine personnel of the U. S. Fleet Landing Exercise No. 4 is greatly appreciated. I feel sure these plaques will represent to the men of the vessels of the Training Detachment a tangible evidence of the mutual respect and admiration which we of the Training Detachment have for the personnel of the Marine Corps.

The USS *Antares* plaque was sent to the West Coast for delivery to that vessel, which has joined the Fleet Train. The Commanding Officers of the USS *Wyoming* and USS *New York* expressed the sentiments of themselves and their crews in the following letters:

"\*\*\*\*\*As representing the officers and enlisted men of this command, I wish to acknowledge with many thanks the very handsome bronze plaque which was recently presented to the USS *Wyoming* by the officers and men of the First Marine Brigade, as a reminder of the very successful Exercises in the Caribbean last Winter, on which occasion it was our pleasure and honor to have embarked

aboard with us Marine personnel of your command.

"This plaque will always be a very happy reminder of the pleasant and profitable association between the Navy and Marine Corps during the recent valuable Joint Exercises. As we all know, a great deal was learned by us, which was only possible because of the close and intelligent cooperation which always existed between the two branches of the Service.

"We are proud to have on board this handsome plaque, so thoughtfully designed and presented to us by the First Marine Brigade. I have arranged whereby this plaque will be displayed in the part of the ship belonging to the ship's division which stands highest in the inter-divisional monthly competition aboard ship for divisional smartness. I am sure that the possession of this plaque by the competing divisions will be an inspiration to the men and that it will result in assisting to raise the *Wyoming's* standards of smartness to the level we all aim for."\*\*\*\*\*

"USS *New York*

"\*\*\*\*\*I wish to thank you and your command in the name of the crew of the USS *New York* for the beautiful plaque you so kindly gave us as well as for the appreciation expressed in the letter of transmittal.

"The plaque will be presented to the crew of the *New York* at quarters with proper ceremonies and will be placed in the crew's reading room among the other plaques and trophies obtained by the famous old ship since its commissioning.

"It was a distinct pleasure to have served with you and with your splendid command last spring."\*\*\*\*\*

## BRIGADE SPECIAL TROOPS

Major Benjamin W. Gally, Commanding

### BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By Gurian

**Q**UANTICO. Back in print again, bringing to the readers of THE LEATHERNECK a little bit of news about Brigade Headquarters Company.

We welcome Corporal Richard Cooley who joined us from the Post Service Battalion as a replacement for Corporal "Hank" Laser who took Cooley's place in the Post Quartermaster's Office. We also say welcome to Corporal Chauncey R. Dent who has relieved Corporal Earl W. Dreyer in the Brigade Pay Office. Corporal Dreyer is now in the Post Pay Office. What a lot of Corporals!

The Post football team has started practice and several of the boys from this company are out to make the team. To name

a few—Yamolovich, Sam Taylor, Cooke, Knight and Jozwicki. Good luck, fellows, hope you all make the squad.

Warner is all broken up (?) because his request for transfer was not approved. Cheer up, Willie, you didn't want to leave us anyway, did you?

Waters is gone. He left us for the Brooklyn Navy Yard and we all kind of hated to see him go. Loads of luck to you, O.P., at your new station.

What's this I hear about L. T. Jones? It seems (so I've been informed) that he barged into his girl's house in Baltimore and barged right out again—with a dog barking at his heels. Say it isn't so, Truman.

From reliable sources I hear that Sloan is getting married in the near future. I believe that it is straight dope so con-

gratulations, Joe. Weiss has volunteered to be best man.

Speaking of Sloan, they tell me that he and his bosom pal Ustler had a car for three days and now said lizzy is on the junk pile. Wonder what happened to it.

With almost half of the men away on detached duty, the antiaircraft squad room is unusually quiet. And that's a break for the Staff Duty N.C.O.—especially at night.

A sight we never fail to see is J. I. Martin grabbing his electric razor every morning at reveille and giving his face a fine going over. As one of the boys remarked: "Where did you ever get that lawn mower?"

And now before I bore youse readers any more, I will say—Adios—until the merry month of November.

### FIRST ENGINEER COMPANY

#### By the Four

We are all busy preparing for the maneuvers at Brentsville and are looking forward with pleasure to our stay there. 1st Lt. J. A. Butler has joined our company and we wish him a pleasant tour of duty and we all hated to see Lt. Nilan leave; he was detached to the Engineer School, Fort Belvoir, Va.

Congratulations are in order for Mazarella and Elksnis, both having been promoted to Private First Class.

Posie (T.N.T.) Stanley, says he isn't afraid of T.N.T. but when he is out with his girl friend he is fooling with dynamite. Watch out, Posie!

Thompson was all excited about going to New York until he received a letter post marked from there; now he doesn't mention it anymore. I wonder why.

The non-swimmers in order to carry on their swimming instruction are going to draw sheep skin coats. Tough! but they must learn to swim.

We have a couple of Izaak Waltons who go fishing (!) each weekend but never bring back any fish. Try leaving the bed rolls home and maybe that will change the luck.

And so long until next month.

(Continued on page 53)

## THE FIFTH MARINES

Colonel Julian C. Smith, Commanding

### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Captain J. T. Wilbur, Commanding

**A**FTER an extended absence from THE LEATHERNECK this company again makes its bid for a spot in the limelight with a few choice bits of news gathered from the "Scuttlebutt Vendors" of the highest rank.

The two weeks intensive training period for the communication platoon was all that the fellows needed to get back on their feet, but from snatches of conversation heard it seems like it was a major campaign against the ticks and mosquitoes, with the latter carrying off all honors.

Since "Lover" Harry McBrayer has been transferred from the company, a meeting was held and with the unanimous consent of all members present the distinguished title was bestowed on none other than our "Little Richard Thorpe."

There have been whisperings to the effect that a certain tall and angular Pfc.

in the company who is always grumbling about the chow, seems to hold the untested record for time spent in the mess hall, of course the slight bulge he is developing isn't from a healthy appetite, it's just because he is a young boy and still growing.

This company being one of the smallest companies on the post, deserves certain praise for winning the Brigade Special Troops Soft Ball League. Owing to injuries, and a very intensive training schedule a poor showing was made in the finals of the Post Tournament, but we are looking forward to next year's games with eager anticipation.

With Brentsville and the rainy season both scheduled to start the nineteenth of September, preparations are under way for three weeks' intensive training in the field.

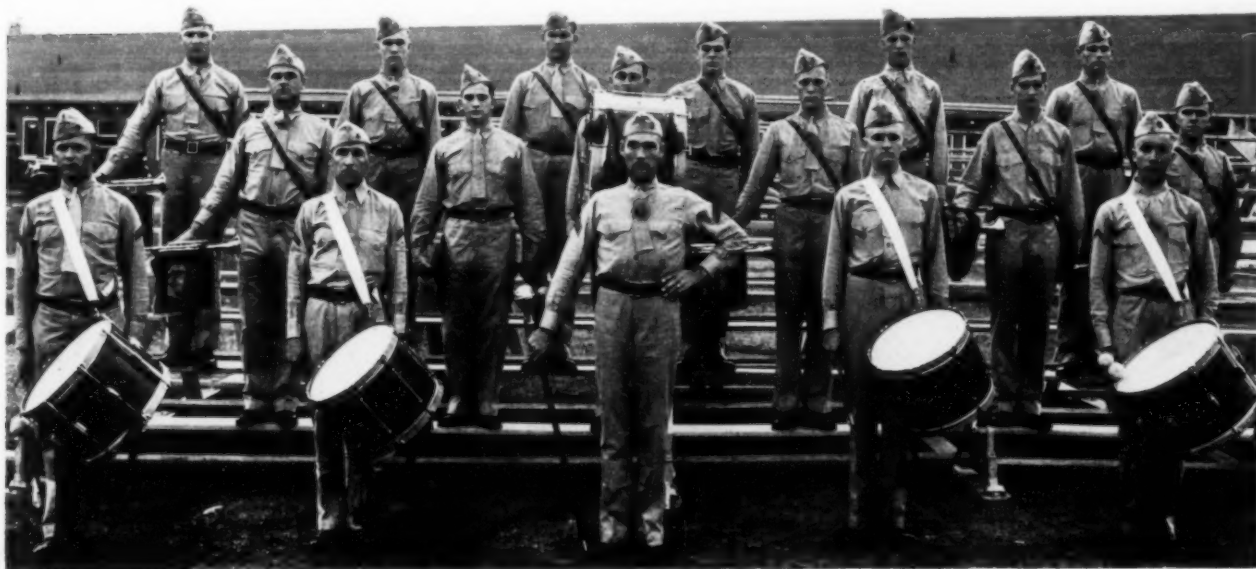
Just returning from furlough is the "Company Jester" and until next issue we will be well supplied with news about the one that got away.

## THE SECOND BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., Commanding

**"COMBAT RANGE"** has more or less been the watchword in these last few passing weeks with "Night patrolling" running a close second. Problem after problem has been worked out, preparing for Brentsville, and we are learning the "do's" and "don'ts" of modern field tactics and technicalities. Our work on the Combat Range began immediately upon our return from encampment with the Reserves and has kept our outfit on the jump ever since and probably will do so right up until the time we depart for annual field exercises in Brentsville, Virginia. As if Quantico didn't have enough dust, woods and hills. It amazes me! In the language of the Marine I would be better understood if I said, "I'm snowed under."

Well, to get away from the field tactics, let's see what we have to offer in the field of sports. The main item on the list was our final baseball game of the season for the second half of the Post Championship. This game was played with Aircraft One and was a fine game all around. Horowitz put the Battalion in the lead in the latter part of the first inning and held it until



Drum and Trumpet Corps, Sergeant Wydick, N.C.O.I.C.

Photo by Tager





First Battalion, 5th Marines, Company A, Captain Thomas D. Marks, 2d Lieutenants Orin C. Bjornsrud, Frederick R. Dowsett, Edward H. Drake

Photo by Tager

the fourth, when the flyers broke out with five runs for the inning and putting them on top. Bell made the relief in the fifth inning and under his ruling arm we evened it up, with a double play putting the final touches on Aviation and bringing the game to a close in the Second Battalion's favor with a score of 8 to 7.

And now, attention is duly called to the news item below which was handed to me shortly after the close of the above mentioned game. Its original intended appearance is unknown but as it is not copyrighted I thought it to be a good idea if it were presented in our column.

#### Sgt. Maj. Christian Runs Anonymous

Sergeant Major Christian, formerly of the First Battalion whose team lost the first half of the Post Championship to the Second Battalion earlier this summer, was noticed on the playing field during the baseball game between the Second Battalion and Aircraft One, trying to find some consolation by rooting for the team playing against the Second Battalion. His cheers were loud and many when the aviators forged ahead with a one run lead but he soon disappeared into hiding when the good ol' Second made two runs to put them back on top once again. Chris was seen speeding away from the game when the Second Battalion put the game in the bag in the 7th inning and no one has seen him since. Too bad, Chris, better luck next time (providing you know who to cheer for).

#### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Lt-Col. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., who has been on temporary detached duty at Indianapolis, Ind., in connection with the Equipment Board, convened at that place, has returned to duty.

Another mark of merit for the Corps was made by Sergeant Thurman E. Barrier when he won the National Trophy Badge at Camp Perry, Ohio, on 12 September, 1938.

On 4 September, 1938, our Special Weapons Platoon and the Special Weapons Platoon of the 1st Battalion, 5th Marines, who are attached to this organization until about 14 September, 1938, went to Indian-town Gap, Pa., in connection with training in field firing of organic weapons. They will return to this Post about 11 September, 1938.

Mess-Sgt. Saber has returned from temporary duty at Peekskill, N. Y., where he

had the duty of feeding the Reserves who were in training at that place.

Quartermaster Sergeant Foran who was on temporary duty with the Reserves at Cascade, Md., is back with us again.

Congratulations are in order for the Promotion of Albert P. Benjamin to Corporal; Charles D. Cooper to Pfc.; Arnold L. McClintie to Pfc.; Clarence L. Smith to Pfc.; Andrea DeW. Livingston to Pfc., and Joseph T. Maguire to Pfc.

Sergeant Bruce Wallace was discharged on 17 August, 1938, and reenlisted the next day and took a furlough for 13 days.

We are now preparing to take our stand at the well known stamping ground at Brentsville, Va., for our annual training, and upon our return, will begin preparing for our maneuver to be held at Culebra, P. R., next year.

I hear liberty call so will bring this to a close and see you under the same heading again next month.

#### COMPANY E NEWS

By St. Croix

A newly organized and by far a happier company greets you this month with its small items of news.

The shock of the month came when Platoon Sergeant Samples announced his

intentions of going out on sixteen, yet upon completion of his request he decided to stay away from the hills of Virginia and retire on twenty. We wonder if he has finally made up his mind.

Platoon Sergeant Robinson has been stricken with a disease which he claims refuses to let his feet co-ordinate when marching but rather causes him to march with a most undignified limp. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope that he will be able to take part in the Brentsville maneuvers.

Private Truax, liberty bound of the company, has just been promoted to the ranks of Pfc. His slogan has turned out to be "More money and more bills." All personnel have been wondering what has come over this Marine Corps, it used to be the custom of a Marine to pass out cigars after making a rating. Is it that cigars are scarce, or the increase of salary which makes them so, we wonder.

Well it won't be long before we start packing our sea bags for good old Brentsville where there is always plenty of fresh air, cold water, wonderful environment and lots of exercise.

Private Wallant has just returned from Sick Quarters having been a very sick

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## 1ST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES, F. M. F.

Lieutenant Colonel William T. Clement, Commanding

On duty at Camp Perry, Ohio, for the National Rifle and Pistol Matches

#### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

**G**IGHTEEN lonely men, struggling to hold their own among four organized companies, and still holding out.

This is the predicament of the First Battalion's crackerjack company in the midst of the excitement prevalent at Camp Perry, Ohio. Even though we are outnumbered by great odds, with the help of our watchful adjutant, Captain Marks, we are still riding at the top of the heap. After all, they just had to have some of the brains (?) up here to keep everything going smoothly.

And "smoothly" is just the word to describe the progress of the battalion since its arrival on this tour of extremely interesting duty. The camp is ideally located on the shore of beautiful Lake Erie and generally centered between the cities of Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit.

The weather has been most pleasant with warm days and nights cooled by the steady breezes from the lake. The days have been filled with the typical atmosphere of shooting ranges; that constant absorbing interest that everyone exhibits in the next shot, the next range, and the outcome of the next match. The "Daniel Boones" perform miraculous feats with pistols and rifles that make the average civilian's eyes pop. Our part in this panorama of shooting coats, 'scopes, firing lines, target pits, and "shootin' irons" is the instruction of policemen in the use of the Thompson Sub-Machine Gun, instruction on the use of the pistol, pulling a few targets, and keeping score in the matches, not to mention the coaching of the young ladies and young men of the Junior Small Bore School. We are as busy as the proverbial bees with practically every man in the camp

engaged in some duty on the range each day.

We don't know whether the other members of our illustrious company, the Special Weapons Platoon and the Communication Gang, are envying us or not, but they certainly should be. The variety of duty and the pleasant change of environment has been stimulating to say the least. As a last thrust at the boys who stayed behind—the "liberty" is great in these Middle-western cities and the good old Leatherneck uniform has been given a warm reception. Even the old "China hands" are admitting that we've got something here! See you in next issue if I survive the week-end.

### A COMPANY By C.I.O. Workers

Company A is home again, home being where we pitch our tents, and the men are up to their favorite pastime, "When can I get LIBERTY, Top?"

Last week-end began as a skirmish to find the best place for spending a few coppers and ended in an attack by column of squads on Toledo with a rear guard action in Port Clinton. Those who participated claim to have won a complete and uncontestable victory, but the number of pleas to borrow a dollar, which are overheard, leads one to believe that the victors are far too exhausted for pursuit.

There are many unanswered questions for future historians to debate upon as well. Did Lieutenant Bjornsrud find a dancing partner? How many fair ladies did our own Joe Adamitis and his stooges escort home? Will the Company Clerk explain his rapid disappearance from Camp Saturday afternoon? Maybe it was the Port Clinton girl who is known as, "The Blondi" to my bunkies. Why does Pl-Sgt. O'Sullivan dream of "Dough! not doughnuts?"

The Company is becoming athletic minded, so seriously that there are several black eyes from boxing and Taylor has a perfect defense against butt details in the form of a stiff arm. His love for football even of the touch variety is astonishing.

The mail clerks between Washington and Camp Perry are being overworked by a Capitol Hill Lass and a blond Marine of

(Continued on page 54)

## FIRST BATTALION, TENTH MARINES

Lieutenant Colonel Raphael C. Griffin, Commanding

### HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

**S**OMEONE put the brakes to my last article, fellows, so if I forget to mention some of you this time, my alibi is that I had you in it last month. Personally, I think Peroni and Kerler had something to do with it. They didn't want the secret to get out about the little platinum blonde running around Baltimore with Balz and me, when she wouldn't even give them a tumble. Clem has his eye on a good bet in Chester, Pennsylvania, now.

Sergeant Flebotte has returned from special temporary detached duty in Chicago, and corporals Martin and Sales have returned from furloughs in that part of the country. Chic hasn't told us anything about his furlough yet, but when he does weaken, it ought to be good.

Corporal Fred Roper escorted the body of our late friend and Quartermaster, Corporal W. J. Boeyen to his home in Key West, Florida, where he will be buried.

Private Sam Brooks has gone to aviation, and H. P. Smith has been transferred to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, for instructions at the Army Signal School at that post. We wish both of you men the best of success in your new signal duties.

Two signal troop men who have recently joined us are privates Jeffcoat and Wilson. Field Music First Class Rucchio has just come in from China duty, and Field Cook Windley from Yorktown, Va.

The first smoker held by our battery was quite successful, but the second scheduled smoker failed mainly due to the fact that we were minus a mat at the time of the bouts, and secondly, interest seemed to wane. Kerler and Carlton are still confident that we will have a bigger and better intra-battery smoker upon our return from maneuvers in Brentsville. C'mon fellows, show that old fightin' tenth spirit.

Balz, Simmons, Bagnell and Cotz are the

sailors in this outfit. Most every evening will find them sailing on the Potomac in the good ship LEATHERNECK. Pfc. Reilly is another man who can really plow through the Potomac. Rip came in eighth in the President's Cup Race, amongst nation-wide competition. This is a three-mile swim held annually in Washington.

Cardinal, Roberts and Smith are going to retire from the "Jaw-Bone" Pogey-Bait business. They are eating themselves in the red. Pfc. Stubbs and Tony Grato also help to keep the boys from going too hungry with their sandwiches every evening, and Hedlund quenches our thirst with chocolate milk. Our battery seems to have all the jaw-bone establishments in this battalion, and on pay days, after all the other batteries have settled their debts, including pressing, which is handled by Kirschen and Warren, that eagles stuff is pretty well concentrated, yet no one ever has enough for a touch.

The deadline is drawing near, fellows, and so is Brentsville, so let's all give a toast to three weeks of rainy weather.

### BATTERY A By "Jack"

"A-a-a-h-h! Feel that cool breeze? Makes you want to get out and roll on the grass or take a long hike in the woods. Or, are you the adventurous soul who would rather unpack the blues and go in search of new fields to conquer?" Which ever one you happen to be is of little importance. What matters is that fall has announced its near presence by cool nights and gentle breezes, and once more the fighting troubadours of A can look forward to a little deviation from the routine of Quantico—heralded by the approaching trip to Brentsville, Va. "Straight dope" is that we will go up there for about twenty days—leaving here on the nineteenth.



First Battalion, 5th Marines, Company B, Captain Robert L. Hunt, 2d Lieutenants Wm. K. Davenport, Jr., Lee C. Merrell, Jr., Ted E. Pulos, Charles J. Siebert

Photo by Tager

As preparations for Brentsville go merrily onward, some of the fellows can be seen wearing large smiles due in no small way to the fact that they were just promoted to Private First Class. The happy owners of these new (?) stripes are Goza, erstwhile aspirant to the position of company clerk, and McMullen, signal flag-waver and telephone operator extraordinary. The battery as a whole congratulates you, men!

Recent joinings in the persons of Sgt. Anderson, Cpls. Cook and Suffern, and Pfc. Howard just fresh from Shanghai and points east, are welcomed to the battery. Pfc. Liston joined from Parris Island and Pvt. Hogan from Battery C, across the way.

Pfes. Dykes and Polniak have suddenly become very athletically inclined. First, they traveled to Washington and staggered home under a huge load of athletic gear collected from various sport centers, not to mention other centers. Second, they tried on their new gear in the squad room for the inspection (and I may add amazement) of their fellow men. We are still puzzling over one "Little Red Riding Hood cape," which to all accounts, makes them look like members of the Black Legion. They explained that one by saying that the nights are cold in Brentsville. Third, they trooped dutifully over to the recreation office and submitted their names for the Post football team. Fourth, they came back and told us about it. Result: we now have seen aspirants for berths in the Post football team. They are as follows: Cpls. Lewis and Jackson, Pfes. Dykes, Polniak and "Screw Loose" Castle, Pvts. "Brute" Bennett and "Red" Dickens. And to think it all started from an innocent yen to become an athlete!

Battery Gossip: Joe Redmond is now a full fledged instrument man and Dave says that he has even acquired that calculating look—"Dave" and "Winey" say they are going to stay in and save their money 'till Christmas. "Must be serious, boys."—Jim says he is really beginning

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## BROWN-FIELD BULLETIN

By Tiger Laws

**M**ARINE Fighting Squadron One, in command of Major William L. McKittrick, participated in the annual National Air Races at Cleveland, Ohio, from the second through the sixth of this month. Our Fighting Squadron with their new Grumman Fighters presented a well balanced exhibition for the occasion and collected quite a few laurels for their squadron and Aircraft One. Their aerial demonstrations consisting of close formation flying and their numerous circles and dives brought much favorable comment from the Cleveland newspapers and world wide aviation enthusiasts who year after year enjoy seeing the Marine airmen perform.

Following is the list of officers and men of the Fighting unit who represented Aircraft One at the national event: Major William L. McKittrick, commanding; Captain Edward L. Pugh; Captain James M. Daly; Captain Harold W. Bauer; Captain Luther S. Moore; 1st Lt. Edward E. Authier; 1st Lt. Maurice T. Ireland; 1st Lt. Marshall A. Tyler; 1st Lt. John P. Condon; 2nd Lt. Pelham B. Withers; 2nd Lt. Donal K. Yost; 2nd Lt. Lawrence H. McCulley; 2nd Lt. Joseph N. Renner; 2nd Lt. Herbert H. Williamson; Avn-Cdt. George W. Nevils; Avn-Cdt. William A. Rygg; Avn-Cdt. Norman J. Anderson; Avn-Cdt. Harry F. Baker; Captain Thomas B. White; Avn-Cdt. Warren A. Phillips; Tech-Sgt. Hopwood Kildow; Tech-Sgt. John Schwab; Stf-Sgt. Alexander Case; Sgt. Lyster Armstrong; Sgt. William Dugger; Sgt. William Starr; Sgt. Phillip Hembree; Corporal Henry Hoppis; Tech-Sgt. Tom Griffin; Stf-Sgt. John Bobin; Stf-Sgt. Ivy Crownover; Sgt. Eugene Brace; Sgt. Harry Goldmintz; Corporal Anthony Yablonsky; Sgt. W. C. Jones; Corporal Wayne Foerch;

Corporal Carl Owensby; Corporal Joe Wheeler; Corporal John Curtis; Corporal Leo Poseley.

At the time of this writing Marine Scouting Squadron One still remains at Parris Island where they have been based since the first of August. Very little flying has been accomplished on their part since their tour of duty in South Carolina due to the fact that air planes are undergoing investigation and various tests.

With such a small amount of time being devoted to flying the squadron has been studying and reading over their Marine Corps orders and with plenty of peppy drill sessions being turned in this writer sees a discrimination in the squadron returning from Parris Island, in the form of our Scouts. It is a safe bet upon their return to this station they will endeavor to show up the rest of the units at those Saturday morning parades.

Work on Turner Field is going forward at a very rapid clip and with the progress being made our expectation for a new flying field is boosted considerably. Through the W.P.A. funds recently allotted by the President has taken effect with much sincerity and to such an extent that Aircraft One should be operating from a modern, up to date aviation field some time in the near future. Which is something nice to look forward to.

We are led to believe that hard work and sobriety pays form of dividends. Such is the case of Master Technical Sergeant H. R. Jordan, Naval Aviation Pilot, of the Utility Squadron whom we are happy to announce successfully passed his warrant officers' examinations early this month.

On behalf of his many friends in aviation as well as throughout the Marine Corps, this department takes this measure in congratulating Sergeant Jordan upon his success and this writer concludes a double order of posies because Jordan is a very ardent reader of THE LEATHERNECK.

Finding quite a little time for relaxation

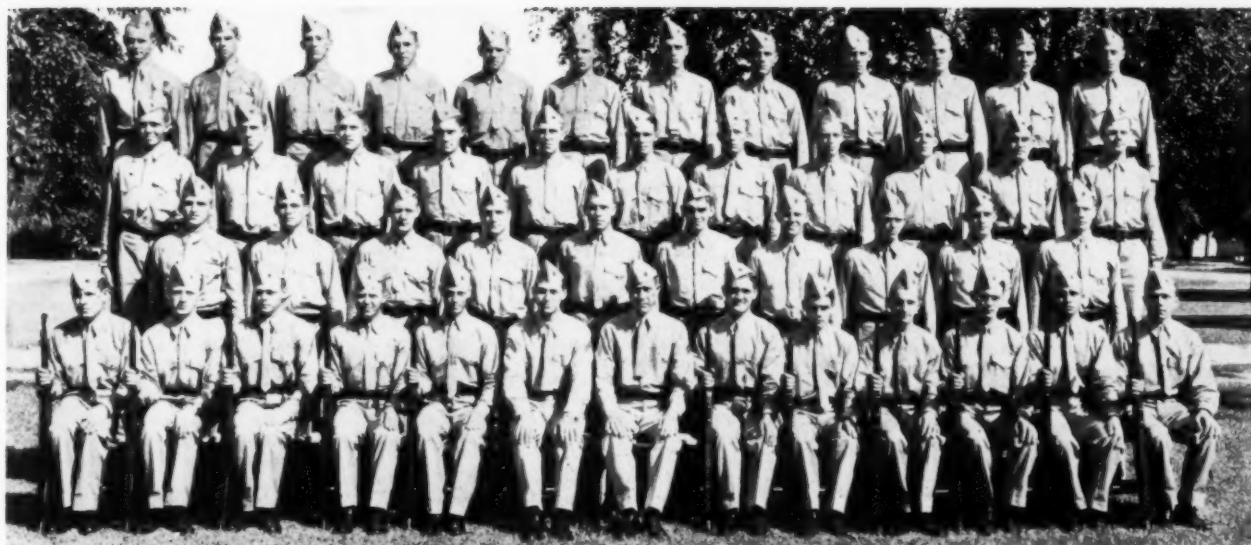
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First Battalion, 5th Marines, Company C, Capt. E. S. Davis, 2d Lieutenants Robert Chambers, Jr., Donald C. Merker, Elby D. Martin, Jr., and John E. Willey

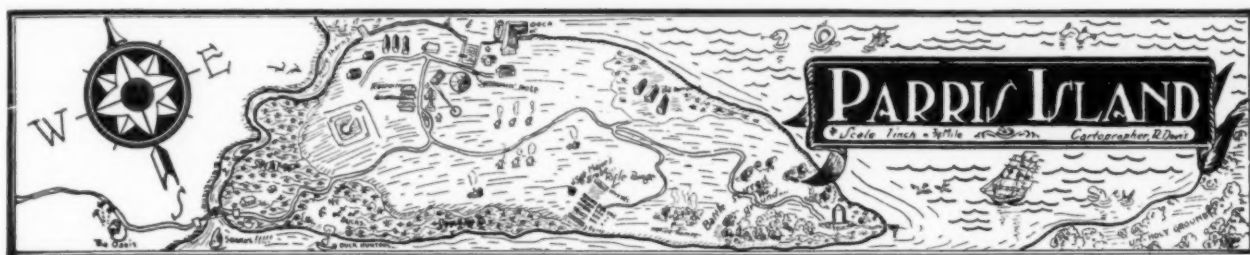
Photo by Tiger





Platoon 22, Parris Island; Instructed by Sgt. W. W. Smith and Cpl. R. W. Moseman

Photo by Kolsner



**Brigadier General D. C. McDougal,**  
U.S.M.C., Commanding General

**Lieutenant Colonel L. H. Miller,**  
U.S.M.C., Executive Officer

**Major J. W. Flett, U.S.M.C.,**  
Post Quartermaster

**Major J. N. Frisbie, U.S.M.C.,**  
Post Paymaster

**Captain W. T. Dodge, U.S.M.C.,**  
Post Adjutant

**First Lieutenant R. W. Hayward,**  
U.S.M.C., Aide-de-Camp

By Sgt. W. R. Yingling, Jr.

**S**EPTEMBER is a very busy month at Parris Island for they are bringing lots of new men in the Corps. Every day there arrives 10 or 15 more men to get their recruit training to become Marines. They come from all parts of the States east of the Mississippi. The old recruit area in the East Wing looks like it did years ago with tents up to accommodate those that we have no barracks space for.

The Post Exchange Main Store is being moved across the street along side of the Bowling Alley Branch. This will clear the new site for the new barracks. All buildings in the area from Mexico Street to Santo Domingo Street on Boulevard De

France have been either torn down or moved and the construction of the new barracks should begin very soon.

The new Medical Aid sick quarters was opened at the Naval Hospital on the 29th of August. These sick quarters are located in rear of the Sick Officers' Quarters and have all new equipment installed in them. Miss A. Fabian and Miss D. Thompson are the Medical Aid nurses.

Commander Thomas L. Morrow (MC), U. S. Navy, joined the Naval Hospital here from the Asiatic Fleet. Commander Morrow has been here with us before and we welcome him back. The command wishes the Commander a pleasant tour of duty at his new station.

Chief Quartermaster Clerk William R. Affleck, joined Parris Island from Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington. Mr. Affleck has been assigned duty with the post property section.

Major Robert E. Mills, who was Commanding Officer of the Post Troops, and Patrol Officer, was transferred to the Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Olongapo, P. I. The command wishes the Major a successful trip and a very pleasant tour of duty at his new station.

A members' dance and party was held at the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club on Saturday, 27 August. Refreshments were served and music was furnished by the Post Orchestra. These monthly parties are greatly enjoyed by all members and their guests who look forward to attending them each month. There is usually some outstanding character among the party but we won't mention any names for some might bring up the

name of the writer of this article—but I am sure they don't mean me.

Corporal Charles F. Jacowski, of the Post Band, was elected President, and Supply Sergeant Henry Kiefer elected Vice-President, of the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club for the term beginning 1 September. The club members wish to congratulate you both and wish you a successful reign. How about some bowling alleys being installed at the Club. The writer of this article will be sure to vote for you both if you will take this subject up at the next board meeting. And no FOOLIN' AROUND either.

The command of Parris Island takes this opportunity of thanking our post Chaplain, Lieutenant Commander E. J. Robbins, (ChC), U. S. Navy, and all those concerned, who made it possible to obtain such a splendid collection of new books at our Post Library. During the month of August more than 1,000 books were issued. Our library is really getting better and better every month with increasing number of readers each month.

A score of 314 on the Rifle Range for your qualification for one year is no JOKE. You have a year to think of how you could have made more—but didn't. There were about 7 of these scores made during August at Parris Island. Sergeant H. Donelson, of the Post Quartermasters' Office, is carrying an empty cartridge case around with him to remind him of that fatal shot which caused him to wind up with a 314. He said that his last shot was a THREE and IF it had been a FOUR—well we know the rest of the story. We are sure this won't happen again next year—or will it Sarge? That cartridge might be worth \$26.00 to you,

but it isn't that much on the property account. Better luck next year to all you 314 shooters.

If the reader has never been on the Rifle Range on record day you will never know what a REAL ALIBI is until you have heard the story of each shooter why he did not make Expert.

Sergeant "George" Watson who is just about a permanent fixture on that old drill field was promoted to Platoon Sergeant on 25 August. The Sergeant has worked hard for many years to get this promotion and we are sure that all of the many recruits he has taken through training as well as those that work with him from day to day all wish him the best of luck and the heartiest of congratulations.

Sergeant Verna Dickey is now our new Post Police Sergeant. Sergeant Dickey relieved Gunnery Sergeant Harry Weston who was transferred to the Recruit Depot Detachment on 1 August. The Gunny will be training recruits now instead of teaching them how to run a lawn mower, wheelbarrow, pick and shovel, etc. A Marine is always glad to see a new police sergeant on the job because his hopes are that maybe the new sergeant won't be so tough. What's that saying—Once a Police Sergeant, Always a Police Sergeant, well—maybe so?

The Marine Squadron VMS-1, Aircraft One, Fleet Marine Force, Quantico, Va., is here with us again. We are glad to have you with us friends and anything you don't see, just ask for it, because we got it—or will get it. From the large attendance of the squadron at the members party at the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club last month we take it for granted that you are enjoying your stay at Parris Island.

These amateur bouts held at Port Royal each week are hard on the eyes according to Private Getchell of the Purchase and Finance Office. Don't lead with your eye the next time, "Kid."

A recruit walked up to Sergeant M. C. Pulliam and asked him why he was so hard on them (This recruit seemed to think so anyway). Pulliam, very surprised, said "Well, Son, it's a long story but I will be as brief as possible—When I was a little child I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday School one day listening to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I was soft enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said don't cry, son, some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back. And, believe me, you lopsided, muttonheaded, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come for I recognized you by your block-heads. The recruit was amazed by this story—so are we.

Corporal C. L. Propst of the Rifle Range Detachment has a brother that just joined the Marine Corps. The brother is now undergoing training at Parris Island and Corporal Propst says that he hopes he will get to coach his brother on the rifle range so he can make him an Expert. Isn't this what you would call "Brotherly Love."

Corporal N. C. Key, of the maintenance office, has spent several weeks in the Naval Hospital, post. Key holds down the job as "Statistical Clerk" of the maintenance section. Some say that drawing charts, keeping track of TIME-LABOR & MATERIAL, and etc., was the cause of Key going to the Hospital. If this is the case, get ready hospital, here I come.

(Continued on page 52)

# Miscellany

## THE PINK BOOK OF ETIQUETTE FOR THE MARINE

By Emuel E. Post

NOTE: For some time it has seemed that there has been a necessity for a good, thorough medium for instruction of the average Marine in handling his rifle and drill,—true,—the DI's take care of the general details in a fashion, and there is a little advice in the Marine Corps Manual, but what we are thinking of are the little deft touches that are the unmistakable mark of the professional soldier.

Picture yourself out on the drill field in the act of "falling in." And just a word here for the benefit of the newcomers,—falling in is a short "slang expression" meaning the process of getting any given number of men in two parallel lines facing approximately the same direction. This is accomplished with great confusion, the men humorously jostling each other and stepping on one another's freshly shined shoes so that the inspecting officer may observe their diligence in getting into ranks.

After this preliminary "fun," the sergeant or platoon sergeant who is standing out in front carrying a saber (a noun,—from the Greek words, say-bor, meaning saber or sword,—a cheese knife used by the higher pay grades for the purpose of thrusting through their hat brims during parades), shouts, "Attention!"

You must be very careful at this point, many a promising soldier has ruined his career by well meaning but over hasty action. The explosive command, "attention," often issues forth in the form sounding somewhat thus,—"**SHUN!**" and woe to the man who steps from ranks with

kindly intention of offering the sergeant his handkerchief or some sodium bicarbonate. Attention, or "**SHUN,**" is, instead of a sneeze, a signal indicating that you must place your heels together and your toes out, maintaining a fixed stare upon the petunias in the Major's garden directly in front of you and across the parade ground. Pay no attention to the man next to you who seems to feel that he should occupy the space in which you stand. The next command will be, "**Rye,**—"

Dress!" You must be quick on this one, lean slightly to your left in order to avoid the man on your right, then place your left hand on your left hip, bringing the elbow up with a vicious thrust, and, ten to one, you'll get the man on your left in the muscle. If you are not able to get your right arm away in time the same thing will happen to you, but never mind; it is all a part of the "fun" and happens all down the line. At the same time, you execute the above rather complicated maneuver, you turn your head sharply to the right, making it possible to avoid this menace more neatly.

As you gaze down the line you will be amazed to see the sergeant peeking at you from around the first man, do not wave or wink,—just avoid his glance modestly. In a few seconds, he will come out again and shout,—"**FRONT!**"

Drop your left arm and slap your side with the hand (this makes the sergeant happy) and resume your inspection of the petunias.

You are now ready for your rifle tricks, which we will take up in another article.

shorts. Pfc. Otto Krause went to a lot of pains to make our visit enjoyable.

Then to the docks to watch Sergeant Hugh L. Wehrly catch 359 red snappers on a hook and line in 10 seconds flat (Ed. note: fish story from Fish Point).

With such sports as fishing, swimming, sail and speed boating, tennis, golf, hand and base ball, movies in the evening, day on and three off with liberty into Camenera and Guantanamo City, and with officers like the C. O., Captain William C. Purple, and First Lieutenants George N. Carroll and John W. Miller, it is no wonder that men ship over for this post.

After a very pleasant dinner in the mess hall (credit line here to mess sergeants George H. Erpelding and Clarence M. Lowell), our sight seeing tour being at an end, we sadly STAGGERED back to our ship, and that evening weighed anchor for Cristobal, Canal Zone.

Arriving in Cristobal, as usual, the Marines again had the duty, but again a very few were fortunate enough to get ashore.

Airily humming Chopin's funeral dirge, we skipped down the brow and headed for town.

Stopping at the nearest canteena, we refueled, and awakened on the top-side of the *Chaumont* next day.

Going through the Canal at 75 knots an hour, we had little opportunity to enjoy the surrounding scenery.

### YARD ARM BLINKER

By Arthur Rosett

Aboard USS *Chaumont*, Canal Zone, enroute to San Diego.

#### TRAVELOGUE

Steaming slowly and regretfully out of the Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va., on the 19th of last month, on the luxury liner of the Navy, known to the hoi-polloi as the prison ship and to all and sundry as the Siberian Salt Mines, this outfit of Marines looked forward to the paradise of the South Seas, the recruits to waving palm trees and sensuous maidens strumming bass fiddles, the old timers to the beer at Fish Point, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Time aboard ship was spent in indulging in games like "Man a swab," "polishing brightwork," standing watches, and other delightful deck sports.

Three days later—wham!—Land hove into sight. Yes, the Marines had the duty and couldn't leave the ship. Only a select few were able to go ashore. We were pleasantly received at Lieutenant Colonel Louis W. Whaley's Marine barracks at Guantanamo Bay.

A brief inland excursion to Hapluceys Beer Garden followed, with such able guides as First Sergeants Glen Drouillard and William A. Jordan. Drouillard incidentally looked very impressive in the

# LEATHERNECKS TRAIL DOUGHBOYS IN CAMP PERRY CLASSICS

**F**OR the first time in many years Marine riflemen found themselves outshot by the doughty doughboys of the U. S. Army. Although the leathernecks garnered a considerable quantity of honor, the shooters found themselves pressed at every turn by a rejuvenated team of infantry riflemen.

As we go to press we have only scattered results, as yet untabulated, so we can offer little more than flash disks of the great classics:

The Marines dropped the most important match, the National Rifle Team Match, to the doughboys. Shooting the same score that won last year's competition, the Ma-

rines found themselves trailing by four points, 2,788 to 2,792.

The Marines captured the Herriek Trophy Team match, scoring 797; and Pl-Sgt. E. Seeser shot 146 to win the President's Match. Twenty-two Marines placed in the President's hundred.

**MEMBERS' TROPHY MATCH:** Won by Cpl. Huntington, U. S. Infantry, with a 9-V possible 50. Sgt. Linfoot of the Marines was second with the same score. Fifth, Capt. J. F. Hankins, USMCR, 50, 6-V's.

NAVY TROPHY MATCH—(1,991 entries)		Score
Won by Cpl. Willard L. Baker, U. S. Infantry	98	
6th—1st Lt. Enet O. Swanson, USMCR	95	
8th—1st Lt. Walter R. Walsh, USMCR	95	
CROWELL TROPHY MATCH—(1,670 entries)		
Won by Sgt. Hansford H. Wagner, U. S. Infantry	50 (13Vs)	
2nd—Sgt. Waldo A. Phinney, USMC	50 (9Vs)	
3rd—Sgt. Victor F. Brown, USMC	50 (9Vs)	
4th—2nd Lt. Philip C. Metzger, USMC	50 (8Vs)	
5th—2nd Lt. Gregory J. Weissenberger, USMC	50 (8Vs)	
8th—Pl-Sgt. Edward V. Seeser, USMC	50 (7Vs)	
9th—Cpl. Malcolm J. Holland, USMC	50 (7Vs)	
MARINE CORPS CUP—(1,895 entries)		
Won by Sgt. L. P. Jenkins, U. S. Infantry	100 (12Vs)	
3rd—1st Lt. James G. Frazier, USMC	100 (10Vs)	
5th—Sgt. Leonard A. Oderman, USMC	99 (16Vs)	
6th—Sgt. Valentine J. Kravitz, USMC	99 (13Vs)	
8th—1st Lt. Emmet O. Swanson, USMCR	99 (13Vs)	
9th—MGy Sgt. Thomas J. Jones, USMC	99 (9Vs)	
10th—Capt. William W. Davidson, USMC	99 (9Vs)	
COAST GUARD TROPHY MATCH—(1,847 entries)		
Won by GySgt. James R. Tucker, USMC	99	
2nd—Sgt. Floyd E. Moore, USMC	99	
5th—1st Lt. Douglas C. McDougal, Jr., USMCR	99	
8th—Capt. William W. Davidson, USMC	99	
9th—1st Lt. Emmet O. Swanson, USMCR	98	
10th—Sgt. Victor F. Brown, USMC	98	
LEECH CUP MATCH—(1,738 entries)		
Won by Cpl. Wadie Gineobbo, U. S. Infantry	105 (14Vs)	
2nd—Sgt. Thurman E. Barrier, USMC	105 (14Vs)	
7th—Sgt. Leonard A. Oderman, USMC	104 (13Vs)	
8th—1st Lt. Emmet O. Swanson, USMCR	104 (13Vs)	
CAMP PERRY INSTRUCTORS' MATCH—(1,118 entries)		
Won by Mr. John A. Norman, Ga. Civ. Team	50 (7Vs)	
3rd—Pl-Sgt. Claude N. Harris, USMC	50 (3Vs)	
5th—Sgt. Floyd E. Moore, USMC	49 (7Vs)	
10th—2nd Lt. Edwin L. Hamilton, USMC	49 (4Vs)	

WIMBLEDON CUP MATCH—(1,888 entries)		
Won by Sgt. Valentine J. Kravitz, USMC	100 (19Vs)	
4th—Pl-Sgt. Claude N. Harris, USMC	100 (18Vs)	
6th—2nd Lt. Noel O. Castle, USMC	100 (17Vs)	
7th—Sgt. Waldo A. Phinney, USMC	100 (16Vs)	
THE PRESIDENT'S MATCH—(1,971 entries)		
Won by Pl-Sgt. Edward V. Seeser, USMC	146	
2nd—Sgt. Thurman E. Barrier, USMC	146	
6th—Sgt. Leonard A. Oderman, USMC	145	
Nineteen members of the Marine Corps Team and two members of the Marine Corps Reserve Team placed in the "President's Hundred."		
SCOTT TROPHY MATCH—(1,727 entries)		
Won by 2nd Lt. Gregory J. Weissenberger, USMC	50	
7th—Sgt. Robert E. Schneeman, USMC	50	
8th—Sgt. Raymond D. Chaney, USMC	49	
WRIGHT MEMORIAL TROPHY MATCH—Aggregate—(653 entries)		
Won by Pl-Sgt. Claude N. Harris, USMC	633	
2nd—Capt. Wm. W. Davidson	632	
4th—Sgt. Thurman E. Barrier, USMC	630	
5th—1st Lt. James G. Frazier, USMC	629	
7th—Sgt. Leonard A. Oderman, USMC	628	
8th—Sgt. Floyd E. Moore, USMC	628	
ENLISTED MEN'S TROPHY TEAM MATCH—(51 entries)		
Won by Marine Corps Team	853	
2nd—U. S. Infantry Team	844	
3rd—U. S. Coast Guard	842	
6th—Marine Corps Reserve	837	
AEF ROUMANIAN TEAM MATCH—(50 entries)		
Won by Marine Corps Reserve Team	576	
2nd—U. S. Infantry Team	572	
3rd—Marine Corps Team	571	
HERRICK TROPHY TEAM MATCH—(113 entries)		
Won by Marine Corps Team	797	
2nd—U. S. Infantry Team	793	
3rd—U. S. Cavalry Team	791	
Marine Corps Reserve Team (High team using service rifle with service sights)	748	

In the next issue THE LEATHERNECK will publish more detailed information of the National Matches, along with suitable illustrations. Watch for the RE-DISKS FROM CAMP PERRY in the November issue.

Incidentally the November issue will be the Anniversary Number, commemorating the birth of the U. S. Marines—Don't miss it!

## BRIG. GEN. BARKER SUCCUMBS

Washington, Aug. 22.—Brig. Gen. Fred A. Barker, U. S. M. C., retired, former chief of staff at Quantico, Va., and a veteran of five foreign campaigns, died early today at the Naval Hospital. He was 58 years old and had been retired July 1, 1937, for physical disability after 33 years of active service.

Gen. Barker was born in Charlestown, Mass., December 1, 1880, and was graduated from the Manlius Military Academy. After three years in the Army, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps in 1904.

During a distinguished career in the corps, Gen. Barker was cited on a number of occasions for gallantry in action and efficiency as an officer. In addition to the Naval Cross and the French Croix de Guerre awarded for gallantry during the Meuse-Argonne offensive in France, he held campaign medals for services in the

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Philippines, Mexico, Haiti, Santo Domingo and the Yangtze China Service Medal.

When the United States entered the World War, he went overseas as the commander of the 47th Company, 5th Regiment of the Marines. Going through all the combats of the famous 2d Division, he emerged as a battalion commander. He was also on duty with the Army of Occupation in Germany.

Gen. Barker was twice cited by Gen. Pershing and by the commander of the 2d Division for services as commander of the 1st Battalion, 6th Regiment of the Marines.

He was sent to London on July 19, 1919, to take part in the victory parade, in

which he served as an escort to Gen. Pershing. Later, when Gen. Pershing held his victory parade in New York, the Marine officer was a member of his guard of honor.

From 1920 to 1923 Gen. Barker served as information officer at Marine Corps headquarters in Washington and then was sent to Peiping, China. He returned to the United States in 1926 and graduated in the 1928 class of the Naval War College at Newport, R. I.

In 1929 Gen. Barker was again ordered to China as operations officer of the 4th Brigade. He was commended by the commander of the Asiatic Fleet for the efficiency of the brigade, which saw service during 1932.

After his return to the United States, he was in command of the Marine Barracks at Boston and in 1935 was appointed chief of staff at Quantico. He was on duty there when he was retired for physical disability incident to the service.

## AUTO CRASH KILLS BRIG. GEN. BEARSS

Columbia City, Ind., Aug. 27.—Brig. Gen. "Hiking" Hiram Bearss, retired, widely known for his exploits in the Marine Corps, was killed near here today in a three-car crash. He was 63.



Brig. Gen. Bearss, who was given that rank in the Marine Corps by an act of Congress two years ago, was en route from Chicago to Peru, Ind., with his nurse, Miss Lillian May West of Welland, Ontario, and their car collided with one driven by Claud T. Shufeldt of Springfield, Ohio. It then swerved into the car of Joseph Anthony Ambrose, of Zanesville, Ohio.

Gen. Bearss, who held many military decorations for bravery, including the Congressional Medal of Honor, first gained his nickname of "Hiking Hiram" in the Philippines. It came from the many forced marches he ordered for his detachment.

He was credited with the single-handed capture of Joaquin, a much-wanted Filipino outlaw. Another time his command of 25 men was surrounded by 3,000 natives. He ordered 10 men at a time to crawl through high weeds and then run back to the detachment to give the impression reinforcements were arriving. That held the natives at bay until help actually came.

In the World War Gen. Bearss, then a

colonel, asked for leave from the front line trenches. He was told he had to capture a German first. So, taking 12 men, he led a raiding party that brought back 80 German prisoners without firing a shot. He got the leave and so did all his men.

Gen. Bearss enlisted in the Marine Corps shortly after his graduation from Depauw University. He has been in retirement for several years, but this spring entered politics actively and won the Republican nomination for State Senator from Miami and Howard Counties.—*Washington (D. C.) Star*.

### SWIMS RIVER, HANDS CUFFED BEHIND BACK

Newburgh, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Al Melville, 26, former U. S. Marine, gave swimmers something new to shoot at today. His hands cuffed behind his back with manacles, Melville swam the Hudson River, a mile and a half wide from Beacon to Newburgh, last night in 44 minutes and 25 seconds. His feat was made more difficult by a six-mile an hour tide and rough water.

### COLONEL C. J. MILLER BURIED IN ARLINGTON

Funeral services for Colonel Charles J. Miller, who passed away at the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., on September 4, were held at the Fort Meyer Chapel on September 7. Full honors were rendered at the Arlington National Cemetery.

A native of La Crosse, Wis., Col. Miller attended the University of Wisconsin and was a celebrated football lineman of the time. He also was a graduate of the Army School at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., and the Ecole de Guerre in Paris. During the World War he took an interest in Tunney and later was given credit for "discovering" the A.E.F. boxing champion who went on to win the world title.

Col. Miller's tours of duty included service as assistant commandant of the Marine Corps School at Quantico, executive officer of the First Brigade at Quantico and commander of the infantry regiment of the Fleet Marine Force there. He had been selected to take charge of Marine forces at Shanghai when illness intervened.



### NEWPORT, R. I.

On August 14, the Marines from this post and the Newport Rifle Team of Newport, R. I., engaged in a rifle match at Coddington Point. The Marines led by Sergeant Robert G. Phelps gave the Newporters a run for their money and came off with several trophies and medals. The results of the matches as regards the Marine Team were as follows:

Expert Riflemen's Match—2nd place, Sgt. Phelps.

Sharpshooter's Match—1st place, Sgt. Herbert.

Marksmen's Match—2d place, Cpl. Jolly.

Team Match—2d place, Marines.

The Team Match was closely contested and was not decided until the last pair of shooters fired their last shots. Newport emerged victorious with a score of fifteen points in advance of the second place Marines.

The Match was witnessed by many notables from Newport and vicinity and after the Match had many words of praise for the sportsmanship of the Marine Team.

The Newport Rifle Club expect to hold these matches yearly and we here know that the Marine Team will be back next year and carry off more honors.

### FRED LENKOSKI CLICKS IN PRO FIGHT GAME

Fred Lenkoski, hard-punching leatherneck and holder of the Asiatic middle-weight and light-heavy belts, is no more. Leaving the service last year, Fred took the axe to the latter part of his name, and is now known in the professional circles as Freddie Lenn.



Freddie Lenn

Since his discharge from the Marine Corps, Lenn has been making his headquarters around Pittsburgh. He has fought seventeen times, winning all fights, twelve by the nod and five by knockout.

Meeting the veteran Bazzone and giving away more than six pounds, the leatherneck punched his opponent all over the ring. He has taken Carl Turner, John Henry Thomas, Lee Sala, Kid Teeko, Bill Battles and others.

Sports writers predict a great future for Freddie Lenn; and he has the whole Marine Corps in his private cheering section.

### PARRIS ISLAND SPORTS

By WRY

The Parris Island Baseball team played its outstanding game of the season with the Savannah Sugar Refinery which they lost in the 14th inning by a score of 3 to 2. First Sergeant "Doc" Brannon, in charge of the Post Team, can be proud of his team for this splendid showing. After being held hitless for nine innings, the Savannah Sugar Refinery reached Cavalier for two runs in that frame and then pushed across another in the fourteenth to defeat the Parris Island Marines, 3 to 2, on the Sugar Hill diamond, at Savannah.

The Baggers collected only four hits off the offerings of Cavalier, but made most of them, combined with Cavalier's wildness in the final innings, count for runs.

The game is the third extra-inning one played between the two teams, each one being won by the Refinery. Lonecon's double (of the Refinery team) was responsible for the tying markers in the ninth. Hal Meyers, pinch hitting for Jack Embler, Sugar Hill starting hurler, started off the rally with a single, the first hit of the game off Cavalier. Cavalier then began losing his control, and hit a batter. Lonecon followed with his two-sack hit to bring in the two runs which sent the game into extra frames.

In the fourteenth the Marine hurler again lost control and let in the winning tally without a hit. Weitman of the Refinery team went to third when Cavalier threw

### THE LEATHERNECK

wild to second after a bunt. Weitman then scored on a wild pitch, and Cavalier who missed a no-hit-no-run game by one inning had lost his own game. Cavalier also led his team at bat, belting out two doubles, and scoring once. This was a tough game to lose but the Marines played excellent baseball so they can't feel so bad about losing by only one run.

On Thursday, 11 August, the Parris Island Marines defeated Walterboro, S. C., by a score of 5 to 2. The batteries for Parris Island were Gore and Garry.

On Saturday, 20 August, Parris Island defeated the Charleston Navy Yard Marines by a score of 4 to 2. Batteries for Parris Island were Cavalier and Garry, and for Charleston Wisner and Chambers.

The baseball season will soon be over and it will be time for winter sports. Parris Island's winter sport is Bowling. It is contemplated the alleys will be re-finished again this year which should hold us over for another season. With the new barracks we might get a new Post Exchange Recreation building which will have some new alleys installed. When this happens we can invite some outside competition and give them some good alleys to roll on. Until later this season.

### WARDENIG SPORTS

On Monday, August 15th, the Prison Marines met the sailors from the USS *Salmon* on the Reservation diamond. After seven innings of play the Marines proved the victors by a score of 7 to 6.

On Tuesday, August 16th, the Marine Barracks met the Marines from the Naval Prison on the Reservation diamond. The game was the most interesting and most keenly contested game of the year. The Barracks lead off and failed to tally in the first inning. The Prison Marines drew first blood with one run in the first. Neither team scored in the second. In the third inning the Barracks scored twice and the Turnkeys once. The fourth and fifth innings went scoreless. By the sixth inning it was getting dark and both teams were desperate to break the tie. The Barracks scored once more but were unable to keep the Turnkeys from getting another run and tying it up again. At the end of the sixth inning the game was called on account of darkness with the score tied at 3-3. Nolan from the Barracks faced Wells from the Prison on the mound.

On Wednesday, August 24th, the Barracks and Prison Marines met to play off the tie game they played the week before. The game was played on the Submarine Barracks diamond, neutral ground, and was in the form of a blood game—each team

determined to prove itself the better. Final results were Naval Prison ten hits, 16 runs; Marine Barracks, seven hits, 7 runs. Haardt started for the Prison, facing Nolan of the Barracks. Wells relieved Haardt in the fourth for the Turnkeys. Nolan struck out fourteen, walked six and hit three men with pitched balls in nine innings. Wells struck out ten and walked three men in seven innings.

Thursday, August 25th, the sailors on the USS *Salmon* gathered at the Prison Reservation diamond in hopes of beating the Prison Marines. Disappointment was their only spoil as the Turnkeys sent them away with the short end of a 11 to 10 score—the Marines not going to bat in their half of the last inning.

With renewed determination to take the scalp of the Prison Marine Team and inspired by a recent win over the Marine Barracks, the *Salmon's* team got up early Sunday morning, August 28th, to play a full game with the Turnkeys. When the game was over the scoreboard read Marines—10; USS *Salmon*—2. Haardt pitched for the Marines and in the 4th inning he lifted one over the left fielder's head for a home run—there was one man on base at the time.

### SAVANNAH SPORTS

#### USS *Savannah*

We have had a sudden splurge of athletics during the past two months. The Marines took the Sailors to the tune of 17-6 in a soft ball game held on Ye olden sand lot. Had it not been for old timer "Poop Deck Pappy" Dwyer, the final score might have been a different story. "Poop Deck" provided the clowning and spiritual side to the game. He managed to clout one a homer and the manner in which he struggled around those bases was too comical to express literally. Seems "Poop Deck" should devise some special

ailérons to help him make those difficult banks around the base lines. He held down the third sack and as far as we can determine he really held that sack down. Sergeant Spragg upheld the pitching end of it very nicely while I was on the catching end of things. Corporal Manning must have had some chewing gum stuck in the palms of his hands from the way he was snagging those impossible fly balls. He would be an asset to any man's ball club. Privates Maxey and Guilano lent spice to the program also, as did everyone who participated in the game.

The latest center of athletic interest lies within Private Maxey's "All Stars," who have cleaved an enviable record for themselves. In their very first game, without any practise, they encountered the team who were the undisputed champions of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. This team came from the USS *Childs*. The USS *Savannah* mixed team took them to the tune of 6-4 in their first game. The defeat hurt the former champions' pride so those tin can ball players enlisted the services of ball players from the USS *Taylor* and with these reinforcements issued another challenge upon the field of honor. The challenge was readily accepted with drastic results. The *Savannah* team downed them to the tune of 25-7. We haven't heard any more challenges from those tin cans, guess they have decided to call it quits. Maxey's All Stars stand ready, willing and able to defend their title and they have the support of the entire ship's complement which always accompanies winning teams in any sport. Private McCurdy is doing very well as pitcher and brings to the diamond the good old southern style straight from Florida. We can sure sling 'em in down there, can't we, Mac? Lt. Trotti, our second in command, is enjoying play with the team and we hope that he continues to play with them as he has proven himself a capable ball player. Lt. Lynch, our dental officer, is also with the team and is a very capable player. He has already added esteem to their record. We look forward to future ball games with much interest. Here in Rockland Maxey's "All Stars" are taking on the Rockland team in a two game series. We trust that they will manage to uphold their record, however, they are still green and are venturing out of their own back yard of warmer climate to struggle with lads who are well acclimated to this cold weather. One defeat will not daunt their spirits and Maxey is bound to make baseball's hall of fame yet. More power to you "Red Head."



U. S. Marines vs. USS *Asheville*, Shanghai, China

# The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

## THIRTEENTH BATTALION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COMPLETES BIGGEST YEAR

By Captain Owen E. Jensen, USMCR(O)

**R**ETURNING home on 17 July from its seventh annual encampment, Los Angeles' 13th Battalion, Organized Marine Corps Reserve, tired, but happy, counted this summer's training camp at the Marine Base, San Diego, as the outstanding achievement of the year, culminating the most successful armory and camp training in its entire history.

Under the inspired leadership of the battalion commander, Major John J. Flynn, and the indefatigable inspector-instructor, Major Victor F. Bleasdale, USMC, the battalion went through two weeks of intensified training—a smashing, driving, relentless barrage of activity that left the regulars breathing hard and wondering how the reserves could keep up the pace. It was a program of field training with accent on the “field” and a soft pedal on the parade ground which got very little pounding.

Highlight of the entire camp and voted the most popular feature of any camp in any year, was the overnight bivouac, planned and executed by Major Bleasdale in the face of terrific odds and endless discouragements from regulars who said it couldn't be done.

But we'll leave the rest of the story for its chronological place in this piece (by the way, have you, dear reader, ever attempted to write a “piece” for THE LEATHERNECK cold turkey, without a thought or a suggestion for any one else and then have everybody come up afterwards and tell you how it should have been written; that their viewpoint wasn't expressed; that this and that was left out; that so and so should have been mentioned; that your story was colored in favor of your own outfit and that other organizations were hardly mentioned? Well, then, let this be a lesson to you, dear reader. Next time get in your dope on time).

Not being able to be in four places at once, we'll start out by sounding off that our Pasadena way, the place where they hold that big football game every year in the Rose Bowl, Company B gathered with the rising sun in its quarters in the city hall and with families and friends shedding tears, crocodile and otherwise, over the gangway leading to the armory, equipment was slung and we were on our way to the Santa Fe station, 11 miles away, there to join the companies from Inglewood, Glendale and Santa Monica in boarding the special train that took us to “Dago.” By the way, the officers in charge of transportation haven't found out that there is a Santa Fe depot two blocks from the armory in the City Hall and yet the government pays good money to hire trucks to take us to Los Angeles (just

like taking a “U” car to get to 7th and Pennsylvania avenue in Washington).

A thumbnail description of the scene at the depot after all companies have arrived from as many points of the compass might include the dear old ladies visiting from Iowa wondering whether or not we're on our way to China. Another d.o.l. asking one of the officers which track the train from Chicago will come in on. Excitement as the baggage details unload the trucks into the maw of the baggage car. Photographers shooting pictures of the outfit that the newspapers never use unless they show a Marine hanging out of a car window kissing his one and only farewell (maybe the cameras aren't loaded!).

Captain Card, troop train commander, takes over and Major Flynn hasn't once called “all company commanders.” Breaking a tradition, I'd say! The sergeant major not being able to tally all the men going by train. He's off three in his count. Must be the three kids riding “blind baggage.” They're sons of officers and men. Some have been to camp every year since they could toddle. When they're seventeen, they'll tote a rifle. Captain Card has brother, Sergeant Card, in his company and soon expects to have son Horace, Jr. Wonder who'll have the first grandson in?

That erstwhile gay troubadour, Lieutenant Altpeter, now a sedate married man and brand new papa of a daughter, name: Rita Ann. Looks like her old man as much as a tear drop out of her mother's eyes.

The old timers are quieting down. Now the noise is made by the young blades, led by that Hollywood man about town, Lieutenant Laun Reis (he runs the cliff dwelling wherein Mae West parks her frame now and then). Captain Raymond, ex-Bn.Q.M., has his straw hat well packed in his trunk. It's a bet he'll never get back home with it.

Lieutenant Dean Morgan of Glendale, world traveler, returns from a tour of Europe just in time to make camp.

The four first sergeants, the most exclusive rank in the outfit, next to the lone Sgt. Major, hold a skull practice with the aforesaid Sgt. Major who raises his voice above the din.

The train is off—for San Diego and it stays on the tracks all the way.

It's Sunday, July 3, when we arrive and with the Fourth of July a day away, the long week end holiday is spoiled for the regulars assigned to smooth our way into the Base. Major Brown and Captain Benson, observers, are both on hand. They're thinking about that golf game they will miss. But that doesn't deter them from giving us a big welcome and

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Photo courtesy of Capt. Owen E. Jensen

The Late Major Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR, photo taken in courtroom of Superior Court where he presided for over 10 years as Superior Court Judge of Los Angeles County.





8th Battalion Passing in Review, Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Illinois

**MAJOR JOSEPH P. SPROUL,  
USMCR(O), SUPERIOR COURT  
JUDGE OF LOS ANGELES,  
MOURNED BY MILITARY,  
JUDICIAL AND FRATER-  
NAL ASSOCIATES  
THROUGHOUT U. S.**

By Captain Owen E. Jensen, USMCR(O)

The passing on Tuesday, August 16, 1938, of Major Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR (V) came as a great shock to officers and men of the 13th Battalion, USMCR(O) with whom Major Sproul had probably been more closely associated than with any group of his many activities.

It is with heavy heart that one writes of the passing of a man, an officer and a gentleman in the truest sense that the words have ever meant.

Upon returning from annual summer training camp which Major Sproul has not missed since the first camp of the organization in 1932, Major Sproul was in fine spirits and to outward appearances in good health. Then on Tuesday evening, August 16, Major Sproul and Mrs. Sproul went for a drive. We shall not attempt to describe that drive. Major Sproul suffered a heart attack as the result of another driver crashing into the Sproul's car while it was parked and Mrs. Sproul was taking over the wheel as Judge Sproul got out and around the rear of the car to get into the right front seat. He saw the oncoming car, his heart failed him as he saw the possibility of fatal injury to his beloved wife. An ambulance took him to a hospital, but he died before arrival there.

The funeral was held in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, with full military honors. The 13th Battalion formed the guard of honor followed by over five hundred prominent persons in all walks of life of the city, county, and state in which he had been so active and valued leader. Over a hundred Naval and Marine Corps Reserve officers paid their final respects. Flowers and telegrams came from all over the country, from those high in station as well as the thousands he had befriended and in many cases, aided in his own quiet

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**BUCKEYE BATTALION BRIEFS**

8th Bn., USMCR(O), Toledo, Ohio

By the OWL "Who."

From out of the dim and distance we hear faint murmurings—yes you guessed it the "Lost Battalion" has come to life.

Rumor has it that this year's camp was most successful and efficient. Much of this was due to the officers and men, with commendations to Major Hartsel, 1st Sergeant Stuart, and Sergeant Emery, of the regular Marine Corps. Company A brought home the bacon so far as honors are concerned, Cotter Trophy an' all. Although the rifle team lost out, we can only say, "Well tried, boys." Better luck next time. As Corporal Robert Hachl was firing the rifle "D" course, General Upsher was observing this young man shoot, he shot 124 out of a possible 125, good shooting! The 8th and 17th Battalions marched into camp at Great Lakes Naval Training Station all companies full strength, a very good record. The 8th Battalion is Commanded by Major Iven C. Stiekney and the 17th by Captain Hagerman from Detroit, Michigan.

There was a very good reason for the big smile Sergeant Karpinski wore home. He carried with him The Daughters of the War of 1812 medal for military efficiency. Speaking of honors, we hear that Stuart has been promoted to sergeant-major, congratulations, old timer.

Are you still with us? If so, you may be interested in getting more men in your company to read THE LEATHERNECK. It is only \$2.50 per year. It is very interesting and good to read, all you have to do is see your Company Commander, he will take care of you.

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, or perhaps from the tremendous to the trivial, we have several juicy items of gossip which only goes to prove that a Gyrene's life isn't all squads right and left. . . . Who was the cocky Sergeant what was so sure of not being assigned to Sergeant of Guard over liberty, only to be found nursing that job? What was a certain Lieutenant doing with a hand full of coat hangars, and what did a certain bunk have to do with it?

Did anyone notice where the supply sergeant from Company B hung out? The

ery of "Where is the Supply Sergeant?" was heard all too often from the boys in Company B. We'll bite, where was he?

Seasoned veteran non-coms have a little prescription they ask the "Owl" to pass on to the new-commissioned officers who want to shine up their newly acquired chevrons. So here it is: 1 jar of Cosmoline, 1 bottle of Sperm Oil, as much powdered dynamite as you can hold on a bayonet blade, a canteen filled with Nitroglycerine, mix it together, apply very heavily on chevrons, then apply a match to give the chevrons the finishing touch. Not only will your chevrons shine but you will probably get a stone medal with your name and "Rest in Peace" inscribed on it. . . . And with that remark, which blows "The Owl" right off the page, the Owl says, "Battalion dismissed," and hope to be with you again next month. Watch for comments by "The Owl," Whoo.

**NOTES FROM THE HUB**

2nd Bn., USMCR-O, Boston, Mass.

By R.L.N.

Hoot Mon, 1st Lieut. Don L. (Stony Craig) Dickson leaves us for the bonny braes of Scotland on the 14th of September. The popular Bn. Adjutant & CO, Hdq. Co., also plans an extensive tour of England and Ireland while across, incidentally this makes his second trip over there in the past few years. We might tip off the American Embassy at London that if they wish to contact Les while he is in Scotland, they will find him at some barracks town where some famous Scotch regiment is in station, as the Lieutenant has a yen for those colorful outfits. 'Tis rumored that a Scotch band will play him aboard when he leaves Boston owing to the contacts he made while attending the annual picnic of the Scottish Clans held in this vicinity recently. Bon voyage, Lieutenant.

With the newly organized Drum & Bugle Corps going full blast and recruits coming in to the tune of at least five every drill night, it is freely predicted that Captain Crowley will lead a full strength battalion through the streets of Boston in the Armistice Day parade in which we will participate this year.

Going down the line to the various companies we find Hdq. Co. being filled up to a strength of 35 enlisted men owing to the authorization of a Drum & Bugle Corps mentioned above. Cpl. Paul N. Sargent, Jr., has been transferred in from C Co., to be in charge of the Corps and will shortly be promoted to the rank of sergeant. Pvt. Carl Peterson who will have charge of the Trumpet end of things will shortly attain the rank of corporal. As they will have been promoted by the time these lines are read, we congratulate them, and let's have a top notch Drum & Bugle Corps that will surpass all others in Marine Corps Reserve circles. Lieutenant John H. Spencer recently held an examination in which all private in Hdq. Co. were eligible to fill two vacancies for Pfc. The lucky ones to win the stripe were Pfc. Steve Rasimas and Thomas C. Roden.

1st Lieutenant Irwin's A Co., continues to remain at full strength, but 'tis rumored that the Lieutenant is getting ready to unload a lot of Weary Willies who won't or can't attend drills to Class Six-side. Two men were discharged from A Co., during the past month, namely Pfc. Fraser who did not reenlist and Pvt. Alebord who deserted us for the ranks of the U. S. Army. Good luck, fellows and drop around and see us once in a while. Also



Massed Battalion Passing in Review for General Upshur at Camp Ritchie, Fifth Battalion U.S.M.C.R.(O)

Sgt. C. J. Murphy and Pfc. J. Miller were discharged around the middle of the month and reenlisted being reappointed to the ranks mentioned above.

Not having heard from the Pine Tree State company, namely B at Portland, Maine, at this writing, we go to C Co., and find them busy taking in recruits to fill existing vacancies. One of C Co.'s ex-members was with us the other night, namely Pvt. Rooppel who recently returned from the fracas in Spain where he served with the Loyalist Army. From what we heard he had quite an experience and decided to call it quits after being wounded twice in action.

Company D has received back with open arms the men who left us on 5 July, to attend six weeks of Platoon Leaders Class, '38, at MB, Quantico. The men in question all came back hale and hearty and reported a pleasant tour of duty while away from the battalion. Upon his return Pfc. Canney was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, which rank he held before being assigned to the class, his reduction to Pfc. being necessary at the time to attend this year's class. This just about brings D Co. up to full strength and there are more Boston College men awaiting vacancies in the company. Incidentally 1st Sgt. Tankuns is back on the job after being on the binnacle list for several drills. No, Seelig hasn't been fired since we returned from Quantico, and much to his credit did a good job of running things during the absence of the Top.

Thanks are extended to the 3rd Battalion, at New York Navy Yard for the many complimentary things said about the 2nd in the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK, and it is hereby stated in this column that the feeling is mutual with the gang from Boston, and it is hoped that we may have the pleasure of serving with the lads from Gotham again, come next training period.

Glancing in the I-I's office we note that Sgt. George Philpott is back with us again after a month's sojourn among the natives way up in Prince Edward Island, Canada. George reports a good furlough and it was good to see him back with us last drill. We hear persistent rumors that our I-I Col. Marshall will be detached about 1 November, but as the colonel won't talk we

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## THE BUCCANEERS

15th Bn., F.M.C.R., Galveston, Texas

By Cpl. Henry Wm. Nichols, Jr.

Two months have passed since we returned from Camp Nabry. In this time we have been informed that we will have a new rifle Company to be known as Company C. Members of Companies A and B, who have done their share of work, will be rewarded with higher ratings.

And look who is shining extra stripes now . . . none other than our former platoon sergeant . . . Kenneth J. Fagan . . . who was promoted to First Sergeant upon the departure of 1st Sgt. Irving Smith who had been with the battalion for two years. Perseverance, obedience and plain good hard work merited this honor to First Sgt. Fagan. He has worked with the men on the field, he has instructed us on School Nights, and has done many jobs in the Armory about which a good many of us know nothing. It is a signal honor that he is representing this battalion at Camp Perry . . . and, knowing the way he does things, we know he is going to bring us back the bacon—er, the HONORS!

Talking about getting ritzy—we're doing it in a big way. What with the repairs going on to the Armory, and our Assembly room floor all painted, and the rumored Rifle Range and Shower of our own! C-o-m-e to Galveston, folks.

The boys have been going through some real Platoon Drilling since we've been back home. And our N.C.O. school has been changed from Thursday nights to every other Tuesday, and the "in-between" Tuesdays are reserved for the N.C.O. Club which meets right after drill period, and is getting off to a good start now.

But when it comes to getting down to brass tacks in our Drill and School, our inspector-instructor, Major Gilman, is right on the job to give us all the help we need. By that I mean he is giving us his *extra* time, and plenty of it, to teach us. But as the true saying goes, he can "teach" us but he can't "learn" us the way to drill and give commands. Further, he can make no progress if we do not study and prepare ourselves so his teaching and time may not be wasted. The going is hard, fellows, but we're here to say we're going

to give the Major everything that's in us.

Repetition may be bad, but I just can't help harping on school a little bit more. These school nights certainly are a big help and stand us in good stead when we reach camp next year—for we are going to cover every possible subject that we may need at that time.

Pvts. Glass, J. M. Gremillion and J. H. Austin, Jr., will be leaving us for a spell in order to return to college. Good luck, boys, and make every minute count.

The gang was glad to see Lt. Stefani back with us and Lt. Miles has every available hand on "working edge" trying to arrange for a battalion dance sometime in October.

We extend our deepest sympathies to Sgt. Fagan and Pvt. R. Quillion, each of whom lost their fathers, and to Pfc. Drewa, who lost his sister.

If Uncle Harry Crouch (Grouch) is still reading THE LEATHERNECK, and is by any chance wondering what became of us, this will surely let him know that we are on the job and busy as BEES. Maybe he will even understand that we often think of him and wonder how he is getting along, and if he misses us as much as we miss him?

## V. M. S-5 R

Grosse Ile (Detroit) Mich.

By Flash Gordon

The days sure roll around fast, the men in both squadrons are learning to start and operate a plane, and they are getting to be expert at that job, and how!

Lt. G. Congdon is getting to be dead eye dick shot in gunnery and diving practice, 4 and 5 hits, not bad. Lt. E. F. Knight is on his tail in the same thing, our Capt., C. A. Adams, is knocking 'em down and out. We of the Reserve can show the regular a thing or two.

Lt. E. F. Knight flies in his Ryan speedster every morn from Toledo to attend drill and what a ship that is, slick as a whistle.

Maj. Johnson dropped in the other day



"The Butterwinkle," mascot of the 5th Battalion, holding silver plated 1875 rifle "The Old Rifle," a trophy won for the fourth time by Company C, for having cleanest rifles. First Lieutenant Henderson A. Melville, USMCR(O) commands Company C.

## THE LEATHERNECK



Sgt. C. P. Johnson, 11th Battalion's winner of the Jeanne Fox Weimann Medal.

for a little visit while flying, for a look see of the personnel; found O.K. and then shoved off again.

Pvt. Red Merrick got his first hop and it was a hop. Red says flying is swell but Oh Ohhh my tummy. Red worked over time in cleaning up, nice work if you can get it, eh Red?

What fun it was breaking up camp, tents there wasn't but about a dozen pegs broke, fires drawn and boiler house cleaned, ships washed and polished, trucks cleaned and the gang jumped in getting things done.

We were inspected by our C. O., E. M. Arnold, LT. U. S. Navy and passed with flying colors. It was a regulation inspection, white gloves were worn by the inspecting parties and the devil help the man who had something wrong with his equipment. But as we passed ok, after inspection we had a soft ball game between the Marines and Sailors of the Reserves. The prize was a whole barrel of foam.

The first five inning was a pitchers' battle, 3 up and 3 down. The beginning of the sixth, Marines got a man on base with an error, and then the sailors blew up when the ball was pitched to the next batter, stole second and made 4 errors. End of inning, Marines 2 runs, 5 errors 3 men left on base. End of seventh, sailors 2 runs, 5 errors, no men on base. Game ran two more innings. Tenth inning, Marines at bat score three runs, score Marines 5, Sailors 2, sailors relieved their pitcher twice in the tenth inning. Sailors at bat 3 up and 3 down. End of game, Marines 5, Sailors 2.

#### COMPANY D, 12TH BN. USMCR(O)

San Francisco, California  
By Cpl. W. Rumsey

It's Company D, 12th battalion, USMCR (O) of San Francisco now coming out in print. You probably haven't heard about us but you will from now on.

Company D has completed reorganization along with the other companies of the battalion. The new organization gives each man in the company a specific position. The company drills as a unit for close order drill during the first period. During the second period all of the men of the battalion attend their respective classes for detailed instruction on their position. The

classes held are automatic rifle, grenade, signal, field music, and Non Commissioned Officers schools. These classes will continue until camp next year. The men will then have a wide and detailed knowledge of their positions.

Sunday, August 21, was the first of a series of cruises to be made by members of this company. About twenty enlisted men are allowed to make the cruise. We sailed from San Francisco on the USS Eagle No. 32 manned by the Naval Reserve at 9:30 a.m. The Marines participated in the fire drill and abandon ship drill. When the ship was quite a distance from the shore the Marines fired two automatic rifles from the forward gun deck at a target floating on the briny deep. If you haven't fired an automatic rifle, full automatic on the hard deck of a rolling ship and in the sitting position without anything but yourself to hold it down, you want to try it sometime. After about seven shots you are shooting birdies in the sky only there are no birdies. Instruction and drill on the four inch gun was conducted. Firing of the one pounder will be done when we go out the Gate. This cruise was confined to San Francisco and San Pablo Bays because of a heavy fog outside the Golden Gate. No firing is done when it is foggy because of the poor visibility. The cruise ended at about 4:30 p.m.

In the near future, Company D is going to have a musketry problem to put into use the training we receive in our armory. After the problem comes the job of putting away hot dogs and beer. When the Naval Reserve makes an overnight cruise in about a month, six Marines will be allowed to make the trip.

On August 31, the 12th Battalion will have an Italian dinner. This is hoped to

be a quarterly event. In the past each company had its own dinner. It will probably break each company fund but a big feed is worth it. I'll tell you all about it next month.

#### 11TH BATTALION, USMCR(O) 202 Canadian National Dock, Seattle, Wash. H. Q. Company, Companies A & C

This year the 11th Battalion held one of its most successful field training periods at The Puget Sound Navy Yard. Everyone participating in the field training was very pleased with the variety of the schedule and especially the interesting and instructive manner in which it was run off. Our commanding officer, Major C. H. Baldwin deserves a lot of credit for the perfect organization.

Men of this battalion came from three different cities to attend camp. The five line companies and headquarters all cooperated to make the 1938 camp period a memorable one. The highest percentage of qualifications reached during any year was attained this summer with a total qualification of 91.6% for the battalion, an excellent percentage on any range. All the facilities of Camp Wesley Harris, under 2nd Lt. Harrison Brent, Jr., USMC, were extended to give the men every available opportunity of practice and training before going up to the line for qualifying on the D course. Pistol qualifications on the D course hit a 100% score. Corporal Walters, USMC, was of great assistance on the pistol range because of his very able coaching.

Problems on patrol and ambush held by Lt. Brent and 1st Sgt. Acker, USMC, with various platoons proved to be one of the highlights of the camp. They gave



Brigadier General William P. Upshur, USMC, Director, Marine Corps Reserve. Lieutenant Colonel Harvey L. Miller, USMCR(O), commanding 5th Bn. Captain Luther Brown, USMC, assistant to General Upshur.





Morning Inspection, Company C, 11th Battalion, FMCR.

the reserves an excellent idea of Marine Corps action that we seldom get a chance to participate in.

We all enjoyed the smoker given under the direction of 2nd Lt. James Cashion, USMC(O), our athletic officer. Boxing and wrestling matches provided the evening's entertainment with men from all companies entering in good natured competition. The camp was highly honored by the attendance at the smoker of General W. P. Upshur, and Captain M. F. Schneider. They also observed our schedule and a review was held in their honor the following week. Their visit was a real pleasure to all.

Major General Lyman inspected the reserve camp at the range and commented on the neatness of our camp as a whole.

Following are the percentages of the various companies on the rifle D course proving that the boys really hit the ball.

Hq. Co.	91.7%	Co. C	83.8%
Co. A	96.0%	Co. D	95.5%
Co. B	94.7%	Co. E	87.0%
Battalion	91.6%		

Our second week was spent at the Marine Barracks, PSNY. The excellent weather, which held good for most of the period, gave us an opportunity to continue our schedule intact. Close order drill, reviews, parades and guard mounts gave each man a more thorough knowledge of Marine Corps duties. Sgt. Smith, USMC, assistant to the inspector-instructor, held physical drill with the rifle every morning before chow. He gave the men many valuable instruction periods during camp and the boys really put out for his bayonet drills.

The excellent assistance and cooperation given by the regular officers and men at the barracks did much to contribute toward the success of our camp. Our observers Colonel P. A. Capron, USMC, Major F. I. Fenton, USMC, and 2nd Lt. Brent, USMC, were given an opportunity to see us perform most of the duties of a regular Marine. Upon returning from camp a letter was received by Maj. Baldwin from Colonel Capron, commanding the Marines at the PSNY, complimenting the 11th on our excellent showing and stating that he would be pleased to have us serve with him if the need came.

Maneuvers were held outside of Bremer-ton with the battalion in attack and de-

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## BROOKLYN'S THIRD BATTALION HOLDS MOST SUCCESSFUL OVERNIGHT LAND-SEA MANEUVERS WITH U. S. POWER SQUADRON

**C**ARRYING out the most extensive land-sea maneuvers ever held by the Marine Corps Reserve, the Third Battalion at the Brooklyn Navy Yard completed successful field problems at Fire Island on Saturday and Sunday, September 17-18, in conjunction with the South Shore unit of the U. S. Power Squadron. Several types of problems, including beach attack and defense were carried out, with the battalion commanded by Capt. William P. Carey, adjutant, while Major B. S. Barron joined Lieut. Colonels R. C. Swink, USMC (Inspector Instructor of the Battalion), and Harry K. Pickett, USMC, commanding officer Marine Barracks, as one of the official observers and umpires.

A fleet of fifty-two cabin cruisers, with an aggregate money value of nearly half a million dollars, was provided for the Battalion by the U. S. Power Squadron, with which the Battalion maneuvered three years ago at Point Lookout, with considerable success. Plans and schedules for the overnight maneuver were worked out for more than six months prior to the actual event, to assure every detail working to perfection. The Power Squadron fleet was commanded by Commander Carl P. Nelson, USPS, with Commodore Gustav Zeese, USPS, as co-ordinator, and with Lieut. Comm. Jerome Luchene and Lieuts. W. B. Bradley, E. Walsh, J. I. Brush, W. Saunders and R. J. Limpert as aides.

Leaving the Navy Yard at two o'clock Saturday afternoon the 17th, the fleet of Navy trucks carrying the troops and supplies were escorted through the heavy weekend traffic without stop by motorecycle escorts from the N. Y. Police Department to the Nassau County line where the county police and representatives of the Power Squadron took the convoy to the South Shore Yacht Club at Freeport, and to the landing at Bay Shore where the defensive or "enemy" outfit disembarked and proceeded direct to their positions at Fire Island by special boats.

The big fleet comprising the main body of the transports, departed at three minute intervals and in echelon from the South

Shore Yacht Club, with four of the cruisers maintaining ship to shore radio telephone communication, and with other boats including the four fast express dispatch boats. The trip to Fire Island took about three hours, during which the troops were fed aboard the boats and not a case of mal-de-mer was reported. The Battalion Band under Sgt. Rotella dispensed sea-going music enroute from one of the larger boats.

Upon arrival at Fire Island a landing was effected, and the tent area set up at once on the dunes. By dark the camp fires in a dozen stone fireplaces on the State Park beach were roaring, and the work of preparing the wiener roast had started. Foaming tankards and piping hot wieners added zest to the sing fest and band concert on the beach, which ended shortly before midnight. A midnight Field Mass was held following which sentries were posted and the troops turned in against a dawn reveille and preparations for attack and defense operations.

Following early chow, the troops began their problem, with Capt. John J. Dolan of A Company in command of the attacking forces, and Capt. Howard W. Houck of C Company in charge of the defensive forces. Upon conclusion of this problem, which was a land operation solely, among the high foliage covered sand dunes of the island, a beach attack and defense problem was worked out, with Lieut. Fred Lindlaw of B Company commanding the attackers and Capt. M. V. O'Connell of D Company in command of the beach defense. Critiques followed each of the problems, in which the three umpires and judges participated. Motion pictures and still photographs of all phases of the entire maneuvers from the departure to the return to the Navy Yard were made for future instruction purposes. A number of the New York press accompanied the troops on the maneuvers with attendant publicity accruing in the metropolitan and national press.

Following the critique after the final

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## 14TH BATTALION

Spokane, Washington

Comes the time to go to press again and we're off to tear out some more copy about the doings of the 14th Battalion in the last month.

To start the month off, the Battalion staged an over-night bivouac August 6 and 7, to Liberty Lake. Assembling at the "go-down," or drill hall, everyone piled in cars and away we went under the escort of state and city motorcycle officers.

Camp was pitched on the Silver City park lawn, being finally completed just about in time for everyone to attend the weekly dance. The Battalion went en masse and looked pretty good in the hall all in uniform.

Breakfast the next morning was prepared by Sgt. Fred Bartlett, an ex-navy man who cooked up a batch of Army beans! Some combination. This was followed by a hot softball game between the old married men vs. the single men of the battalion. Won, incidentally, by the single fellas.

Being thus warmed up, we equipped our selves and went out to capture an important hill commanding the highway to Spokane which had been taken over by the enemy during the night previous. Simulating moving up under the cover of darkness, we waded through an irrigation ditch and attacked. Things progressed rather nicely although it was remarked upon that there were a lot of fanny sticker-uppers who would undoubtedly have been marked as casualties under actual war conditions.

The day was concluded by a swim and swell dinner again prepared under the direction of Sgt. Bartlett.

Recent recruits in the Battalion are, for C Company:

Pvt. Brewer, James Thereon—joined 1 Aug., 1938; Pvt. Thorson, Ellwood John—joined 1 Aug., 1938; Pvt. Doula, John Joseph—joined 19 Aug., 1938; Pvt. Newby, Francis Malvin—joined 15 Aug., 1938.

A Company—Pvt. Sheeks.

Promotions effective 1 August 1938 were: Bartlett, Fred I., Hdqrs. Co., Pvt. to Sgt. Campbell, Don F., Hdqrs. Co., Pvt. to Cpl.

Lord, Halvin R., Hdqrs. Co., Pvt. to Pfc. Pointer, Howard O., A Co., Pvt. to Cpl. Herington, Lawrence B., A Co., Pvt. to Pfc.

Hurst, Howard A., B Co., Cpl. to Sgt. Sears, Keith A., B Co., Pfc. to Cpl.

Sergeant Hartley is fast whipping C Company into shape and deserves congratulations for the number of recruits shown in the last month.

Our drill hall is getting so crowded it's as much as your life is worth to venture out on the floor at the wrong time.

We're sure glad to have Major Anderson back from California. He spent quite a stay down there.

## 19TH BATTALION, O.M.C.R.

Augusta, Ga.

By Leland W. Smith

The best news we heard this month was that we will not have to vacate our quarters in the Joseph R. Lamar School until the new city auditorium is completed. When the latter is finished we will have permanent quarters therein. We had been advised earlier in the summer that our present quarters would be required for additional classrooms, but as the new city auditorium is being built on the site of the building we were to move into, the city has gra-

ciously extended the use of our present quarters as well as some additional space here at the school. So we will not have to erect the pup tents on the fair grounds after all.

The candidates for the examination for Second Lieutenant have been sweating at double time over geometry and "trig" books for the past few weeks, preparing themselves for what has been rumored as a stiff examination. All the boys have had geometry and trigonometry in school and they are just brushing up on it.

First Sergeant Hewett of A Company reports that his organization is working smoothly and in his opinion has the best appearance on the drill field. That, of course, is one First Sergeant's opinion. First Sergeants Walton and Miegel of the other two rifle companies make identical assertions and to tell you the truth it would be difficult to pick out one company that is more outstanding than the others. The new recruit training outfit, Company D, is doing splendid work with the new men who enter the Battalion. Sergeant Stallings, formerly of B Company, is their new First Sergeant, assisted by Sergeant Paulk and Corporal Smith, who have also been transferred into the company.

The Drum and Bugle Corps under the supervision of Field Music Sergeant Davenport sounds like a veteran outfit now. The latest addition is a mammoth base drum.

"Preacher" Williams of B Company is about the most cheerful as well as loyal man in the whole Battalion. In an effort to make drill on time the other night he let his foot down on the accelerator of his streamlined job about two inches too far and the coppers pinched him on a triple count, namely, speeding, reckless driving, and driving with an open exhaust. He came in smiling, however, and remarked that he was happy to be at drill on time anyway.

We regret to lose Corporal Wilheit of B Company. "Butch," as he is affectionately known to the men, is leaving us to attend the University of Georgia in Athens, Georgia.

News has reached us to the effect that our old friend Sergeant Watson of Parris Island has been promoted to Platoon Sergeant. Congrats to you, George, and we

will be looking for you when we come to Parris Island next year.

The NCO schools conducted alternately each Monday night are being well attended. Lt. Smith has proven himself a fine lecturer and it doesn't take a student long to learn that he knows what he is talking about. Lt. Beall is conducting the QM school and Lt. Harden is supervising the clerk's school.

Sergeant Major Carrigan is making a good showing in his new capacity as Sergeant Major of the Battalion. Corporal McChesney of Headquarters Company recently took unto himself a better half. Congratulations, Sam. Corporal Moyer is sporting an impressive Clark Gable moustache these days.

## SIXTH BATTALION, USMCR(O)

Philadelphia, Pa.

By Wm. B. Crap

It has taken us several weeks to shake the Quantico dust off our feet and to get back to normal. However, there are still times when some member of this battalion suddenly goes "loco," walks around in circles and mumbles something about wood-ticks, rain, heat, work, blisters, and Sergeant Diamond. When a spell of this kind comes on, three or four friends drop what they are doing and sit on the poor fellow until he feels better.

Our new Inspector and Instructor, Captain Dunkelberger, USMC, recently arrived on the scene. We like him very much and what is more, he seems to have taken a liking to us.

Our social season is about to burst anew with our first battalion dance of the season which will be held on October 8 in Building 29 at the Navy Yard. Did someone say music? Don't worry about that, we'll have good music and plenty of it. Our own inimitable Swinging Sixth Orchestra will furnish better music than any we could hire and any reservist who misses this affair will have only himself to blame.

To make sure this affair will be a success, as was our last dance, Captain LeRoy Hauser and most of the former committees have been appointed—and that should cover everything.

We regret to report the retirement of Colonel Clarke H. Wells, USMC, the for-



Attached to Headquarters Company, 14th Battalion, FMCR. Front row, left to right: Capt. E. D. Partridge, battalion commander; 1st Lt. Harry O. Traffert, adjutant; Lt. B. I. Kahn (JG), USN; Lt. Richard C. Nutting. Back row: Sgt-Major Vern Sheldon; Sgt. Bill Fields; Cpl. Clarence Adams; Cpl. Don Campbell, and PhM-3d Class Anderson.

met commanding officer of the local barracks. To the colonel and his wife we send our best wishes. We may have pestered him a lot when he was here but he could take it and he holds a permanent honorary membership in this battalion. We fully expect our contacts to be as pleasant with Colonel Randall, who relieved Colonel Wells, and we will be glad to make him an honorary Reservist also.

We have no way of telling just what goes on in other battalion offices on drill nights but for the benefit of those who may think that a reservist's life is a bed of roses, we submit herewith a general outline to what takes place at our weekly meetings.

The scene is the battalion office about a quarter to seven on a Monday night. One NCO is already present and a second one is just arriving. He is greeted by the one already present and the following conversation takes place.

"I thought you were going to get here early to-night? Do I have to do all the paper work in this madhouse?"

"Where do you get that early stuff? Do I get paid for coming here in the middle of the afternoon? It's only a quarter to seven. What's eating you?"

"Nothin's eating me and it's ten minutes of seven. What are you bellyachin' about?"

"All right, all right, skip it. How's to fill the old man's scuttle butt?"

"Whatta place, whatta place. All I hear around here is do iss, do 'at, do iss, do 'at. I might as well be a slave."

"You needn't worry about being a slave. Slaves work."

There is a period of silence while the mail is being opened and sorted and then clerk number one sounds off.

"Here's another recruit with finger prints. Don't that guy Hoover do anything but play with finger prints? And he was a good looking recruit, too."

"What do you mean, good looking? If he's the same guy I think he is, he looks like Dago Frank."

"Dago Frank's dead."

"Well this guy didn't look any too snappy to me. He must be dead from the ears up to want to join this outfit. He should thank the good Lord he's got finger prints. Wish I had finger prints."

"Why don't you get out if you think this outfit is so lousy?"

"O boy, wait 'till my time's up. Will I get out? Oh, boy."

"Nice vocabulary you've got there, pal."

"Whazzat?"

"Never mind, skip it."

"Cheese it, here comes Captain Scott."

At this point numbers one and two click their heels together and greet the captain with a regulation "Good evening, Captain."

From here on action begins to speed up to such an extent that it is impossible to record all that is said to whom and the replies. The bedlam momentarily subsides with the report that the major is arriving.

Our friend scurries into the major's office, seizes the water beaker from the major's desk and hurries out. As he passes his buddy he is warned "don't put any flies in it, either."

And now we turn to the sergeant-major's desk. The sergeant-major usually makes a dive for the 'phone when it rings on Monday evenings. The call is generally from some member of the battalion who wants to be excused from drill and those

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## HEADQUARTERS, FOURTH BN., OMCR.

Newark, New Jersey

About the 1st of September, this battalion's new Inspector-Instructor, Major Melvin E. Fuller, USMC, arrived in Newark. Major Fuller comes to us from the Naval Ammunition Depot at Hingham, Massachusetts. He will take over the duties performed by Captain William Pohl who left us about the 1st of July. The Battalion wishes to extend a hearty welcome and hope his stay with us will be an interesting and happy one for him.

It is with deep regret that this headquarters announces the death of Corporal George Ondik of Company C. The details of the tragedy are recorded in C. Company's broadcast.

On 13 August, this battalion participated in a three-cornered rifle match at Lakehurst Naval Air Station with the post team and a civilian team called Fort Billings Rifle Club. The battalion did very well although it was last. There were only 11 points between first won by the post team and last. It is felt that our showing was good since a number of the other teams had been to the Camp Perry matches previously. 1st Sgt. Bove, USMCR (O) of Company D was high for the day with 228.

Now that summer is over, and we have our new Inspector-Instructor, this battalion will have to shake off the habits and get down to serious training. Major Lessing is making up a more intensive course of training for the recruit. Each recruit must pass an oral examination conducted by the Plans and Training Officer, and will receive a diploma for the same before he will be placed in the regular platoons.

## RAIL AND HARBOR CITY

Co. A, 4th Bn., FMCR, Elizabeth, N. J.

By Ira J. Callman

Well, after a strenuous two weeks at Quantico, we find ourselves back in the old home town. And Boy! it's great to be home.

But let's look back on those two weeks at Quantico for a few items of interest:

Let me take this opportunity to thank the Regulars who cooperated so splendidly with the members of this company.

I guess Pvt. Jim Truax, 2-E-5, (I understand it's Pfc. now, congratulations) is glad Pvt. Charles Wilson is back in Elizabeth. Now he can concentrate on cleaning his rifle without Charlie bothering him for a ram rod and oil.

Pvt. (Fire-Chief) Richardson was kept busy running to the canteen and to town for thirst quenchers for the boys. He's now resting up at the fire house, waiting for alarms. P. S. He's the firemen's mascot.

Wonder if Pvt. O'Brien will put any more practice hand grenades in his pocket. He was scared out of a year's growth when one went off in his pocket.

Pfc. Runyon, who told us he would have it easy because he was attached to the communications section, was seen lugging large spools of wire while on maneuvers. He can have that job, I'll carry a rifle any day in preference to that.

First Sgt. Duffy and Cpl. Charters were kept busy with muster rolls and payrolls. I guess they were sorry they couldn't go out on the hikes. Or were they?

Our little buddy, "Major" Thome, had a job keeping up with the big fellows in the first squad. But he showed them all

up on maneuvers. He could tear across that field during the attacks.

Everyone at camp was delighted with the variety of food at breakfast. Scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, cereal, fruit, milk and coffee, for fourteen days.

Former Gunner Sgt. Mersitz and his charming wife came down to Quantico to see if Company A had the situation well in hand.

Pvt. Brooks is still complaining about getting up at 2 A.M. Sunday morning to make sandwiches to take on the trip home. The fellows that had to eat the sandwiches had more grounds for complaint.

Cpl. Mann, who left camp early, is now at Wakefield, Mass., getting in trim for the rifle matches at Camp Perry. We are proud that a member of this company was chosen to represent the battalion.

Lt. Lucas is now getting back the strength he lost at camp by resting up during his vacation. The fellows hope he has a nice time.

Well that's all there was to last month's copy, so here goes for a few fresh items.

Pvt. Kirk who had been with us a couple of years, left soon after our return from camp, to join the Army.

Another fellow who has deserted our ranks for regular service is Cpl. Dietrich, who has just joined the Marines.

The officers of the company held a drill competition on August 31, and the honors for the best squad went to Cpl. Boettger. The Devil Dogs Club treated the members of the winning squad to beer and, you guessed it, pretzels.

Pvt. McFadden, the carpenter of the outfit, has just completed three boxes to be used to store packs and equipment. This will give the fellows more room in their lockers.

The cook of the company, Pfc. Manasse, has turned from cooking to rifle cleaning. It is no strange sight to see him decked out in dungarees, cleaning the rifles of men unable to attend drill.

## I SAW THE "C"

By the Sentinel

With the advent of cooler weather our own Lt. Drewes is formulating plans to continue onward, not only in our military training but in sport and social activities as well. The call for bowlers and basketball players has been responded to with great enthusiasm. The social committee is taking form and is soon to announce its first seasonal affair. All in all C soars along hitting on all six as smoothly as our skipper's plane.

As usual, this company in always striving for the best, had the highest attendance percentage in the good old 4th for the past month. At the last meeting at headquarters seven new men traded their Mr. for Pvt. These men are Pvs. Chas. F. Auker, Edward J. Landfear, Nicholas Melchiorre, William D. Opp, Joseph Scott, Harvey Sitzman and Frank D. Small.

It is with a heavy heart and a hand of lead that I write the obituary of one of our most beloved men, Cpl. George Ondik. The late Cpl. Ondik was fatally injured in a freak diving accident, which occurred at the shore the latter part of August. He exemplified the perfect Marine in all his actions and thoughts, living up to the motto of "Semper Fidelis" in his dealings with his fellow men. His presence will certainly be missed, but the memories he left behind will be with us forever. The deceased Cpl. Ondik was honored with

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# The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

## NATIONAL CONVENTION AWARDED TO BOSTON FOR 1939

THE National Convention was awarded to the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, for 1939 and the delegates from this Detachment promises "The No. 1 Convention of the Marine Corps League." The last one held in Boston was a minor affair compared to expectations of 1939.

The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment wishes to express their sincere appreciation to the Committee that so ably arranged the National Convention in Washington. The trip to Quantico alone was worth the cost of the Convention to many of us, who at one time or another, did duty there in the days of wooden barracks and Iron Men. The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment salutes you of the National Capital Detachment.

News is short for this edition, but we promise to keep the League informed of various activities and of the progress on the next Convention. Plans are already being made and will immediately be put into execution so follow the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment.

IRA S. WADE.

### NATIONAL STAFF-ELECT OF THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

Commandant, Florence E. O'Leary, 1925 Schiff Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Senior Vice Commandant, Roy S. Taylor, 274 Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Junior Vice Commandant, P. Powers, Badger Det., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Chief of Staff, Ira S. Wade, 17 Marcella Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Judge Advocate, Carlton A. Fisher, 611 Walbridge Building, Buffalo, Ill.

Chaplain, Rev. John H. Clifford, P. O. Box 705, Kingsport, Tenn.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Ernest H. Sippel, 3502 N. Oakley Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Adjutant and Paymaster, John B. Hincley, Jr., 41 Charles Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Trustee, Kenneth B. Collings, 40 Stevens Street, Rockville Center, L. I., N. Y.

Trustee, Jack Brennan, 117 McAdoo Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Trustee, Frank X. Lambert, 3671 Broadway, New York, New York.

The above officers pledge their whole hearted support and cooperation to the various detachments and members-at-large for the coming year.

IRA S. WADE,

National Chief of Staff.

### ATTENTION, CHIEFS OF STAFF

A resolution was adopted at the Convention in Washington to make it mandatory for all Chiefs of Staff to make a monthly report to the National Chief of Staff. This is for the benefit of all and is heartily endorsed by your National Chief of Staff, for unless you let me know what is going on in your Detachment I cannot notify

### ELIGIBILITY

Persons who are serving or have served actively and honorably in the United States Marine Corps shall be eligible for membership in this organization. Local Detachments shall in each case determine the qualifications of the applicant for membership and the eligibility of the applicant.

others. Let's all take up the burden and make regular reports with a steadfast resolution to carry on the work of the office so as to bring credit plus advertisement to the League.

Your reports should be in my hands not later than the second of the month to enable publication in THE LEATHERNECK.

I wish to thank my constituents for

The ten (10) leading Detachments of the Marine Corps League in membership standing as of September 1, 1938, are as follows:

- 1 THEODORE ROOSEVELT
- 2 CHICAGO DETACHMENT NO. 1
- 3 NIAGARA FRONTIER
- 4 BADGER
- 5 SAN FRANCISCO
- 6 HUDSON-MOHAWK
- 7 OAKLAND
- 8 ALBERT LINCOLN HARLOW
- 9 NEWARK
- 10 TROY

JOHN B. HINCLEY, JR.  
Nat. Adj. and Paymaster.

electing me to this high office and I promise my tenure will not become stagnant, but a large amount of the activity depends on the local Chief of Staff. Let's go boys and do our part toward building a Bigger and Better League.

IRA S. WADE,  
National Chief of Staff,  
17 Marcella St., Roxbury, Mass.

## LEAGUERS DESCEND ON NATIONAL CAPITAL

THE Marine Corps League held its annual convention on September 1, 2, 3, and 4 at the Willard Hotel in Washington, D. C.

Business sessions were held on Friday and Sunday, Saturday being the day for the League to visit Quantico, and receive a good old Marine Corps "Chow" in the barracks mess hall. On the return trip from Quantico a reception was held in the officers club, and a stop at Mt. Vernon, for those wishing to do so. From all indications everyone had a wonderful time. King Swing held the gavel for the Military dance held Friday night, in the convention meeting hall.

Lieut. Leon Brusloff furnished the flats and sharps for the dance, and we thought Marines couldn't carry a tune, even in a bucket. Seems like the Lieut. is at home either with a sword or a baton.

On Sunday morning the entire League accompanied by the Auxiliary placed wreaths on the Tomb of the unknown Soldier and the Second Division Memorial, at Arlington Memorial Cemetery.

The business meeting on Sunday morning was brought to a close with elections for the coming year, and trustees being elected to administer the \$15,000 Corrigan Memorial to mothers of deceased Marines.

F. E. O'Leary, of Cincinnati was elected national commandant of the Marine Corps League for the forthcoming year. He succeeds Maurice Ilch of Albany, New York. Other elections were Roy Taylor, San Francisco, reelected senior vice commandant; Carlton Fisher, Buffalo, judge advocate;

the Rev. John H. Clifford, Kingsport, Tenn., chaplain; Ernest Sipple, Chicago, sergeant at arms; John B. Hincley, Jr., Dorchester, Mass., national adjutant and paymaster, and Ira C. Wade, Boston, chief of staff. Jack Brennan, Jersey City, Kenneth B. Collings, and Frank Lambert, of New York City, were elected Trustees of the Corrigan memorial.

Among the Marines seen at the convention were the following: Ernest Sipple, Chicago, commandant of the new Marine Corps League detachment at Chicago; Commandant F. E. O'Leary, Cincinnati; Robert C. Eastman, Cincinnati; Melvin J. Griggs, Cincinnati; Maurice A. Ilch, Albany, past National Commandant; Willard W. Sibert, Washington, D. C.; Clem D. Russell, N. J. Lytel, E. B. Garrett, Matthew Gradigan, Harvey Roush, William C. Mullen, of Washington, D. C.; Fred W. Kreuser, Ohio; Gerald L. Bakelaar, Newark, N. J.

The Marine Corps League was formed at a caucus of Marines, called by Major Sidney W. Brewster, U.S.M. C. Ret'd and attended by Marines from over thirty-five states, in the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York, N. Y., on June 6, 1923. The Marine Corps League is open to any ex-Marine who has received an honorable discharge, or to active Marines who have good records.

The objects of the League are to preserve the traditions of the oldest branch of the Nation's Military service; to bring together all Marines so they may be effective in promoting the ideals of American freedom and democracy.

## PARRIS ISLAND

(Continued from page 40)

Quartermaster Sergeant Joseph G. Steinsdoerfer completed temporary detached duty with the Reserves at the Marine Barracks, Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill., and is now back in the clothing room to give Sergeant "Jimmy" Diaz a helping hand. Jimmy says that he never before was so glad to see a Marine, that clothing room gets heavy when you have to carry it around on your shoulders all day, now let "Stein" carry it around again and give me a rest.

The following promotions were made during the past month:

To Sergeant: Bonds, L. W. (Band), To Corporal: Ashley, G. C. (warrant changed to QM only), Rabe, G. P. (Band), Barlow, W. S. (Sig), and to Private First Class: Korunych, J. P., Hendricks, J. P., Laney, N. W., Riner, W. D., Cowart, W. C., Graybosh, E. J., Scollins, G. J., Smith, M. E., and Henry, R. T.

The following named men were accepted for enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps during the month of August, 1938, and assigned to Recruit Depot at Parris Island for training:

Abeunas, Peter T.  
Abinet, Paul A.  
Adams, Palmer  
Adams, Willie C.  
Aitken, Joseph R.  
Aleorn, Claude V.  
Allen, Courtney A.  
Allen, William M.  
Anglin, Stephen B.  
Asire, Robert B.  
Atkins, Willie L.  
Augunas, John J.  
Avallone, L. J.  
Ballard, George W.  
Bankoff, Herbert  
Bankston, J. B.  
Barlow, Arnold F.  
Barnhill, Cecil  
Bartos, C. J., Jr.  
Barwick, Wiley S.  
Bazemore, Lewis L.  
Bean, Cecil E.

Bensley, John M.  
Beckman, Carl A.  
Bennett, George W.  
Benton, Wilford M.  
Bielefeldt, Kurt H.  
Bigora, Stephen F.  
Blackwell, James M.  
Blasko, Joseph  
Bonham, L. S. B.  
Boldue, Rene M.  
Bossley, Clifford G.  
Bott, William J.  
Bowen, Oscar T., Jr.  
Bradham, Ira H.  
Bradley, C. L.  
Bradley, George, Jr.  
Branagan, John J.  
Brower, Wilbur C.  
Bruce, Emmitt L.  
Bucklelew, Billy P.  
Buckles, L. L.  
Buterbaugh, M. R.

Cadenhead, T. R., Jr.  
Campbell, J. W., Jr.  
Carangi, Andrew J.  
Caron, Henry L.  
Carson, William E.  
Cely, Brooks C.  
Cheek, Luther B.  
Chema, Michael  
Clark, Herman  
Coffey, John R.  
Coleman, J. F., Jr.  
Conley, Fred M.  
Cook, Billie J.  
Cook, Chester G.  
Cook, Rhel D.  
Cooper, Glenn M.  
Coyle, Bernard T.  
Crawford, Clyde E.  
Crews, Major O.  
Crisp, John H.  
Cross, Paul  
Crotts, Charles W.  
Cunningham, 'J' 'B'  
Cureton, Donald R.  
Daniels, Felix  
Davidson, L. M., Jr.  
Davis, John R.  
Day, Gordon  
Denham, Alva W.  
Dobes, Gustave, Jr.  
Dodds, William H.  
Dodson, Floyd S.  
Drenning, Stuart R.  
Fabinn, J. G., Jr.  
Farley, Burton E.  
Farrell, Edward W.  
Fazekas, Frank J.  
Feulner, Little B.  
Finney, Thomas E.  
Fleming, William L.  
Foss, Vener F., Jr.  
Fowler, James W.  
Fowler, Thomas B.  
Frazer, Cecil V.  
Freeland, C. E.  
Gann, Harlie D.  
Gemborys, Paul V.  
Gentile, Alphonse D.  
Gibbs, Randolph M.  
Gibson, Warren 'G'  
Ginsberg, Matthew  
Goings, Willard  
Goldsmith, George J.

Goodwin, Clyde D.  
Green, Charles  
Greskevitch, W. J.  
Grover, Forrest A.  
Gualtiere, Francis C.  
Guenther, C. H.  
Guin, James T.  
Harbin, Joe N.  
Harless, M. H., Jr.  
Harmon, Wilkes R.  
Hartfield, George J.  
Hatfield, Grover, Jr.  
Haughey, Everett W.  
Hawkins, Orville K.  
Hay, Clyde C.  
Haynes, Leon  
Hays, Robert T.  
Heldreth, Howard S.  
Hemby, Georgie C.  
Henney, Ralph L.  
Henson, Thomas L.  
Huilicky, Ludwig  
Hohlt, E. C., Jr.  
Holman, Edward H.  
Hope, Harvie L.  
Hopkins, Charles R.  
Hopkins, Jeff N.  
Horn, Jack  
Horvath, Charles S.  
Hravatie, Rudolph  
Hreshchak, Albert J.  
Hubbard, L. M., Jr.  
Huddleston, Earl W.  
Hughes, Harry D.  
Hunnicut, M. D., Jr.  
Inglis, Earle D.  
Jarrell, Charles J.  
Jenkins, Charles H.  
Jenkins, Edgar  
Johlin, Lathan  
Johnson, Herbert W.  
Joiner, Edwin  
Joyce, Everett L.  
Kamide, Siede T.  
Kapolechok, W. J.  
Karan, Stephen  
Katchak, George  
Kelley, James P.  
Kennedy, Charles R.  
Kennett, Thomas B.  
Kenney, Henry J.  
Kinsman, Robert S.  
Klescz, John S.

Klinger, Donald W.  
Knight, James M.  
Kobelka, Peter  
Kolodinsky, Theo.  
Koon, Jack  
Koon, Ray M., Jr.  
Krakie, Frank T.  
Kram, Andrew J.  
Kuehler, Lester W.  
Kuhn, Richard C.  
LaBarreare, W. F.  
Laird, Ira L.  
Lakavicius, C. A.  
Lake, Donald F.  
Lane, Hubert J.  
Lane, John V.  
Lang, Barton O.  
LaRosa, Salvatore A.  
Lasover, Edward J.  
Lawson, Lester  
LeCount, Robert J.  
Leeson, Glenn  
Lennan, B. R., Jr.  
Leone, Anthony C.  
Lester, Ray R.  
Levan, Harry R.  
Leveau, Ernst J.  
Lewis, Linwood D.  
Lineberger, R. E.  
Lohmiller, George R.  
Lough, Clayborn E.  
Louthier, Paul D.  
Lovell, Cleave J.  
Maerina, D. M.  
Magner, John F.  
Mann, Thomas F.  
Marden, Robert W.  
Marotta, Anthony P.  
Martin, Charles E.  
Martin, John G.  
Martin, Raymond  
Martin, Roy S.  
May, Robert V.  
Mayer, Louis G.  
Mazza, Menotti L.  
McAuliffe, F. D.  
McCann, John P.  
McConnell, J. W.  
McCown, Earnest N.  
McElveen, P. W.  
McEvoy, Thomas J.  
McLaughlin, J. E.  
McPhail, William T.  
Mehalik, Jacob L.  
Melita, Vincent  
Meuse, Alphius D.  
Meyrovich, N. H.  
Mieeli, Joseph  
Miele, Joseph A.  
Mignacco, John  
Mikulich, Steve M.  
Miles, Savoy C.  
Miller, Ira  
Milligan, Carl W.  
Mobley, William H.  
Morton, Donald J.  
Mottram, Francis R.  
Mount, Donald H.  
Murawski, John P.  
Murray, Joseph P.  
Nash, Wilmar J.  
Newbern, Vernie C.  
Nicholson, E. D.  
Nickels, Audley W.  
Nerocross, Roger M.  
O'Donnell, J. M.  
O'Neil, Paul P.  
O'Neill, Donald J.  
Ouelette, Robert E.  
Owens, Milton L.  
Owens, Raymond G.  
Pandos, Stephen J.  
Paradise, P. J., Jr.  
Parent, R. M.  
Parke, Edward L.  
Parker, Gerald C.  
Parker, John L.  
Paxton, Hause

Pate, Richard M.  
Payne, William G.  
Pearson, Arnold F.  
Perkins, James S.  
Perkins, Paul  
Perry, Aye J.  
Peters, Clifton R.  
Pfeil, Joseph C.  
Phifer, Edward D.  
Pieringer, Paul J.  
Pigg, William B.  
Piper, Raymond H.  
Pioggia, Baldino M.  
Plubell, Jesse R.  
Pole, Russell E.  
Pollak, Jacob  
Post, Carlton L., Jr.  
Potter, Howard D.  
Povalac, Stephen  
Powell, Grover J.  
Powers, Paul J.  
Poweska, John J.  
Propst, Moton W.  
Raines, Henry H.  
Rasmussen, John W.  
Ratcliff, W. A., Jr.  
Rawlick, John  
Rebowe, Joseph J.  
Reela, Charles E.  
Redman, John C.  
Reid, Calvin C.  
Rifford, G. A., Jr.  
Rodosovich, M., Jr.  
Robinson, Charles E.  
Rogers, John W.  
Rowan, Albert W.  
Rose, Edward J.  
Rowland, J. W., Jr.  
Sakala, John  
Sanders, Percy L.  
Schalik, William  
Scott, John D.  
Seaberg, Orvis C.  
Segus, Alfred J.  
Selert, Albert  
Severance, Danzel S.  
Sheffield, Barry  
Shelton, Louis  
Shields, Grant A.  
Shinn, Leo B.  
Sims, Winford L.  
Skinner, A. L., Jr.  
Sloan, James H.  
Smith, George T.  
Smith, 'J' 'B'  
Smith, William A.  
Sneathen, George M.  
Snyder, Arthur L.  
Sohl, Joseph J.  
Spadano, John J.  
Stagg, Herschel C.  
Steinbeck, Stanford  
Stoppi, Mitro  
Stracilo, Alvin  
Stull, Walter S., Jr.  
Summerhill, A. D.  
Sunny, John S.  
Suter, Martin E.  
Sweet, Archibald G.  
Takaeh, Frank S.  
Talucci, Edmond  
Taylor, Ervin W.  
Teixeira, E. R.  
Toombs, R. L., Jr.  
Tosches, Carlo  
Trammell, T. B.  
Turner, George H.  
Upthegrove, G. H.  
Van Buren, W. J.  
Vavrick, William R.  
Vickery, Garnett L.  
Vinson, Robert W.  
Voyles, Emris C.  
Wallace, John  
Webster, 'A' 'D'  
Westermann, G. J.  
Whitman, Maxwell  
Whitmire, John V.



PARRIS ISLAND BASEBALL TEAM—1938

Photo by Kolsner

Front row, left to right: McGuire, Myers, Tabor, 1st Sgt. Brannon (Team Coach), Cade, Green, Hendricks. Back row, left to right: Gary, Harnage, Chambers, Cavalier, Morris, Mauriello.

Whitney, Charles B.  
Williamson, Gaston  
B., Jr.  
Williamson, V. L.  
Wood, Otis W.  
Woods, Ray D.

Woolum, Walter C.  
Wroblewski, L. C.  
Yawn, Ernest A.  
Zborill, John L.  
Aygadlo, R. J.

### QUANTICO NEWS Brigade Special Troops (Continued from page 35)

#### FIRST CHEMICAL COMPANY

During the past few months this company has been holding drills, schools and instructions in the tactics of chemical warfare for the Reserves, Platoon Leaders' Class and personnel of the Brigade. We hope that they have received much valuable information from our efforts.

Corporal Folsom, our company clerk, was transferred to the Marine Detachment, USS *Boise*. We are more than sorry to see you go, Algy, especially the Top, and the gang wishes you bum voyage. Laurels to "Aberdeen," he sewed his new stripes on his shirt pockets to save wear and tear on his neck. WE WONDER, if Freeman thinks two can live as cheaply as one? . . . If Mortenson left many bleeding hearts and what will the girls do without him? . . . If our church-going Marines have lost their hold? . . . Where Gus holds his after-taps maneuvers and if she can cook? . . . How the essay on Shylock is coming?

Sarge, my good man, why don't you marry the gal and save transportation to N. Y.? Can she cook? Why Cincinnati doesn't win a game and get that evil gleam out of the Police Sergeant's eyes, so the boys can have a rest.

Our Company Commander, Captain Wright C. Taylor, departed the early part of August for a tour of duty on the USS *Boise*. We were all very sorry to see you go, Skipper, and wish you a very pleasant tour on your new job. Our junior officer, Second Lieutenant Tom C. Loomis took over the reins as Company Commander and is doing an excellent job of it.

As the time draws close for the annual maneuvers in Old Virginia all members

have their fingers crossed, for it seems, at present, that we will not have to live through many of those arctic nights on the banks of Broad Run. Wonder if such an arrangement could be made for the annual cruise to the Garden Spot of the Caribbean?

It is about time for next school period so this must be thirty for this time.

### 1ST BATTALION, 10TH MARINES (Continued from page 38)

to appreciate Quantico—"Loonie" hasn't been making so many trips to Washington lately. "Have you noticed?"—"Griff" just signed up for four more. "That job in Detroit almost got you though, didn't it?"—What blond-headed Pfc. has been eating more than his share of hamburgers at a local eatery where a cute young waitress works?—Haynes is thinking of going to China—Castle in crazy—'er lazy—'er in love, which is no news as is this article—Finis.

#### BATTERY B

We can always tell when an outfit is absent from the Post, the guard comes around "Double time," and there are more seats at the show. So, 1-5, we are awaiting your return for one reason at least. They say that prehistoric men were advanced enough scientifically to employ the wheel, which leads me to ask the Fifth Marines at Perry if they still pull those sled-like desks from the two-hundred to the thousand-yard line.

The boys went native on the "Remount" a couple of weeks ago to the tune of a few kegs in the form of a picnic. The NCO's assisted by a couple of ringers (Messrs. Clark and Hiett) played the serfs in a game of softball. We do not want to commit ourselves by printing the final score so we'll simply say that the officers (com and non) put up a good fight. That sizzling grounder that Sgt. Kelleher fielded in Joe Cronin style was undoubtedly the high-spot of the game—too bad the ball landed in Fredericksburg. The Battery

Broncho-busters sneaked, Indian fashion, up on some unsuspecting ponies and, still Indian fashion, they rode their pants off. Charlie Chan observes: "Opinion based on their later style of walking concludes that pants were not the only thing 'rode off'." We descended a number of stages in civilization as we stood roasting hot-dogs a la primitive man when along comes a "city-slicker" with a frying pan—what's the good?

The men of Battery B wish to congratulate First Lieutenant Clark in his recent promotion. This means that the Marine Corps has recognized ability in Mr. Clark that we knew about all along.

We imagine that when a man gets married he also gets so tired of being congratulated that he begins to understand the Great Garbo. We believe this, Mr. Hiett, but we cannot miss this opportunity to wish you great happiness.

Congrats to Privates Lucas and Blaine for making Pfc. Remember that the first step, like the first thirty years, is the hardest.

#### BATTERY C

As I sit here I wonder who ever thought up this idea of the company clown writing an article for the well known scandal columns of our LEATHERNECK. After a long and tiresome night chasing after the elusive muster roll one feels in no mood to write a keyhole column, I know.

Reports reach us that "Barney" Braeken, our ex-motor mechanic is wielding a mean wrench down Charlestown way. On the 23rd he shipped on the USS *Outside Bound* for the placid waters of civilian life. Good luck, Barney, and happy "mechanicing."

While I think of it, some of our boys had a very happy time on the all night signal problem. I wonder what drag our lads had with the "enemy"; we entirely missed out on the fun (?) of being gassed out. Worse luck. Like the boy scouts they were "prepared" for any such emergency, therefore, nothing happened. Ain't it always the way?

With the publishing of the athletic memorandum on the forthcoming Brents-



Platoon 24, Parris Island; Instructed by Pl-Sgt. O. J. Dyhr and Sgt. R. E. Mayson

Photo by Kolsner



ville maneuvers our leading "chowhounds" are basking in an unprecedented light of popularity. Now the reason for this is the announcement of a pie eating contest to be staged at the end of the problems "up yonder." In addition to this our grunt and groan boys and our catchers (pardon please) I mean our spectacular "leather pushers" are "getting the Hollywood habit," cutting the old breadbasket down to a perfect 36, either there will be a rain of prize money or a flock black eyes and bruised jaws.

Gross, one of our expert (?) tractor and truck drivers, lost his license a while back. The other day when he came to the office to get a duplicate he walked in the office with his usual sunny smile and blandly asked the top for his "license for murder." He didn't miss. The other drivers tell me that when Gross gets in the driver's seat everyone hunts for shelter. A two foot cement wall with a well set base is highly recommended. I have it from very reliable sources that Gross' secret ambition is to be a cowboy; whenever he gets astride his iron horse and the warm breezes waft the delicate odors of burnt gas and oil to his nostrils, he believes himself back on the sun baked plains of Pittsboig.

## SECOND BATTALION, 5TH MARINES

(Continued from page 36)

Marine upon receiving the news that he finally had become a Pfc. in the good old Marine Corps. Pfc. Wallant now burns the midnight oil trying hard to make the grade for corporal and his vow is "He'll be a corporal before maneuvers" and take all odds with anyone that wishes to bet.

Well it is time to sign off because I must help the future Corporal Albert Bray sew on his stripes in order that he may make his daily midnight liberty to the town of Quantico.

## COMPANY F

With summer over autumn arrived to find the 2nd Battalion the Post Champions of Baseball and as usual F Co. had its masterful hand in the winning.

Now that baseball is over our thoughts turn to more work in Brentsville. We will spend three weeks there and won't we be glad to get back to Quantico after we are through there. You said it.

This last month brought much joy to some of our boys. The reason for all this joy was because they were promoted. The promotions were as follows: from Privates to Privates First Class were Adams, N. R., Bixler, J. A., Major, G. B., Bostic, W. L., and Rouse, J. J. Pfc. Currie was also promoted to Cpl. but he did not stay with us for long; he was transferred to the reserves.

Leaving us this month after 16 years in the service for civilian life is our esteemed 1st Sergeant Robert Lee Wilson, although we have a certain party namely our company clerk, who insists his name should be MacWilson (what do you think?). On the other hand the Top seems to think the clerk's name should be MacNeill. We then wonder where all the love for the Scotch comes in, it has us snowed.

Now for a bit of news that is news. There has for a long time been a lot of wondering going on as to where Bill Neill got his curly hair; he even has his family wondering. Do you wonder why we worked so hard to learn his secret? Now due to concentrated effort we have broken through at last. Here's the dope. The other night we heard the clicking of typewriter keys

and went below to investigate; we found Bill with his hair in the typewriter roll and banging away for all he was worth on the keys in order to generate enough heat to curl his hair. He did a mighty fine job of curling at that. This may not interest you but to his family and a certain few it is great news for we all love our Bill dearly and are very interested in his life and welfare. I hope you like this article Bill.

Lieutenant William M. Ferris joined our happy crowd this month from NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., and we are glad to have him with us. We are also glad to have Lieutenant Howard L. Davis back with us again instead of in the hospital where he spent most of the summer as a result of an automobile accident. That's all the news for this month, friends, I'll tell you more next month. Adios.

## COMPANY G

During the month we have had quite a few promotions in this Company, and quite a few of the men are marching with the buttons on their shirts ready to pop off.

2d Lieutenant August F. Penzold, Jr., joined the Company from NOB, Portsmouth, Virginia. Corporal Whyngaught joined from the 4th Marines in China. Whyngaught keeps the new men wide-eyed with the tall tales of China.

Platoon Sergeant Bishop claims he has seen the light! Now the question arises as to which light he is referring to. Could it mean that he is going to desert his old pal "Bud"?

There were quite a few headaches, and plenty of grumbling and groaning at reveille Tuesday morning when the men had returned from the holiday liberty. But everyone seems to have had a good time, so why should they complain? Maybe it is due to the early hour of arising.

This month seems to have caught "yours truly" napping, so due to the insufficient items of news we will be forced to say so long 'till next month.

## COMPANY H

By W. Kellerman

During the previous month fire orders were familiar to all gunners as the Browning Machine Gun carried the company over the qualification course. The 1,000-inch course was fired during the week of August 22. That seventh squad and its unique scores took the highest average in the company. Nice work, Steele. We now have 600, 700, 800, and 1,000 yards to fire before going to Indiantown Gap for field firing.

Our demonstrations for the Marine Corps Schools took place during the qualification period. The set up on the .22 range gave each officer an opportunity to fire over the E target. At 1,000 yards all firing was done by members of the squad. Types of fire used were fixed, searching, and traversing. Searching an area by platoon completed the demonstration.

Promotions: To Corporal, Pfc. W. M. Steele. To Private First Class, M. L. Horowitz and C. N. Koulias.

BASEBALL: Second Battalion takes championship as Aviation takes a back seat after holding the championship ten years. Loyal first string members from this company who upheld and added spirit to the winning team are: Lefty Cape at 1st Base, Horowitz Pitching, and Vigliotti at 3rd Base. With Mike's mustache and Lou Diamond's influence a good ball club will go places. We are sure glad to see our team win and only hope they hold that trophy.

## BROWN FIELD

(Continued from page 38)

members of the Scouting Squadron are revealing characters that the majority of us never knew existed until the present time. One of the smoothest of the lot is Peek-A-Boo McHaney the lad that sees all, hears all and does nothing. Yeah? Several of the members have turned to politics for a side line. Tech-Sgt. Paszkiewicz and M.T. Sgt. "Skinny the Leap" Leeper were in a dead heat for the office of honorary mayor of Buafort, until "Nigger" Sleight, who until the last few days had been something of a dark horse, won the election hands down. First Sergeant Smith of Headquarters is reported as being unusually fond of electric pencil sharpeners. A dirty trick was played on mess sergeant Abit Lavine the other day when some one grew careless and dropped a lemon in his ice water or was it lemonade. la-Lavine, I wonder? Speaking of Abie we all are guessing what person was directly responsible for the loss of our beloved chow slingers' front teeth while on his furlough. Sergeant Smith of the Scouting Squadron is boasting of a new Pfc. up at his house, total weight 14 lbs. soaking wet. A question to the members of VMS 3, can Corporal Dillman still write? "Foots" Martin is under the wrong impression if his ex-side kick can still yield a pencil. A funny sight to see indeed is "Hoop and Ray" Wray, "Bones" Coddington and "Snake" Zeigler going on liberty, it is even better however when the trio clear the bridge on the incoming trip. Butch Bailly bought himself ten dollars worth of the state of Virginia the other night, your correspondent was very much amused when told of the instance, and not two nights later decorated the mahogany for eight times the amount all to the tune of the popular ballad "Where Am I." With much success and happiness from this column for Joe Holup and his matrimonial adventure, we black out.

## 1ST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES

(Continued from page 37)

this Company. Jakey Quinn has turned the duties of First Irishman over to Doherty and joined the ranks of ex-Marines. Doherty is taking his position seriously—refer to week-end action at Toledo and Port Clinton. FM-Cpl. Wilson has followed Jakey to the joy of all those who prefer to arise late. He was good at recall and taps as well, thank Heavens.

Our most handsome men were picked for coaches on the Junior Small Bore Team. Much pressing of clothes and many hours of polishing have gone into their efforts to charm the young ladies at the Squaw Camp.

Much fruit, very unripe, has appeared in Camp lately. I hope we don't have an epidemic of boils with lead cores. Our conduct during the past week should make good Marines of the men who just joined from Parris Island. How to march behind an Army Band by Gunnery Sergeant Wolfgang; Pointers on Regaining lost articles of uniform, Pfc. Walkewicz and McCarron; Art of self-defense, Donato; Dancing lessons, Pfc. Greenlaw; How not to rate with The Top, Hunter; Horseshoe pitching, Sergeant Satanoski and Private Forest; and last but not least, a mustache, Sergeant Rogers has one.

My eight hours are finished.

THE LEATHERNECK

## COMPANY B

Well here is the Fighting First Battalion in Camp Perry, Ohio, while the NRA matches are underway. It's something different to most of us and a welcome change from the Barracks at Quantico, living in tents, and right along side of Lake Erie for some choice fishing and swimming. In the end we will be rewarded by witnessing some real shooting by the country's best shots.

Our softball team is still going strong and so far they've taken all comers into camp, we've beat the 2nd Infantry, 18th Infantry and the Pittsburgh State Police.

The company this month congratulates Sergeant Andy Skowran, Pfc. Allen and Jones for their promotions. A most deserving one and our best wishes go to you all.

Cpl. Haines is going around in circles these days wondering what Pvt. Islip is going to do with that large Cabinet Radio that now reposes in the squad area in the barracks back in Quantico (might trade it in for a piano) Haines is also wondering what in the world he's going to do with a tire that was shipped him up here while his "buggy" is back in Quantico.

In a recent contest of the Thompson Sub-Machine Gun Instructors Pvt. (what a man am I) Plucinsky ran away with the prize for expert shooting. The prize was a beautiful cup of the "Fur Line Type" and a very attractive one at that. Congratulations Sky—we just know you're going places in this Marine Corps. Enough for this time from Perry.

We'll let you in on some more dope next month from Brentsville, Va., where we'll be this time next month. We're scheduled to leave here on or about the 11th of September for Quantico. A week or so later we'll be packing and getting under way for Brentsville for 3 weeks of intensive training. Then we'll spend October, November and December in Quantico, between the combat area and the barracks (mostly combat area) and then we'll be getting packed again for maneuvers and Culebra or points South which goes to prove that we don't have to be "Sea Going" Marines in order to travel. That's all, fellows.

## COMPANY C

We come again with another one of our episodes telling of our adventures into this "Yankee" territory. We left Quantico the last part of July and went to Wakefield, Mass., where we were used as a scoring detail for the United Services and Rifle and Pistol Matches.

While we were there, we met several of the "Ex" members of C Co. that are shooting with the "Team," or have been eliminated, and are now being used as Coaches for the Wakefield Range. The ones that are left on the team are still holding their own, and ranking among the top.

I guess you are wondering just what we did while we were not at work. Well, most of the boys didn't stay around the barracks and sleep, in fact you couldn't, with all the girls coming out for the different members of the Company.

About a mile from Camp we had a nice lake, and just about everybody went swimming every afternoon. At night they either went out to Revere Beach or into some neighboring towns.



Captain William H. Royal, Army Air Corps Reserve, presents the MEN WITH WINGS GOLD CUP TROPHY, donated by PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, to Major George D. Hamilton, USMC, Officer in Charge of Recruiting, District of Los Angeles, for delivery to Captain C. F. Schilt, USMC, now stationed at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. Captain Schilt won the award for evacuating wounded Marines at Quilali, Nicaragua, while under enemy fire.

Among our "Romances" since we left we find several of our most noted "Woman haters," such as Cpl. Bruno and Pvt. Sheldon. Both of the boys were having quite a time seeing which one could date the "Goon" for the night. While we are talking about the "Goon," a well known fighter in the Company was right in there pitching. As I was coming back from Liberty the other night, I noticed two people looking out over the lake. The moon was shining and altogether, it was really a romantic (?) "sitting." I walked a little closer and who do you think it was? Not mentioning any names, but it was this red-headed fighter and the "Goon."

Pvt. Kersey and Pfc. Fisher weren't doing so bad for themselves. Well, boys, all the advice I can give you, is to "Love them and leave them."

The Second Platoon left Wakefield a week early as an advance detail to Camp Perry. During that last week seventy-two-hour liberties were granted, and most of the boys took them. Then during the latter part of the week we had a beer party. All of the men got all of the beer they wanted, and if you don't believe it, I think Pvt. J. P. Davis can give it to you in better detail than I can. The balance of the Company left Wakefield, Mass., on the 14th of August and came to Camp Perry, and at the present are living in tents (and how). We are to be used as scoring details for the National Rifle and Pistol Matches with the rest of the First Battalion. Everybody seems to like Camp Perry all right, but they much more prefer Wakefield (more femmes, eh wot?).

We are very sorry to hear that Cpl. Farmer has been transferred to the Second

Battalion, and we hope to get him back when we return to Quantico.

All of the men, that have been on detached duty with the PLC, and the Reserves, are back with us now, and it really seems good to have all the Company together again.

When we arrived here we found that we had thirteen more men than when we left Quantico. Some from the Service Battalion, and some from MB, Washington, D. C. We are glad to have them, and welcome them to our Ranks.

Second Lieutenant Robert Chambers, Jr., joined us from A Co., First Battalion, Fifth Marines, on the 17th of August. He is now the Company Executive Officer, and Assistant Battalion Mess Officer, and we extend to him a hearty welcome.

This is all the news of the Company at the present. Maybe by the time we get back to Quantico I will have all the dirt on the boys, and will let you have it in next month's SPASM.

## D COMPANY

Captain M. S. Rahiser, Commanding

From a Machine Gun Company to a Rifle Company, to a Scoring Detachment at the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio—all in the space of two days. Such is life in the F.M.F. After riding all night in Pullman sleepers, the First Battalion disembarked at the gates of Camp Perry at 11:30 a.m., on August 15th and marched to the camp area behind the flashy music of the Marines' "Hell Cats." The camp site is on the peninsula of Sandusky on the shores of Lake Erie. Our

first two weeks at Perry have been enjoyable and we are looking forward to seeing some excellent shooting during the remainder of the matches.

D Company upheld the reputation of the Marine Corps when it "snowed" the Army under by qualifying one hundred per cent as "EXCELLENT" scorers. Two men from D Company won the contest for perfect score boards in competition with the doughboys, and Private Walter E. Krustek won first place and two dollars while Rocco P. Mele took second place and the one dollar prize. In addition, Corporal John F. Skorich won second place and the five dollar prize in the Thompson sub-machine gun match that was held for instructors of the "Tommy Gun" here at Perry.

Everyone has a job and is doing his part in making the Matches a success. Our officers are assigned to duty as Chief Scorer, TSMG Instructor, Pistol Instructor, and Range Officer. The senior NCOs are all assigned duty as Assistant Chief Scorers, while the remainder of the men are acting as assistant TSMG instructors, small arms firing instructors, clerks and scorers.

Although not much time can be found to participate in sports except after the evening meal, a full schedule has been planned. A horseshoe tournament is being held, and the company's honors rest with Private Joseph P. Murphy, who is the present Regimental Champ, which honor he earned last spring while at Culebra, Puerto Rico. In the more conservative games of chess and acy-ducey, the burden lies with our Top Sergeant and Private Leon T. Sargent to show the field just how it is done.

Due to the fact that we had officers and enlisted men in excess of the complement ordered to duty at the National Matches, the following named officers and men, who were on leave or furlough, the sick list, or who had recently joined the company, were transferred to the Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, until such time as we return from Camp Perry: Captain Merrill B. Twining, First Lieutenant Eustace R.

Smoak, Platoon Sergeant Philip R. Hade, and Privates Walter B. Fox, Lilburn L. Haddox, Lester Kimball, Oliver W. McClellan and Joseph L. Sartin. In addition, Private Percy F. Jones, who aspires to be a shining example in the form of a Liberty truck driver, was transferred to Headquarters Company of the First Marine Brigade.

As new members of the company, we have Field Music Sergeants Oscar B. Weaver and James E. Wydick, Field Music First Class Edgar E. Thompson, Jr., and Field Music Raymond F. McCloskey, Jr. The new machine gunners are Privates John H. Sullivan and Gar A. Wingfield who joined from Headquarters Company of the First Marine Brigade.

Due to a few promotions opening up, John Kuehta and Alley C. McCullough are now privates first class. Congratulations boys.

### RESERVE NEWS Thirteenth Battalion

(Continued from page 44)

the glad hand. We have chow at the Base and then load on trucks for the ride to the rifle range. Like "Wrong Way Corrigan" we are going to do things backward this year. Must have been an Irishman's inspiration! Who said Flynn wasn't an Irish name?

We get to the range and after shake down it's liberty and off to Tijuana in Ye olde Mexico where the bull fights are scheduled to go through their gory role for glory. Metadors and banderilleros, toradors and picadores—they're all set. They threw the bull, all right, but never half the bull which was thrown at the "bivouac" under the stars, not of Hollywood, but around the camp fires.

After a week of snapping in, preliminary practice, small weapon demonstrations, camera shooting galore and finally, record day. Result: 36 ER, 40 SS and 71 MM. and 50 UQ. 74.62 per cent qualified. That's better than last year's 61.85 per cent.

Another week end passes and Monday

morning finds us squared away in "tent city" at the Base.

Major Foote and Lt. Altpeter, operations officers have delighted themselves for a whole week while at the range in thinking up unheard of things to do. Field exercises, problems, problems and field exercises. Major Bleasdale loses his voice over "triangular formations." The men dream the world is a triangle at night and the parade ground looks like a triangle by day. It's all very simple and soon we know it like an infant prodigy knows his ABC's.

Then comes Thursday noon and the "bivouac" is on. But not before it has been postponed from Wednesday. That was the day Maj. Gen. Little invited the officers to a garden party. Believe us, it was no bivouac! Anyway, it's Thursday noon and the trucks are all lined up. They drive us eleven miles and unceremoniously drop us three miles from the camp site. They must have run out of gasoline. Captain Card takes over and we're off on an advance guard problem. Somebody gets lost—takes the wrong road—the spirit of Wrong Way Corrigan is still with us. But we get back on the road again and soon we're behind the chow line with our mess gear. The mess officer counted the rations short or the men were much too hungry for they had to send for another load.

That genial soul, Dr. Glenn English of the Naval Reserve, who insists he's a Marine, once now and forever, has his ambulance full of sick people. Treating them all for snake bite. They say Camp Kearney is full of snakes. Somebody must have seen one!

The stars are out, four camp fires burn. Some of the men have torn up telephone poles by the roots and they throw a light clear to the sky. All the cook's firewood, long since stolen for the camp fires, lasted only long enough to get the telephone poles burning. Raucous laughter is heard near C Company. Lt. Whitney told a story while his j.o. blushed. There's not a first sergeant in sight. The poor dears



First Battalion, 5th Marines, Company D, Capt. Martin S. Rahiser, 2d Lieutenants John H. Earle, Jr., Jean W. Moreau, Carl A. Youngdale

Photo by Tazer



stayed back to keep the Sgt. Major company and to help in the battle of the Mosquitoes. Whole squadron of them nearly drove the valiant Marines in the bay. Somebody picked the windward side of the heads for the officers' camp. It's a grand night. What there was of it. Somebody blew a bugle at 0330.

Breakfast and then for the BIG man eaver of the camp. Everybody forgot all about triangular formation. All they could see were red flags bobbing up here and there. Jungle brush and more flags. The enemy have us. We re-organize, choose up sides again. This time Major Flynn is the head man. He took over from Major Sproul in the middle of the war. There were no streams to cross and had there been it would have done no good. We didn't have any horses. Everybody dug in for the winter. Boy, was it hot. After digging in, we almost struck China and then the enemy took cover and we crawled out of our hole. Much to our surprise Major Bleasdale said we did a swell job. It was a lot of fun and all hands were glad to hit the chow line and entruck back to the Base where an armada of mosquitoes awaited us with open wings.

Friday afternoon—same day of the "war," we took part in the regimental parade and review where Major General Louis McC. Little, USMC, personally awarded the year's trophies, a summary of which is listed:

The Glenn G. English Cup for Rifle Marksmanship won by A Company of Santa Monica, commanded by 1st Lt. W. F. Whittaker.

The Ida Lupino Cup, awarded for efficiency during the entire armory and camp period, won by D Company, Captain Horace W. Card, commanding.

The John J. Flynn Trophy, awarded quarterly for the best drilled company, won by Company C of Glendale, commanded by 1st Lt. W. F. Whitney.

The Major Sproul Medal for marksmanship won by Cpl. John J. Doyle of Company B, commanded by Captain Owen E. Jensen, for the year 1937. Won by Pfc. E. L. Greer of Company A for the year 1938.

The Corporal's Cup, for marksmanship of corporals, won by Company D.

The Jeanne Fox Weiman Medal won by Sgt. Edson Card of Company D.

Camp over, there was nothing left except another shot in the arm for the recruits, payday and shoving off.

Under Captain Owen E. Jensen, the battalion entrained for Los Angeles and their respective home towns well satisfied that the year and the camp had provided more instruction than any previous year before.

Major Flynn was high in his praise of the manner in which the officers and men of the regular service contributed to the success of the encampment.

#### NAVAL AND MARINE CORPS UNITS HOLD SERVICES

One thousand officers and men of Los Angeles Naval Reserves and the 13th Battalion, Organized Marine Corps Reserve marched in review at Los Angeles Coliseum Sunday, August 7, 1938, following one of the most impressive military services ever held in the city of Los Angeles.

Sunday services, as held aboard ships of the Navy and at shore stations, were held in the open on the turf of the famous Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.

The Naval reserve contingent was headed



## TAPS, for Stale Smokes!

**Y**ES, SIR! You can fire three volleys of blanks over those stale, harsh cigarettes . . . and forget 'em!

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by Captain Claude B. Mayo, USN, Inspector-Instructor of the Naval Reserves. The Marine Corps Reserve contingent was headed by Major Victor F. Bleasdale, USMC, Inspector-Instructor of the 13th Battalion. Major John J. Flynn, USMCR (O) was in active command of the battalion.

About 5,000 spectators saw this unique ceremony, the first of its kind ever held in Los Angeles. The Marine Corps Reserve unit was composed of the 13th Battalion, USMCR(O) and Marine Reserve Scouting Squadron Seven, Captain Lewis H. Delano, USMCR(O) Inspector-Instructor and Captain William J. Fox, USMCR(O), commanding officer.

Company commanders were Captain Horace W. Card, Company D, Inglewood; Captain Owen E. Jensen, Company B, Pasadena; Captain Robert E. MacFarlane, Squadron Seven, Long Beach; 1st Lt. James P. Whitney, Company C, Glendale, 1st Lieutenant W. F. Whitaker, Company A, Santa Monica.

On the staff of Major Flynn, Battalion Commander, was Major Joseph P. Sproul, Executive Officer (whose untimely and unfortunate death is recorded elsewhere in this issue), Captain Kenneth O. Cuttle, battalion adjutant, Captain Thomas Raymond, 1st Lt. C. J. Salazar, and 2nd Lt. John S. Dewey.

Company officers present were 2nd Lieutenants Laun M. Reis, A Company; William M. Bell, D Company, and Alfred V. Jorgensen, B Company.

Led by the 13th Battalion, the various units marched into the Coliseum at 10 A. M., completely encircling the oval and then formed in the center with the Naval Reserve and Marine Corps reserve units facing each other inboard. At one side there was an altar and as soon as all units had come into their respective positions, the clergy and choir slowly entered from the opposite sides, led by Chaplain M. G. Tennyson, USNR, Anglican Church; Chaplain A. B. Cook, Catholic priest; Chaplain E. T. Barkman, Protestant, and Chaplain H. Cerf Strauss, Rabbi.

Chaplain Barkman delivered the innovation followed by the sermon by Chaplain Tennyson after which the colors were marched front and center and blessed by Chaplain Cook. The final prayer was offered by Chaplain Strauss.

The religious services concluded the regiment formed into a column and passed in review before Rear-Admiral Sinclair Cannon, USN, Commandant of the 11th Naval District and Major General Louis McCarty Little, Commanding General, Marine Corps Base, San Diego. Mayor Frank L. Shaw of Los Angeles was in the reviewing party and immediately after the review presented a set of national and regimental colors to the units.

At the completion of the ceremonies, the units were formed and photographs were taken which will be placed in the corner stone of the new Naval and Marine Corps Reserve Armory now being constructed by the Works Progress Administration.

### MAJOR JOSEPH SPROUL

(Continued from page 45)

way. Men who had been privates, when as a captain he commanded Company A of the 13th Battalion felt his loss keenly; indeed, every man in the entire battalion respected and regarded Major Sproul with high esteem.

It is an astonishing commentary that few people in this world have led such

blameless albeit useful lives as Joseph P. Sproul. The years this writer has known him—almost ten—he has never heard a single soul speak an unkind word of Joe Sproul. Whether it be among his daily associates and court attaches where he presided, the numerous people who sought his favor—and very seldom unsuccessfully—his brothers of the Elks and other lodges—or among his military associates of whatever rank—all joined in a tribute remarkable for its heartfelt sincerity.

As a Marine, Major Sproul was one of those reserve officers who took their role seriously. His unselfish devotion of time and energy as well as resources were always at the service of the Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve in general and the 13th Battalion in particular—down to every last and newest recruit. His hospitality was noted for its genuineness and he was so ably aided by his charming and graceful wife. Their home was always open to friends.

As a Marine, the regular service never had a better friend, certainly none more devoted to the ideals and mission of the Marine Corps. As one of the most quietly influential men in the community, he has done a great deal for the Marine Corps, regular service as well as the reserve. If it were possible to award the new Marine Corps Reserve Service medal posthumously, Major Sproul certainly deserves it.

### THIRD BATTALION

(Continued from page 48)

problem, the men had chow, broke camp and loaded aboard the cruisers for the return run to Freeport and Bayshore, from whence the trucks transported them to the Navy Yard where the Battalion was released shortly after six o'clock Sunday night—tired but enthusiastic over the most extensive maneuvers they had ever participated in.

With these maneuvers behind them, the officers and men of the Battalion are headed into a busy Fall and Winter season. Basketball practice with the veteran team starts shortly, again directed by Capt. O'Connell who has coached the teams for the past five years. Other athletic teams also will start their winter season shortly, and a series of military and social functions are scheduled for the coming months.

Company A reports that 1st Sgt. "Twinkletoes" Levins and Cpl. Z. Boroski have been transferred to the Third Reserve Area, giving Sgt. J. Hornstein the chance to step into top kick's chevrons. They also report that Cpl. Nick Stehnick, the movie actor, has returned from location with the film company he now is leading man for, and that Pfc. J. Edelstein has been unanimously elected as the Company's Greatest Worrier—(NOT warrior).

B Company announces the promotion of Privates first class Paul H. Fidelman and Abraham (Basketball Squad) Gross to the rank of corporals while C Company is pre-

paring for its annual soiree which is one of the high social spots of the annual drill year. Presentation of the Sgt. Dowd Memorial Cup, won by B Company at Quantico, was made recently before the assembled troops, by Mrs. Leila Rogers, mother of the famous Ginger Rogers of Hollywood fame.

D Company, not content with having regained the Col. Gerard M. Kincaid Cup for outstanding service at Quantico, is hard at work on the range to bring back the rifle shooting trophy they lost to A Company this year, after having held for two years in succession. C Company still retains the drill attendance trophy and the Major Sydney D. Sugar Cup.

Thus another busy Fall and Winter season—which will be featured by inter-battalion competition and social contact—starts again in the good old Brooklyn Navy Yard. Best wishes are sent by the officers and men to their good friends of the Boston, Jersey and Philadelphia battalions, with the expectation of seeing them during the drill year.

### SIXTH BATTALION

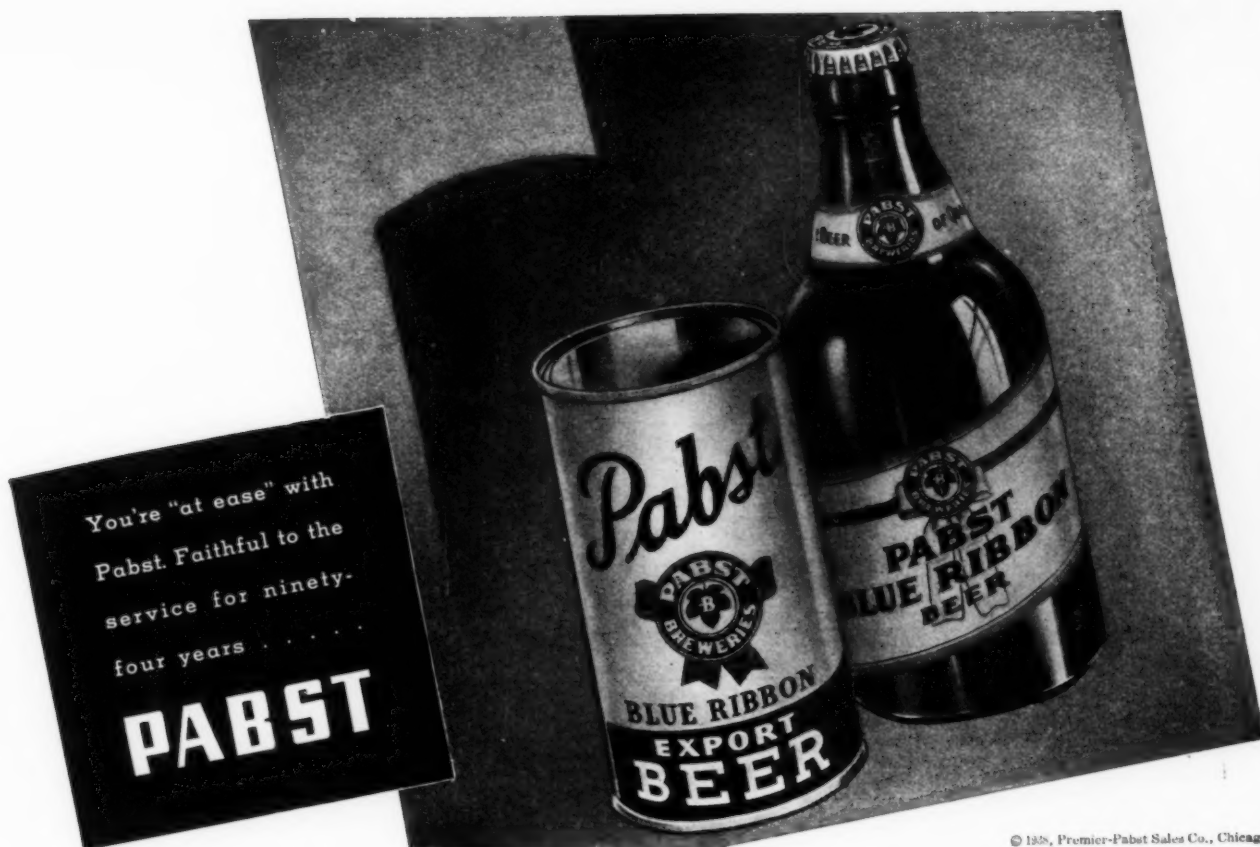
(Continued from page 50)

in the office are treated to something like this: "Yeah? Well young fellow, you better snap out of it and get down here right away." (Pause.) "Well, she can have her baby without you hanging around." (Another pause.) "Now be a good little boy and jump on your horse and get down here in time for roll call if you don't want me to cut your ears off the next time I see you." It may be a funeral, a wedding, or visitors from out of town preventing the attendance at drill but the threats from the sergeant-major are the same in all cases. Some day I am going to ask him to let me see his collection of lopped-off ears.

About this time, one of the very recruits standing around waiting for the doctor is heard to remark, "Why do they call that guy the skipper? I ain't seen him skip yet."

The adjutant enters—spurs clanking and leather creaking. What a question box he is! "Good evening, sir. Anything new? What's the program to night? Any ants in headquarters pants? How's the family? Where did the Fifth get that stuff of having the non-com with the most service in the Reserve? Have you heard from Major Lessing? Has Crap been in yet? I want him to try a new march, it's a pip! Did you know the admiral wants the band for the opening of a new basement storeroom under the laundry next Tuesday, the day after wash-day? Is Captain Carter back yet? I need some new socks. Any word from Colonel Knapp? Well, the longer he stays away the longer we keep out of the doghouse. Any word on a machine gun company? Hauser will cry if that doesn't come through. Did you see the Fifth's camp book? Their daily routine looks





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like our holiday schedule. We must be pretty tough." And so on far into the night.

And now it's time for Sergeant (Two-speed) Price to come in crying that the Basic School has again pinched the lights from the hallway. As he replaces the lights you can hear him mumbling something about "officers and gentlemen, phooey."

While all this (and more) has been going on inside, the band is patiently waiting on the field for the troops to appear and go through the formation of a guard mount, or a parade, or whatever the CO is in the humor of doing. They rattle off one tune after the other trying to scare away the myriad mosquitoes that have invaded the Navy Yard this year. It is worth coming miles to see the troops standing at attention on the field and trying to shoo off these obnoxious bugs at the same time. They twist their lips into all sorts of shapes so as to blow their breath on different parts of their faces and thereby chase away the pests. Of course it all eventually comes to an end and after the evening drill, the boys hike to the nearest soda fountain where they soon forget about mosquito bites and what other troubles they may have had during the night.

At some future date your eaves-dropping correspondent will drop in unobserved in the locker rooms in order that he may give you an account of what goes on there while the boys are getting into uniform and otherwise preparing for the night's work.

Before signing off, we wish to report that our band has just returned from an-

other tour of active duty. This time it was at Scranton, Pa. The music makers acted as the official escort for the Thomas Roberts Reath, Marine Post of the American Legion in the parade held in connection with the convention recently held in that city. It won't be long now before the boys have sufficient time to their credit to retire on twenty years service.

#### ELEVENTH BATTALION

(Continued from page 48)

fense. All companies participated and really learned something. Captain Sheely, USMCR(V), and 1st Lt. Trezise, USMCR(V), laid out maps of the terrain which proved very helpful. The attack and defense problems were highly successful and, of course, we won in both cases.

On the last day at the yard Corporal C. P. Johnson was awarded the Jeanne Fox Weimann Medal for the Battalion. He was then invited to review the parade by Colonel Capron. Mrs. Capron presented the medal. Johnson, along with Pfc. William C. Hoyt of Co. B, Aberdeen, has recently been sent to Camp Perry to shoot in the National Matches. They were chosen from the Battalion in view of their excellent scores on the range.

When we returned to Seattle most of us went back to work and to vacations but not Corporal Robert Stratton of Co. A. Upon returning he entrained for the Western Platoon Leaders Class, Marine Base, San Diego, where he was stationed for six weeks. Bob came home with flying colors having been presented with a gold medal by the commanding officer for the highest

pistol score. Not only that but he made high score on the D course with the .30 caliber and was second highest in the junior class on examination.

In line for congratulations are Capt. E. S. Laue, USMCR(O), and Capt. George Pierce, USMCR(O), who received their captains' commissions just before camp.

We'll have lots of news for you next month. Signing off now but we'll see you later with all the dope on the Seattle reserves.

#### SECOND BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 46)

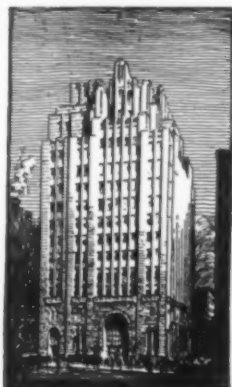
cannot verify same. Top Williams seems to be resigned to his fate in regards to not being able to get away from Boston, and as he is stocking up on new clothes for the winter we are of the opinion that he will be with us for some time to come.

The 2nd Battalion was signally honored last month in furnishing a firing detail for the dedication of St. George Square in Worcester, Mass. The ceremony in question was held on the closing day of the Dept. of Mass. Convention of the American Legion. St. George Sq. was dedicated to the memory of two brothers, Herbert St. George who was killed in action at Chateau Thierry, France, while serving with the 69th Co., 5th Marines, and Raymond St. George killed in action while serving with the 104th Inf., 26th (Yankee) Division. Post No. 5, American Legion of Worcester conducted the exercises and volleys were fired by the detail from the 2nd Bn. for Herbert St. George, followed by a eulogy by 1st Lt. John Kapawich, USMCR-V. Volleys were fired for Raymond by a de-



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tail from the 104th Inf., MNG., followed by a eulogy by Brig-Gen. Foley, MNG. At the conclusion of the exercises, echo taps were sounded. 1st Lieutenant Donald L. Dickson was in charge of the Marine Reserve Detail accompanied by 1st Sgt. Jack Williams of the I-I's office. The following named men comprised the detail from the 2nd Bn: Sgt. Patrick E. Murphy; Cpls. Carl Benson; C. A. Hutehings; Lawrence Morris; Alfred H. Peterson; Anthony Melnitsky; Pfc. John McQueeny; Pfts. McCleery and Rasimas. As a fitting climax to the day chow was served by the local Marine Corps League Detachment.

Seen and heard column: Pop Fall back with us again after being on the Binnacle List \*\*\* Tremont St. near the Common seems to be a favorite strolling place for Cpl. Benson and Pvt. McLeavy—serving as escorts of course \*\*\*\* Our Nomination for the coolest dressed non-com: Chet Goodwin; Best looking and neatest Col's orderly: Pvt. Morgan of "A" \*\*\* The Doc confiscated our family drinking glass after a fly was noticed going down for the 3rd time "tother" night \*\*\* Now who is going to furnish the Lily cups? \*\*\* Cohen getting the low-down on Spain by reading "Spanish Barriades" \*\*\* Best known word in the 2nd Bn Qm—"No" \*\*\* Busiest man in the battalion seems to be Plat-Sgt. Webber \*\*\* Wanted: The guy that gave me the name of Dill when purchasing a LEATHERNECK last month \*\*\* Cpl. Al Peterson's engagement announced in the Quincy papers last week \*\*\* The Bn. Medical Officer's staff all on the fence and undecided whether to be gobs or remain Marines \*\*\* Incidentally, we forgot to mention that Pfc. Joe Murphy of the Bn. MO's staff just shipped over and was re-appointed a Pfc. \*\*\* A good system in vogue at the Bn. Armory—no Navy Yard pass—no rifle for drill, and of course no pay \*\*\* Broman paid us a visit from Wakefield the other night and seemed lost when he saw the new set-up in the armory \*\*\* Yes, the sea lawyers have the new machine-gun company formed, officered and fully manned—just waiting for the guns from DQP now.

### FOURTH BATTALION

(Continued from page 50)

an impressive Military funeral. Major Lessing, Lt. Drewes and many other officers of the 4th attended.

The service bug has bitten two of our men, namely Pfc. Hinlicy and Pvt. Manger. This writing finds them members of the recruit platoon at Parris Island, S. C. Here's hoping your cruise is full of adventure and good cheer, boys.

The latest news from the guardhouse bulletin reports:

Cpl. Dave Fredericks took my advice in the previous LEATHERNECK and married the girl—Good luck, Freddy.

Cpl. John Mahlstet has also enlisted in the ranks of the benedicts.

Sgt. Frank Bartolo shuffled off to Washington to attend the Marine Corps League convention.

Pfc. Kreitz is on a reducing campaign—from 140 to 165. (Putting it on, so it appears.)

Overheard at camp:

Pvt. Feldman of the enemy platoon—"You are my prisoner."

Cpl. Goodsir—"Nonsense, how did you get here?"

Pvt. Feldman—"Over the bridge."

Cpl. Goodsir—"Then my good fellow, you are drowned. We blew up that bridge yesterday."

Pfc. "two left feet" is seriously thinking of re-enlisting.

Pvt. Yannuzzi drinks snow white cock-tails. (So that's the reason for his being "dopey.")

One look at the clock and I find that it's just about time to close my book of gossip and truck on down to work—so until next month—"Hasta la vista."

### CO. D, FOURTH BN., FMCR

Newark, N. J.

Selection of the winner of the annual Efficiency Pennant award has finally been made, and we are proud to announce that Company D has again annexed this symbol

of excellent soldiering. The competition for this pennant was very keen this year, and it was only through strenuous efforts that the company won by a slight margin. This pennant, presented by Capt. Charles W. Pohl, USMC, has been the incentive for a vigorous and determined effort to excel in all phases of Reserve activity.

On August 13 four men from this company formed part of the battalion rifle team that fired at Lakehurst against the post team and a civilian team named the Fort Billings Rifle Club. Considering that this was the first time most of the reservists ever fired at 600 yards the team made a very creditable showing. They were only 11 points behind the post team, which was high, and 5 points behind the Fort Billings riflemen.

Of the five high men on the battalion team three were from Company D. They were 1st Sgt. Bove, Gy Sgt. Van Natta, and Cpl. Pescatore. Bove's score of 228 was high individual score for the match.

The company is glad to welcome to its midst two new recruits—Bertram C. May and Howard A. George. Pvt. May is brother-in-law to Corporal Ohlsen. If he does as well as Ohlsen he will be an asset to Company D. Private George comes to us with two years' experience in the CMTC. With his education and training he is likely non-com material.

We have lost to the regular Marine Corps our company clerk, Pvt. Wilbur C. Brower. The sample of Marine Corps life Brower was exposed to during encampment at Quantico proved too much for him, and he succumbed.

Things are quiet in the "dirt department." We do hear that . . . a certain member of the company is buying a house at Staten Island; and that he keeps an anchor in the attic for use when the house starts floating away. . . . Pfts. Casey and Kelly have put in for life membership in the Parris Island platoon. . . . The glare from the polished visor of Pvt. Honour's cap blinded a motorist and caused a traffic accident. . . . Pvt. Bilgin's gallery of feminine admirers increases every week. . . .

We also hear that . . . a certain member of the company can't take a hint to stay away from somebody's girl, and that maybe he'll receive more than a hint in the very near future. . . . Sgt. Felber is improving; his shoes are no longer the dirtiest, they are only the third dirtiest. . . . Pvt. Polding gave the boys a thrill the other night by appearing in trousers that looked almost pressed; but his record is still unbroken—they weren't.

### HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BN.

Newark, N. J.

By R. C. Keck

Now that the summer training camp at Quantico, Va., is over and all the men are back in their respective home stations, we find that the boys were all satisfied and they all feel that they have learned a great deal during this year's camp. By this time Sgt. Major Mattia has fully recovered from itching session (chigger bites to you), he sure did have plenty of fun when he returned from the field problem and discovered that he was a victim of the chiggers, why he used every thing from naphtha soap to flit on those bites but he still had an itch. He also had an unfortunate day several days after the hike he went swimming and they refused to let him in the pool because of the bites which were very prominent on his body, so he got a letter from the doctor and was then

all set to go to the pool when Sgt. Major Shaker informed him that they had drained the pool, and so Chester was just out of luck.

There is a certain regular, 1st Sgt. Wendell L. Frey, who was the acting Inspector-Instructor, but who is now better known as "I'll be right back, Frey," and we are of the opinion that it was the best vacation he ever had during this year's camp.

We also had a visit from Sgt. "Run," Grunder who turned out to be a first class stooge for Cpl. Lynch and Supply Sgt. Dalglish, in fact we know he was even allowed the privilege of playing chauffeur and escort for them and a certain young lady at Quantico.

Captain Edward F. Venn, VMCR, of Puerto Rico, was also with us at Quantico, he was the former commanding officer of company C of this battalion. We also found out that we had a dashing 1st Sgt. by the name of "Guam," Duffy of company A. I think congratulations are in order for Sgt. John Morrison who has taken over our bugle and drum corps and deserves a lot of credit for the fine work he did considering that he was handicapped in that all the men were new and needed a great deal of training and instruction. It is also fitting that we welcome to our ranks three 3rd class pharmacists mates, David C. James, Milton E. Klinger, and Francis G. Soule, who are serving with this battalion. I also understand that Sgt. "45" Wright misses his former stooge, Pfc. Maddox, who is now the battalion armorer.

Major Lessing did a fine job at camp as usual and was commended on a number of occasions, he certainly did keep the officers on their toes all the time and as a result he has earned the title of "The Iron Duke."

The 4th Battalion lost a good man, Cpl. George Ondik of Company C, who met his death after suffering serious injury from diving at a shore resort in south Jersey. Every one in the battalion will mourn the loss of Cpl. Ondik, as he has served faithfully with this organization for a number of years. The battalion turned out a good number of men in full uniform, with company C furnishing the firing squad and bugler for the funeral.

## WEST COAST NEWS Second Battalion, 6th Marines

(Continued from page 29)

Sunday night is a good "cure" for blisters and sore backs. The extended liberty was the promised reward of our company commander, Captain Reinecke.

All hands not otherwise on liberty are now having a grand time, loafing, swimming at the beach, playing soft-ball, and of course visiting the mess-hall for "3 square."

For you who have never had the opportunity to visit this "Marines' Paradise" I will describe it in a few words. An extensive level plain of typical baked soil and mesquite, walled on the east by "Mountains" and to the west, and at a greater range, bounded by the ocean. The most abundant "life" supported by this area is the rattlesnake which are too numerous to count. They do make good bunk mates—oh yeah! But we have a good branch post exchange here and beer is a good substitute for "snake-bite medicine"—At least we're keeping one truck busy hauling from the Base. Our sympathy goes to the Poway "Barons." It looks like someone besides the 2nd Battalion, 6th

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Marines, will have to keep their kegs drained.

To mention now a few of the company items. The company is glad to have Lieutenants Todd and Bowman, who recently joined. We think they were very lucky to get Company F. The company is sorry to have Lieutenant Hauser leave. He has been transferred to G Company. One of our very well liked N.C.O.s, Cpl. K. R. Brown, is leaving us to sojourn at Pensacola's shores. We are sorry to lose him. We are also losing two good privates, Sam Hall and Daniel Hinkle, who are going to Quantico. Our loss is the 5th Marines' gain. Corporals Hendrix and Carlsson, two of the best, have heard and answered the orient's siren call, having left on the good (?) ship *Chaumont*.

As for the battalion combat work which commences Monday, the 29th—watch F Company show the battalion and the regiment their "smoke." There will be lots of "casualties" on targets E. We believe that the F in 2-F-6 means "FINEST" so watch us go.

## COMPANY G

By Erzay

The fighting G men are very, very happy at this time because they have three weeks of the combat range at Camp Kearney under their belts, and I might add, who wouldn't be happy after spending three weeks running around in the brush at the combat range and then all at once find themselves under a refreshing shower, sleeping in a comfortable bunk, and not mentioning the chow!

All hands are looking forward to the football season, and talking about football, the Marines should have a very good team this year, and from the looks of their schedule, they had better have a good team. Naturally the G men must lend a hand toward this good cause and we take pleasure in presenting Pvts. Klemann and Robelot, who represent this organization on the football squad. Here's hoping that you make good, fellows, and we are sure

that you will give them everything that you've got.

The old familiar cry for furloughs is heard all through this outfit these days and there is a waiting list so long that a fellow with less than a year to do will probably have to ship over in order to get a furlough while in the Marine Corps, that is, if he hasn't ever been on furlough.

By the time that this is printed, ex-Pfc. Blandford will be back in the old home town telling all of the girls about his experiences in the Sino-Japanese situation, or something. Have a good time, Junior, because we are expecting you back very soon. The lure of the orient has gotten the best of Cpl. McMillian and he is going back on the USS *Chaumont* this month. Best of luck, Mac.

We have a new Company Commander, Captain H. C. Lang, from the Navy Department, Washington, D. C. Our other company officers are at the present time, 2nd Lts. Crockett, Houser and McMakin.

Well, the Navy Relief Carnival is over and the roar has died down to a mere murmur. We did have a wonderful time directing traffic though and when we took a look at some of those movie stars, oh boy! Some of the fellows directed traffic so well that some of the cars were directed out of the Base before they had a chance to tell someone that they wanted to park. Well, it's the same old story, you've got to have a system to make them move.

We have a lot of recruits that recently joined the G men and they are breaking into the old Fleet Marine Force routine very nicely. In fact, one of them has already made a resolution that he will make sergeant his first cruise. Slow down, Buddy, please. After all, it's people like you that make some of us stay privates all of our life.

We have two new Pfes. in the company, Foote and Turner. Keep those books open fellows because there will be more stripes coming this way sometime, and for heaven sake, don't forget those cigars. After all, every little point helps.

## H COMPANY NEWS

This will, no doubt, be something of a shock to a lot of the old gang. It's dear old H Company's first venture in the literary world since leaving Shanghai; there she furnished those *Walla Walla* scandal mongers several juicy morsels for display to the eyes of the world. Does ye old scribe detect a sinister rumbling and grumbling in the ranks or is it just the news of a "Winchell" in the crowd that is causing so much unfavorable comment, whichever it is, fear not, fair readers, there will be nothing but unbiased and non-malevolent comment entered in this worthy chronicle despite the hurried attempts at bribery.

It seems that the horrible Howitzer Platoon has entered into the poultry business *en masse* and I have been told that the ringleaders are none other than Pfs. Cate, Mummert, and Pvt. Bradley. At least they are nice looking chickens, men, so don't feel bad because your secret ambitions have been exposed.

H Company is anxiously awaiting the freedom of the open range namely "The Camp Kearney Range." We are planning on making a record showing both in combat maneuvers and in soft ball, so get in the saddle the rest of you 2nd battalionites and let's have some competition.

Time, space, news, and nearly everything else grows short, so until next month we bid all of you guys and gals adios!

## 10TH MARINES, 2ND BATTALION

(Continued from page 30)

needed with with some business interests down town. Hodges is seen so often at the Palace and Jason at the Bavaria that the customers are confusing them with the managements of those establishments. We are taking the matter in hand and have decided, in consideration of the rather frivolous nature of those beer emporiums, to turn the whole thing over to the next meeting of Deacon Welch's Saturday Night Uplift Society. We hope to hear of vigorous action being taken by that body to prevent any possible decay of the moral fibre.

## BATTERY F

By Tachetter

This battery has been busy for the last month, although we are equipped with new material it took a lot of work to get it in shape and it seems that every body from the battery commander down is pleased with the outfit, and hope to make it the best in the battalion. Now for some activities of the personnel of this command: Sgt. Blackett, acting 1st Sgt., has quite a time with some of the boys. The darndest thing you ever saw, he marvels, I must have an honest face, they all want to come in and talk to me. Some exchange professional gossip and some of these soiled wayfarers drop in for their mail, I should be a chaplain.

Gunnery Sgt. Bell, the daddy of the battery, and a "cracked" pistol shot, seems to be well pleased with the outfit and is well liked in the battery.

Sgt. Cummings, our battery ordnance, just returned from a two-week furlough. Glad to have you back, "Tiny." He is also a real short timer, we would like to have you with us on your next cruise. Sgt. Brooks, of Shanghai fame, who is rather

quiet and believes in astrology, also believes in nudism. Owns a car and patronizes the "K" St. Inn, in down town San Diego. Sgt. Nielsen formerly of Battery E, a prohibitionist, is well liked in the battery. Sgt. Shreve, "the most forgetful man in the Marines," sleeps with his eyes open and never stays out late. Goes in for light literature, such as, "The Key-hole," a weekly magazine, and spends his week ends either at the "Cardinella" or on Anchor St., doesn't drink, belongs to the "Funnel Gang."

Whoever heard of winning a medal while not participating in any events? Ask Pvt. Pitt! We congratulate you, and we realize it wasn't your fault, we hope that you win many more. Promotions in the battery are: Pfs. White, Falgout, and Peterson to Cpl., congrats, and thank you "Pete" for the cigar we didn't get. Also little Al Bernard has been rated specialist fourth class, and we hope you make that one stripe but remember, Al, we don't smoke, beer tastes better. Due to the fact that space for one article is limited, it's cease firing, end of problem, till next time.

## ANTIAIRCRAFT BATTALION

(Continued from page 31)

out of our movie hall! A person only had to gaze around him at the dance to see the effect it had on old and young alike. Ah! The smiles of pleasure that were radiated there would have made a top sergeant feel funny in the pit of the

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stomach to think that his outfit, the U. S. Marines was doing this for their civilian friends. Then came the music. Fit for a command performance. They put out music such as you never heard before. The orchestras, three (3) of them, were "in the groove" every night. But I must say as many others before me, that the Marine orchestra was about the hottest thing there. When they started swinging "Loch Lomond," the babies in their grandmothers' arms started a "Jam Session," and Ole Grandpa was calling figures for the "Big Apple."

Getting back to the Rifle range and the result of our work there. It was the same old but true story. (Ask Stirewalt and Cemeris.) The cows on the hill above the butts must have thought everyone was crazy. Tho' as a whole, the battery did exceptionally well. (As usual.)

Ah Ha! Some cigars for the men. A few who have waited and waited were finally rewarded. Yes, sir, Pfc. Buteh Burgess sewed on his first hash-mark and Cpls. chevrons at the same time. Also Pvt. Hylas was there with the "Cremos." I should say, Pfc. Hylas.

## AMBITIONS

1st Sgt. Vogel—To get the best stamp collection in the Marine Corps, and then go after something big.

Gunny Davis—To miss that boat. What boat? Any boat!

Sgt. Williby—To get to Bremerton before maneuvers catch him.

Rudy Binder—To dodge somebody (preferably the Police Sergeant) who wants a

one-man working party, just once in his career as a Marine, and to get the men on the Base to use his un-copyrighted and uncensored phrases.

Cotch Hotchkiss—To beat Vulgamore a game of hand ball.

Blackie Velders—To get back to the Empire State and HER.

Sturdy Sturdevan—To get an A-1 sun tan on the government's time.

"Cash" Register—To win a combine at Del Mar. P. S.—He bet on Skiing in the last. Skiing would have won by a mile, but he dropped dead in the stretch.

Battery F—To leave you with a longing to read our article next month.

We now leave you with only one word as an ending. The title of one of Irving Berlin's song hits of yesteryears.

"REMEMBER" Battery F.

## HITS AND RUNS

### Battery G By Spooner

Our battery has been undergoing quite a little change since returning from the range. Pvt. William Haskell has gone to the USS *Pennsey* and Pfts. George Barker and M. C. Harvey expect to go to the land of houseboys and five for one, or something. Well, China don't say, we didn't say, "stand clear, bon voyage. Be seeing you." In return we received Sgts. Sinclair, Lange, Ehrendreich, Waldron and Cpl. George. Welcome to our battery, fellows.

We have been divided into three platoons and it looks as if we are really going to get stabilized for a while. Another promotion came through and Pfc. Tomlinson will now be addressed as Corporal Tomlinson.

The Navy Relief Carnival has come and gone. Under the efficient supervision of all concerned was a grand success. A good time was had by all, including the bartenders.

I could say more, for there is wealth of material for an amateur Winchell, but there is something about discretion being the better part of valor, and I like to go on liberty and not pay anyone for protection. So I'll just sign off for this time.

## FLICKS & CARRIES

### Battery H By Warren E. Cole

"On target" for another carry through the columns of THE LEATHERNECK so let's get "In action."

The range season is over with an admirable increase in battery qualification. This battery went to bat with two strikes on it because it had the most unqualified men. However, out of 57 men firing there were 7 experts, 17 sharpshooters, 27 marksmen and 6 unqualified. The percentage of qualification being 89.6%. Congratulations to all who overcame last year's weak points and better luck next time to those who didn't quite make it this year.

Speaking of congratulations, they are in order for Pfc. Malanowski who pinned on the stripes a couple of weeks ago. That reminds me, didn't you break into print last month, Skif? Getting to be a publicity hound, eh? That Los Angeles romance of yours seems to be turning into something, too.

The Navy Relief Carnival last week gave civilians an opportunity of seeing our searchlight equipment in action. Searchlight displays each night at 8:00 o'clock with planes from Aircraft 2 in the air one night were well received by all. Congratulations are due to those of Aircraft 2 for

## THE LEATHERNECK



their ability to keep perfect formations in the blinding glare of 800,000,000 candle-power searchlights. In my humble estimation it isn't the easiest nor the safest thing to do. Battery H saved the day, or night, on the first evening of the Carnival. The lights on the Carnival grounds went out leaving the midway and most of the concession without light. At approximately 10:00 p.m. one searchlight was set up at one end of the midway and "presto," there was light. This seems to prove that an antiaircraft searchlight is useful in peace time as well as in war.

The next few weeks will probably be spent in checking equipment in preparation for annual practice, to be held soon. This work is very important because it is very necessary that each piece of equipment work smoothly and perfectly. The failure of one unit can cause a whole section to go out of commission.

At this point I wish to welcome Lt. Kirgis, who is back with us after a period of schooling at Sperry Gyroscope Co., delving more deeply into the intricacies of our searchlight equipment. We're glad you're back, sir.

Our battery commander, Captain Newton, and several of the noncoms, have been to sea lately on the USS *Concord*, observing antiaircraft firing.

Well, each carry must end at some time so for this month we will go "Out of Action" until we "flick" this column next month.

#### AIRCRAFT TWO

(Continued from page 33)

food during noon hour and determined minds we are what we are and where we are. We hope to win the second round robin, so we can prove our appreciations to the Staff and Officers of our Command, who have worked with and for us, that their efforts were not in vain. If within our power, another Loving cup will be in our Commanding Officer's collection at the end of the second round robin.

Dancing?—What Marine with the beer we had at our big, annual, Aircraft Two dance didn't shake a leg? He didn't need to be a Badger from Milwaukee to get going that night. The Marine Corps Orchestra would make Jimmy Dorsey ask questions. The smooth waltz music made one dreamy, the fox trots made us feel like we had too much mountain dew (under our belts), and when they really went to town, well—one couldn't believe the pep or movements a MT. or Teeh. can go through. Even Lt. Hughes, with a challenge in his eye to Fred "A" of Hollywood. A prize dancing contest was won by Pvt. Buddy C. Kindred. Can he step it. What's the address B. C. K. Gosh, another Blonde. How Buddy ever won after what I seen him do to a table full of sandwiches, will always remain a mystery to me. In conclusion we say: "Let us hope we have more dance committees like the last one."

#### SEA-GOING LOG USS *Colorado*

(Continued from page 15)

Corporal Byxbe and his counterpart, "Burrhead Holman," have turned over a new leaf and made out some mighty big allotments. The boys say they are tired of the gay life and are saving up to buy a chicken ranch, but then you know how those things are.

Pfe. Mark Billing and Corporal Bruner

made a very excellent showing at the rifle and pistol matches up north and came home laden with medals. The boys really collected a nice display of trophies.

In the commissioned personnel, we have been fortunate to get Captain C. B. Graham as guard commander and Second Lieutenant A. T. Greene. Under the capable guidance of our officers, Bennet G. Powers is our First Lieutenant, the guard should have a very fruitful year.

#### USS *CHESTER*

(Continued from page 15)

rent of the river. Someone opened a bottle of beer on the shore side and the crew of Olsen, Tally, and Lang mistook it for a starter's gun and began racing down the stream with another rival directly across from them. Coming down toward the finish line, Coxswain Olsen spurred his two strokes to greater efforts—responding admirably the men literally lifted the craft out of the water and flashed across the line one half length ahead of their rival—a floating log.

Corporal Philbin and Pfe. Wright certainly must have enjoyed themselves while in Portland—for all we heard at the morning mess table was tales of their adventures. Whenever the subject of Seven-Up is mentioned, Cpl. Philbin does a slow burn—now I wonder why he gets so angry. I wonder?

What corporal flushes in embarrassment when addressed as "Sweet Johnny"? According to the originator of the non-de-Plume, Johnny has acquired a certain amount of "polish" or poise that most of us are sadly lacking in.

The love bug will bite you if you don't watch out—is the theme song that "Sheriff" Payne was singing after we left Portland. Pfe. Payne will be only too glad to exchange opinions or give advice on affairs of the heart.

#### USS *NEW MEXICO*


(Continued from page 16)

one night and came back with both his lamps darkened (Twitty claims Kendrick told his gal that it happened playing football) . . . Pellerin finished next to last in the Ping Pong tournament. Yes! He beat "Brezzy" too . . . "Muscles" Lucious proved to be quite a company runner while Andy was on leave . . . That monkey in "Her Jungle Love" is no kin of mine . . . Mitchell, Howell, Orton and Tucker have proven themselves to be the best working quartet we've had in months. Who'll turn the pages while Wooley sings . . . "Porky" Knox has at last started to play hearts . . . Offenbacher was seen giving his "Up Anchor" club instructions on how to judge their distances just prior to our trial run on the smoothest part of Puget Sound. . . "Pop" Lytle now has the "worrying duty" as he has taken over the duties of Police Sergeant . . . Well as stories of the fine range firing clutters around my feet and Young and Weiske want to sit down I'll get up and have more dope next issue.

#### USS *ARIZONA*

(Continued from page 18)

Johnson R. W. is undoubtedly the fastest talker in the Marine Corps (when he doesn't say enough during the day he keeps right on going at night). For the soundest sleeper there is Stewart, who, when he gets going, sounds like a hopped



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up Model T. To him goes the snoring championship. For a watch stander we take Hanke. Cole's eternal dreaming keeps him blissfully happy and with an imagination such as his, no telling where he will stop.

Around and about we find the sailboat crew composed of Youngs, Walters, Morgan, Walker, Zastrow, Cole and Dorris all manning the sheets with a few deck work-outs now and then getting ready to show the fleet how to sail. It is really too bad that the *Arizona* will not be able to enter a whaleboat crew in the Marine Challenge cup this year as we will be in the Navy Yard when the race is pulled elsewhere. For the outstanding event of gunnery practice, we have Estimable Fesselmeyer who, when check sighting the officers rehearsal run, sounded identical to this. "A beauty, sir" on the first shot then on the second, "a repeater sir" and so on for the final salvo. Walters is the key man in the "debutramp" hunting society nowadays and is keeping in practice at every available opportunity. Nothing shall be said about Grantham's escapade as he asked us not to but the coffee was good so we understand. Since leaving Frisco that look in Conley's eye hasn't changed a bit but he no longer goes ashore and stays over all night. Walker feeling bad because she waited as long to answer his letter as he had waited to answer her's.

### TROPICAL TOPICS St. Thomas, V. I.

(Continued from page 20)

other and he lost. Swango was the very worthy fellow who finally made the grade. Rumor has it that Swango will make the grade better than some of the trucks in the garage. Coots, the new "boot" Cpl. has found that is better to stand a four hour watch twice a day than it is to walk one four-hour watch at night. Coots and Swango put up the drinks and the boys certainly hope that more and better ratings are put out. Are they the thirsty things??? Wu Wu Wu!!!

The new crash boat must certainly be a fast boat. We notice that Cpl. Montgomery (NCO in Charge Boats) kept it in hangar and drew flight pay. Marshall will soon be making daily runs to San Juan

if they don't keep their eyes on him.

What certain private, whose initial is Sullivan, stepped down from the liberty truck and couldn't find the deck until his face was touching it? That goes against the gag that he couldn't hit the deck with his own hat (Sully did it with all his clothes).

Stf-Sgt. Coddington and his family have



A Marine Finds Many Interests in  
Guantanamo Bay.

left us after a tour of duty lasting thirty months. Bob has been well liked by many of this squadron and we hope that he likes the West Coast duty. Many fellows were down to see him off on the SS *Catherine* and we know that a good time was had by all. Bob hunted high and low for a walking stick presented to him by his wife for Christmas and it was only by a chance remark to our own Club Steward J. J. Joyee, Jr., that he found it. J. J. had it behind his counter and he held it awaiting the owner and no one claimed it. Bob said he was so used to seeing it around his house that he never knew when he lost it (keep away from the champagne, BOB!!!).

Miller and Murray have been spending

a few days in San Juan, and from their expressions we know that they had a good time.

Murphy has gained the good wishes and envious glances from his admiring bunkies now that he and Newkirk (Mess) have gotten together and started singing and playing the guitar, in the barracks of course. Newkirk has been teaching Murphy a new song called "She Walked in Her Husband's Sleep." It is a very catchy tune. Murphy had been trying diligently for days to master all the chords and runs and finally much to his own and Newk's surprise he managed to manipulate his fingers through the tedious passages. We knew you could do it, Murphy, there isn't a song that you can't play after hearing it several times.

Repairs are going along smoothly and rapidly on the extensions to the Barracks and the hangar and we hope to be able to use both in the near future (we hope...).

The beach has become the meeting place for the elite here lately, as many of the married NCO's have found that is a lot better to have a glowing coat of tan, than to look like a boot from the states.

The old timers got a surprise when Lt.-Col. Mulcahy held his inspection on Saturday, July 23, and upon completion of his inspection asked that all men, who have been here for over one year, submit their names in at Headquarters Office for a trip to Ponce, PR. The lucky "13" turned out to be the lucky "12" when Pvt. Morawiec tossed a coin between himself and Privts. Marshall and NeSmith. Steve lost the trip to Ponce, but he made it up by requesting and being granted a trip to San Juan for a few days. The fellows who flew to Ponce were witness to an attempted assassination of Governor Blanton Winship, governor of these islands. In the shooting one Col. of the National Guard was killed and a senator slightly injured. A courageous policeman at the risk of his own life shot and killed one of the assassins, by a few well aimed shots in the stomach. Cpl. Grimes still insists that Marshall and Doughty were the ones who tried to pull the sidewalks over their heads when the shooting began, but Marshall told us first so I guess Grimes was the one who hunted cover.

Although Cpl. Brazske admits Duke Overstreet purchased a wrist watch from the PX, he still can't tell the reason the Duke came in overleave. Neither can the Duke. It seems the Duke can't do without Mischia or Britten to look after him. What the Duke needs is one of those \$2.50 Little Ben Table Watches that are now on sale at the PX.

By the time this is in print Mrs. Holthus and Taylor will be the newest arrivals, and so I take this time to extend to them my heartiest greetings and wishes. How was the bus ride? I hope that the professional house breakers don't come to welcome you and have a house warming, because Palmer can tell you what happened on the night they visited his house. Bert Green, behave yourself.

### GUANTANAMO BAY

(Continued from page 21)

ones who induced Baldwin to write to the Eden of yearning hearts.

From an unofficial source, it was suggested to Sergeant McGlade that he adopt a swim suit as a liberty uniform. Mac seems to have a peculiar aptitude for the water at Caimanera. Why not give the Marines a break by joining the swimming team, Mac?

THE LEATHERNECK

QM-Sgt. Cryts breaks into the news again. When his effects arrived at this post, two sleds were included among them. I'm afraid prayers will bring neither snow nor ice but perhaps the QM could furnish a bit of borax with which to coat the hills. While I have you at my fingertips Bennie; is it a fact that you keep the lead pencils in the QM safe?

Mess-Sgt. Lowell recently deserted the galley to take charge of a "Spic" army. The change was for the best; a pick and shovel fits his hands better than a skillet. Unless there is a drastic change in Commissary orders for the Mess Hall, it is rumored that your buddy Erpelding will soon become a rear rank private of the fatigue platoon.

The dope's out and I'm off—âDios Amigos.

## GUAM, M. I.

(Continued from page 21)

anticipating as a salad but which his cook, thinking it was cabbage, boiled.

Plat-Sgt. Kyler at one minute past recall daily, holidays and Sundays excepting, trucking it home to the messus just like a homing pigeon.

Sgt. J. Boshman with his new super-duper, double-action, disappearing camera. He has the golf-course Romeos worried. Word has got around that he is thinking of buying a flashlight outfit.

Sgt. Charley Stearmer taken during his daily workout at his training quarters, first bunk to the left.

Mess Sgt. Oscar Baalke in the Post Exchange standing on the brass rail so he can keep his chin out of the suds.

Cpl. W. L. Agee and the ball team out on the field wearing their new red deer-hunter caps. Note: Had to use fast shutter for this one.

Cpl. Salty McKain studying Chinese dictionary for future use.

Cpl. F. E. Pratt, our only golf instructor out on the course instructing that very difficult pupil again.

Police sergeant, Cpl. Charley Spurlock, on his bicycle supervising the upkeep of two miles of hedges, five acres of grass, one hundred palm trees and ump-teen paint pots, G. I. cans, tools, etc.

## CHINA STATION

(Continued from page 12)

Camp Holcomb at Chinwangtao, is a detached post of this station and is commanded by First Lieutenant Kenneth F. McLeod. It is a rifle range used by the 4th Marines, North China Marines, and the ships of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet. It is also an ideal summer resort, used by officers' families and members of the diplomatic corps.

Drills, parades, hiking and school work take up our whole morning, afternoons are devoted to athletics. There is tennis, handball, baseball, bowling, even acy-duey and ping pong. Corporal George C. Hunter is the star, holding the records on the American Club bowling alleys, the best alleys in North China. There are four alleys and George holds all the records of 258, 258, 256, 243, and still trying to better them. Besides bowling George is considered one of the best tennis and handball players of the post and all the girls say he is colossal.

Private Edmund P. Clarke, outstanding for his track work, holds the records for Pole Vault in Peiping and Tientsin. He is also the fastest man in the 100 meter

dash and a stepper in the 200 meter dash. Baseball, indoor or outdoor shows him to have a style all his own, for he can steal more bases than the two teams in Sing Sing.

Private Maurice T. Hamberger, says he will win a first in tennis if George will only hit another truck.

We must stop bragging about our athletics for this issue and shall bring you more about the Tientsin Marines later.

## YOUR HOME TOWN

(Continued from page 5)

sidering the economic situation over the past five years. And this is no reflection upon your intelligence nor home background. These are indisputable facts. Being a Marine is a profession. Not everyone can be one, a fact well known to home-town editors. Let the home-town papers have your stories because when you return home on furlough, or upon discharge, you will find yourself more popular, with better opportunities to begin a career than you would probably have had if you had remained at home, married early, and been forced to put your nose to the proverbial grindstone.

Writing your story doesn't require a knowledge of journalism. You can accomplish it anywhere, while relaxing on your bunk, in the library room, or corking off during leisure hours aboard ship. You can perform it easily, quietly and derive as much enjoyment as you do in keeping a diary. Merely follow these simple instructions:

1. Use pencil or ink.
2. Use simple writing material; something inexpensive.
3. Somewhere in the story include your name, date and place of enlistment; present station, etc.
4. Be sure to give name and address of next of kin.

Selecting your subject matter will be easy. As most anything makes good news. Qualifications since enlisting, i.e., marksmanship, bayonet, swimming, sports participated in; gun-pointer, Marine Corps Institute Courses enrolled in, etc. Here's a good rule to follow: Anything which might interest your own folks, generally makes good reading for others, too. Also, add special appeal to your story by enclosing a photograph of yourself. An ordinary snapshot will do, provided it's clear enough for reproduction in the papers.

Send the story and photograph to the Western Recruiting Division, 100 Harrison Street, San Francisco, California, or Marine Corps Publicity Bureau, 1100 South Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. Here the material will undergo a re-editing, if necessary, copies made and then forwarded to the respective newspapers in the towns in which the kin of the writer lives.

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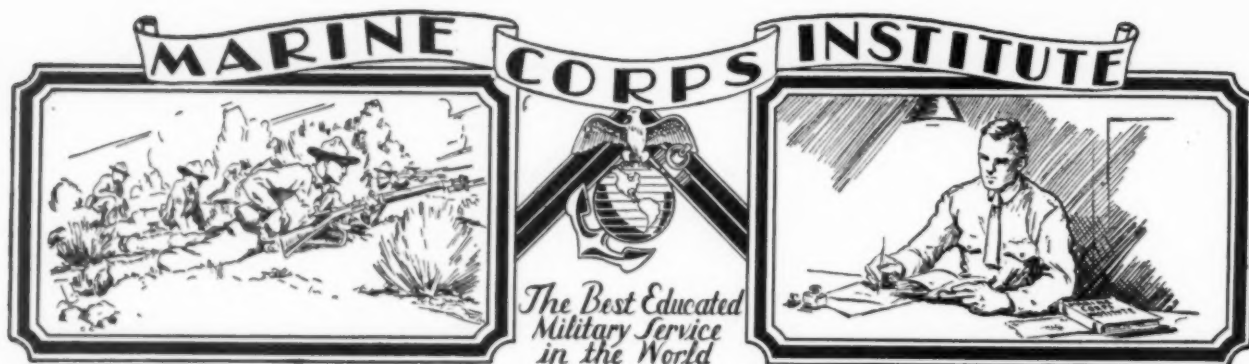
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21. Modern European History
35. Physics
8. Chemistry
14. Physical Geography
26. Physiology and Health
50. Geography
9. Civics

12. Economics
4. Bookkeeping I
5. Bookkeeping II
27. Business Law
30. Secretarial Studies
38. Shorthand, Gregg
- 38-A. Shorthand, Gregg, Advanced
41. Typewriting
51. Penmanship

# THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corp on July 31	18,405
<b>COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT</b> —July 31	1,369
Separations during August	1
Appointments during August	1,368
Total Strength on August 31	17,036
<b>ENLISTED</b> —Total Strength on July 31	16,311
Separations during August	785
Joinings during August	17,096
Total Strength Marine Corps on August 31	18,467



## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.  
 Brig. Gen. Clayton B. Vogel, The Adjutant and Inspector.  
 Brig. Gen. Seth Williams, The Quartermaster.  
 Brig. Gen. Russell B. Putnam, The Paymaster.

### Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.  
 Brig. Gen. William P. Upshur.  
 Col. Henry L. Larsen.  
 Lt. Col. Claude A. Larkin.  
 Maj. Rupert R. Deese.  
 Capt. Marion A. Fawcett.  
 1st Lt. Edwin A. Law.

### Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.  
 Brig. Gen. William P. Upshur.  
 Col. William H. Rupertus.  
 Lt. Col. Claude A. Larkin.  
 Maj. Rupert R. Deese.  
 Capt. Marion A. Fawcett.  
 1st Lt. Edwin A. Law.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

AUGUST 10, 1938.

Col. Joseph C. Fegan, on or about 21 Aug., 1938, detached MB, Wash., D. C., and ordered to duty as CO, 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via steamer sailing San Francisco, Calif., 23 Sept., 1938. Delay en route San Francisco to 22 Sept.

Major Robert E. Mills, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I., via steamer sailing San Francisco, Calif., 23 Sept., 1938. Delay en route San Francisco to 22 Sept.

Capt. Edgar G. Kirkpatrick, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., and ordered to his home to retire 1 Oct., 1938.  
 1st Lt. Joseph P. McCaffery, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Robert E. Cushman, Jr., about 15 Aug., 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. John W. Easley, orders detaching this officer from MCB, San Diego, Calif., to FMF, revoked.

2nd Lt. Paul J. Fontana, on reporting NYd, Mare Island, Calif., assigned to MD, Naval Prison, that yard.

2nd Lt. Robert W. Thomas, on reporting NYd, Mare Island, Calif., assigned to MD, Naval Prison, that yard.

Ch.QM.Clk. James Lippert, about 15 Sept., 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via steamer sailing San Francisco, 23 Sept., 1938.

Following named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 2 August, 1938, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Lt. Col. Lewie G. Merritt—29 June, 1938, No. 7.  
 Capt. Bankson T. Holcomb, Jr., 30 June, 1938, No. 3.  
 Capt. James B. Lake, Jr.,—2 June, 1938, No. 9.  
 1st Lt. John S. Oldfield—1 July, 1938, No. 31.  
 1st Lt. Gould P. Groves—1 July, 1938, No. 22.

(Continued on page 65)

## U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

AUGUST 1, 1938.

Sgt. Fred Harrison—FMF, Quantico, to Asiatic.

Cpl. John Mesco—USS "Wyoming," to Parris Island.

AUGUST 2, 1938.

Cpl. Erick Stromstad—Philadelphia to Asiatic.

Cpl. Allan M. Black—Cape May to DofS, Phila.

Sgt. A. D. Morgan—Quantico to FMF, San Diego.

AUGUST 3, 1938.

Sgt. Wm. T. McLaughlin—NYd, Washington, to Newport.

Cpl. L. E. Sterling—Quantico to MB, Washington.

Staff Sgt. Ralph Martin—FMF, Quantico, to Air Two.

MTS. R. V. Thurman—FMF, San Diego, to Air One.

Tech. Sgt. E. L. Dunn—FMF, San Diego, to Air One.

AUGUST 4, 1938.

Plat-Sgt. T. G. Fields—USS "Yorktown" to Norfolk for "Phoenix."

AUGUST 5, 1938.

Cpl. A. F. Gervas—Pensacola to Bremerton.

Cpl. J. J. Baltra—MCR&P to RR, Wakefield.

AUGUST 6, 1938.

Tech-Sgt. H. A. Papen—Air One to Air Two.

Cpl. J. P. Leachman—FMF, Quantico, to Parris Island.

Cpl. F. B. Cowan—Parris Island to FMF, Quantico.

Tech-Sgt. R. C. Waits—WC to Cavite.

Cpl. E. H. Walker—WC to Cavite.

Cpl. Kenneth E. Whitehouse—WC to Cavite.

Cpl. C. T. Waller—WC to Cavite.

Cpl. J. A. Jester—WC to Peiping.

AUGUST 8, 1938.

1st Sgt. Glenn A. Wheeler—WC to Cavite for FMCR.

Cpl. J. R. New—Parris Island to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. J. Reichert—FMF, Quantico, to Asiatic.

AUGUST 9, 1938.

Gy-Sgt. C. E. Angus—FMF, Quantico, to FMF, San Diego.

Sgt. B. E. Johnson—Annapolis to CRD.

AUGUST 10, 1938.

Cpl. Sigur Fosse—MB, Washington, to New York.

Sgt. F. J. Bergmann—Annapolis to San Diego.

Cpl. G. Reid—Philadelphia to Air One.

Cpl. M. J. Conley—NYd, Washington, to NBG.

1st Sgt. D. J. Donahoe—WC to Lakehurst.

1st Sgt. A. C. Marts—WC to South Charleston.

1st Sgt. T. H. Sundhausen—WC to Annapolis.

Tech-Sgt. A. J. Anderson—Air Two to Air One.

Plat-Sgt. J. C. Gardner—WC to FMF, Quantico.

AUGUST 11, 1938.

Cpl. J. W. Rider—USS "Texas" to San Diego.

Cpl. E. L. Avery—Quantico to Norfolk SS.

(Continued on page 69)

## RECENT REENLISTMENTS

KRANTZ, Abraham, 7-26-38, San Francisco for MB, Mare Island.

SWANSON, Harold, 7-27-38, San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.

CARLSON, Earl O., 7-29-38, MB, Norfolk, for NOB, Norfolk, Va.

ECK, Charles F., 7-23-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.

LENTZ, John, 7-30-38, MB, Quantico for PSBN, Quantico.

MANNING, Wendell W., 7-28-38, Pensacola for NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

WALTERS, Jack, 7-9-38, Shanghai, China, for Shanghai.

LEVY, Alvert, 8-1-38, New York for MB, Quantico, Va.

PARICE, Nicholas D., 8-1-38, Philadelphia for MB, Charleston, S. C.

BOSTICK, Earl, 7-28-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego, Calif.

DEARDEUFF, Leslie W., 8-1-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico.

FAULKNER, Henry H., 8-1-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico.

WILLIAMS, Donald W., 7-30-38, Chicago for Rectg. Duty, Chicago.

BARKER, Howard D., 7-30-38, Savannah for MB, Parris Island.

BARR, James A., 8-2-38, MB, Quantico, for USBN, Quantico.

CARTER, George L., 8-2-38, MB, Portsmouth, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

COBLE, George C., 8-2-38, New London for SB, New London, Conn.

HAGEN, Dudley J., 7-28-38, Bremerton for PSNYd, Bremerton.

LEVINE, Herman J., 8-1-38, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.

PUSKARICH, Mike E., 8-2-38 MB Quantico, for USBN, Quantico.

STANLEY, Nolen, 7-28-38, DB, San Diego, for MD, USS "Ranger."

AMACKER, Robert W., 8-1-38, New Orleans for MCB, San Diego.

BUNTIN, Joseph S., 8-2-38, MB, New York, for MB, NYd, New York.

DOUSE, Kenneth, 8-4-38, MB Washington, for MarBand, Washington.

MORGAN, Alex D., 8-3-38, MB, Quantico, for Sig Co., Quantico.

MORRIS, Carroll A., 8-3-38, MB, Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.

WARRICK, James H., 8-3-38, NOB, Norfolk, for MB, NOB, Norfolk.

SMITH, Edward J., 8-4-38, Philadelphia for MB, Quantico.

CAMERON, Joseph, 8-3-38, Chicago for MB, Parris Island.

BISHOP, Jack R., 7-30-38, San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.

BYRNE, Michael, 8-1-38, San Francisco, for MCB, San Diego.

KING, Thomas A., 8-1-38, MB, Parris Island for NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.

ROHRER, Ernest E., 8-3-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico.

DAVEY, Erald D., 8-7-38, Washington for Hdqrs., Washington.

PACZKOWSKI, Edward E., 8-5-38, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.

CARBAUGH, Newton E., 8-1-38, Bremerton for PSNYd, Bremerton.

GOLDMEYER, Henry G., 8-6-38, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico.

GORDON, William, 8-2-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

HENDERSHOT, James B., 7-30-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

(Continued on page 69)

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# MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 67)

Ch.QM.Clk. Alexander N. Entringer—7 June, 1938.

AUGUST 17, 1938.

Lt. Col. William H. Rupertus, about 21 Aug., 1938, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MB, Wash., D. C., via SS "President Coolidge," due to arrive San Francisco, Calif., 12 Sept., 1938.

Capt. Rupert R. Deese, about 1 Sept., 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig. FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff, Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Kenneth W. Benner, about 15 Nov., 1938, detached Staff, Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Charles W. Pohl, about 20 Aug., 1938, detached 4th Bn., MCR, (O) Newark, N. J., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. John D. Blanchard, about 15 Sept., 1938, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Joseph P. McCaffery, promoted to grade of captain on 9 Aug., 1938, subject to confirmation, with rank from 30 June, 1938, No. 10.

Capt. Wright C. Taylor, Marine Detachment, USS "Boise," detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., on 11 Aug., 1938, to USS "Boise," under command Capt. Taylor and with 2nd Lt. MacIntyre.

2nd Lt. Jean W. Moreau, about 13 Sept., 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

2nd Lt. Oscar K. LaRoque, Jr., orders detaching this officer from MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., revoked.

2nd Lt. John W. Allen, appointed a second lieutenant in Marine Corps and ordered to Basic School, BM, NYd, Phila., Pa.

2nd Lt. George A. Graves, appointed a second lieutenant in Marine Corps and ordered to Aircraft 1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 15 August, 1938, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Lt. Col. Joseph T. Smith—29 June, 1938, No. 4.

1st Lt. Bruce T. Hemphill—6 June, 1938, No. 23.

1st Lt. Willard C. Fiske—1 July, 1938, No. 12.

1st Lt. Alexander B. Swencski—1 July, 1938, No. 34.

AUGUST 24, 1938.

1st Lt. Frederick A. Ramsey, Jr., on 10 Sept., 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Signal Corps School, Ft. Monmouth, N. J., to report 15 Sept.

1st Lt. Carl A. Laster, on 10 Sept., 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Signal Corps School, Ft. Monmouth, N. J., to report 15 Sept.

1st Lt. William N. McGill, on 10 Sept., 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Signal Corps School, Ft. Monmouth, N. J., to report 15 Sept.

Ch. Pay Clk. James U. Meyer, on or about 2 Sept., 1938, detached Office Paymaster, Southeastern Pay Area, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via USAT "Grant," sailing New York, N. Y., 9 Sept.

QM. Clk. Percy H. Uhlinger, about 3 Sept., 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USAT "Grant," sailing New York, N. Y., 9 Sept.

Following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 19 Aug., 1938, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Captain Mercade A. Cramer—2 June, 1938, No. 8.

1st Lt. Carey A. Randall—1 July, 1938, No. 16.

AUGUST 31, 1938.

Capt. Benjamin F. Kaiser, relieved from duty at MCB, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Harold R. Lee, on or about 30 Sept., 1938, detached Air Corps Technical School, Lowry Field, Denver, Colo., to AC1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Prentice A. Shielier, on or about 15 September, 1938, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

1st Lt. Mortimer A. Marks, resignation accepted, effective 25 Oct., 1938.

2nd Lt. James W. Ferguson, on or about 15 September, 1938, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Harry A. Waldorf, when directed by Comdt. NYd, Mare Island, Calif., detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, Fleet Air Base, San Pedro, Calif.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Otho Wiggs, on or about 15 September, 1938, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

The following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 26 August, 1938, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Lt. Col. Omar T. Pfeiffer—29 June, 1938, No. 6.

Lt. Col. Claude A. Larkin—29 June, 1938, No. 3.

Major James H. Strother—29 June, 1938, No. 20.

Major John A. Bemis—29 June, 1938, No. 25.

Major William W. Davies—29 June, 1938, No. 28.

Major Vernon E. Megge—29 June, 1938, No. 29.

Capt. Robert R. Porter—30 June, 1938, No. 16.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1938.

Col. Charles J. Miller, died on 4 September, 1938.

Capt. Clinton E. Fox, detached from MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., and ordered to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Capt. Miller V. Parsons, detached from Hdqrs., USMC, Wash., D. C., and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. William W. Orr, ordered detached from MD, Tientsin, China, to 4th Marines, Shanghai.

Capt. James E. Kerr, ordered detached from 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to duty with MD, Tientsin, China.

1st Lt. Joe C. McHaney, about 1 November, 1938, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to duty MD, USS "Augusta."

2nd Lt. William R. Wendt, ordered detached from MD, USS "Augusta" to duty with MD, AE, Peiping, China.

1st Lt. George Corson, ordered detached from MD, AE, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via USS "Chaumont" from Manila about 26 November, 1938.

1st Lt. William J. VanRyzin, ordered detached from MD, AE, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via USS "Chaumont" from Manila about 26 November, 1938.

1st Lt. Stanley W. Trachta, ordered detached from MD, Tientsin, China, to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via "Chaumont," sailing from Manila about 26 November, 1938.

1st Lt. Herman Nickerson, Jr., ordered detached from 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via "Chaumont," sailing from Manila about 26 Nov., 1938.

Ch.QM.Clk. Landreville Ledoux, ordered detached from 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via "Chaumont," sailing from Manila about 26 Nov., 1938.

Ch.QM.Clk. Alexander N. Entringer, ordered detached from 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MCB, San Diego, Calif., via "Chaumont," sailing from Manila about 26 November, 1938.

Pay Clk. Vernice S. Calvert, on acceptance of appointment as Pay Clerk in the Marine Corps, assigned to active duty, and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty in Post P.M. Office.

Pay Clk. Herman A. Zehngobot, on acceptance of appointment as Pay Clerk in the Marine Corps, assigned to active duty, and ordered to duty in Office of Paymaster, Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

The following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 2 September, 1938, with rank from the dates shown:

Major William O. Brice—1 July, 1938, No. 1.

Major Hayne D. Boyden—29 June, 1938, No. 12.

Major Ivan W. Miller—29 June, 1938, No. 21.

1st Lt. William S. McCormick—1 July, 1938, No. 18.

1st Lt. Frederick P. Henderson—1 Sept., 1938, No. 1.

1st Lt. Gordon A. Bell—1 Sept., 1938, No. 9.

1st Lt. Robert A. McGill—1 Sept., 1938, No. 10.

1st Lt. James M. Clark—1 Sept., 1938, No. 11.

1st Lt. William W. Buchanan—1 Sept., 1938, No. 16.

1st Lt. Jack Tabor—1 Sept., 1938, No. 17.

1st Lt. Eschol M. Mallory—1 Sept., 1938, No. 20.

1st Lt. Robert D. Moser—1 Sept., 1938, No. 21.

1st Lt. Joseph N. Renner—1 Sept., 1938, No. 22.

1st Lt. William R. Collins—1 Sept., 1938, No. 24.

1st Lt. John J. Nilan, Jr.—1 Sept., 1938, No. 26.

1st Lt. Herbert H. Williamson—1 Sept., 1938, No. 27.

1st Lt. Leo R. Smith—1 Sept., 1938, No. 28.

1st Lt. William E. Boles—1 Sept., 1938, No. 34.

1st Lt. Joseph R. Little, Jr.—1 Sept., 1938, No. 42.

1st Lt. Lawrence H. McCulley—1 Sept., 1938, No. 43.



# U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 67)

QM. Sgt. Wm. L. Williams—WC to Quantico.  
AUGUST 12, 1938.  
Sgt. W. L. Franklin—MB, Washington, to Norfolk for "Phoenix."  
Cpl. Melvin Hicks—Quantico to Dover.  
AUGUST 15, 1938.  
Sgt. L. A. Lang—NYd, Washington, to FMF, Quantico.  
Sgt. R. J. Covington—NOB, Norfolk, to Coco Solo for SSS.  
Cpl. E. F. Zacharias—FMF, Quantico, to Lakehurst.  
Cpl. Nathan Conyers—San Diego to Parris Island.  
Cpl. J. Coulter—Parris Island to Lakehurst.  
Cpl. L. E. Coburn—San Diego to FMF, San Diego.  
AUGUST 16, 1938.  
Sgt. Burl Wilson—So. Charleston to FMF, Quantico.  
Cpl. R. E. Davis—NYd, Portsmouth, to Sea School.  
Cpl. John Coulter—Parris Island to Lakehurst.  
AUGUST 17, 1938.  
Cpl. L. J. Smith—MB, Washington NBG. Staff-Sgt. N. P. Lengyel—WC to Shanghai.  
Staff Sgt. W. O. Adams—APM, San Francisco, to FMF, San Diego.  
Cpl. A. Merrick—USS "New Orleans" to So. Charleston.  
AUGUST 18, 1938.  
Cpl. C. L. Eckstein—USS "New York" to San Diego.  
Sgt. R. J. Britten—FMF, Quantico to Lakehurst.  
Col. R. L. Gray—FMF, Quantico to Lakehurst.  
QM. Sgt. F. Harris—San Diego to Mare Island.  
Cpl. A. G. Folsom—FMF, Quantico, to USS "Boise."  
AUGUST 19, 1938.  
Pm. Sgt. J. E. Hall—San Diego to FMF, San Diego.  
Cpl. G. Z. Simandl—FMF, Quantico, to Iona Island.  
AUGUST 20, 1938.  
Cpl. C. Jones—Philadelphia to San Diego.  
1st Sgt. C. F. A. Germer—Norfolk to New York.  
Cpl. G. Z. Simandl—FMF, Quantico, to New York.  
AUGUST 22, 1938.  
Cpl. Wm. Carlson—Ft. Mifflin to New York.  
Sgt. W. L. Tate—Ft. Lafayette to FMF, Quantico.  
AUGUST 23, 1938.  
Cpl. O. P. Waters—FMF, Quantico, to New York.  
Gy-Sgt. J. M. Broderick—FMF, Quantico, to Norfolk.  
Sgt. P. Samborski—Philadelphia to FMF, Quantico.  
1st Sgt. F. Belton—FMCR, Washington, to NYd, Washington.  
AUGUST 24, 1938.  
Cpl. T. J. McCabe—Keyport to New London.  
Cpl. L. J. Kerne—FMF, Quantico, to PM, Philadelphia.  
Cpl. C. H. Dent—Quantico to FMF.  
Cpl. J. K. Cooper—Mare Island to Quantico.  
Sgt. J. D. Kurner—San Diego to South Charleston.  
Cpl. W. B. Griffin—Norfolk to MB, Washington.  
1st Sgt. F. Belton—5th FMCR to MB, Washington.  
AUGUST 25, 1938.  
Cpl. T. C. Smith—USS "Philadelphia" to Philadelphia.  
Cpl. P. P. Bonashefski—FMF, Quantico, to Parris Island.  
AUGUST 26, 1938.  
Sup-Sgt. T. Stepanuk—FMF, San Diego, to Air One.  
Sgt. L. E. Rommerdall—Air Two to Air One.  
Cpl. J. E. Mann—Cape May to New York.  
Cpl. P. J. Westbrook—Cape May to RS, New York.  
Plat-Sgt. I. N. Kelly—1st Brig. to 2nd Brig.  
AUGUST 27, 1938.  
Cpl. K. E. Brown—FMF, San Diego, to Pensacola.  
AUGUST 29, 1938.  
Sgt. A. A. Romano—New York to Norfolk for "Phoenix."

Cpl. A. Wood—FMF, Quantico, to Philadelphia.  
Cpl. H. M. Payne—NYd, Washington, to Philadelphia AS.  
AUGUST 30, 1938.  
Tech-Sgt. Jimmerson—AS to EC for FMCR.  
Cpl. R. P. Farmer—FMF, Quantico, to Norfolk SS.  
Sgt. G. T. Edwards—USS "Vincennes" to New York.  
1st Sgt. A. Gruntowicz—Annapolis to San Diego.

## RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 67)

JESTER, Joseph A., 8-2-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
KELLY, Frank J., 8-6-38, St. Pul. Creek for St. Juliens Creek, Va.  
LIGHTSEY, Johnny M., 8-6-38, MB, NYd, Washington, for MCB, San Diego.  
WALKER, Russell, 8-2-38, MB, Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island.  
PRIATTI, James, 8-3-38, San Francisco for NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.  
BORGALT, Alfred A., 8-8-38, MB, Philadelphia, for Asiatic.  
LONG, John, 8-2-38, USS "Asheville" for USS "Asheville."  
MARTIN, Kenneth L., 8-6-38, MD, New York, for RS, NYd, New York.  
MARTS, Albert C., 8-3-38, Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island.  
PARSELS, Fred A., 8-8-38, MB, Quantico, for Sig. Co., Quantico.  
CLATON, John B., 8-8-38, Philadelphia for DoFS, Philadelphia.  
GOVEIT, Herbert M., 8-9-38, MB, Philadelphia, for MB, Philadelphia.  
HUMPHREY, Madison E., 8-9-38, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico.  
KING, Stanley, Iona Island for NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.  
WIART, Andy J., 8-4-38, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.  
CHARLESTON, Clarence R., 8-10-38, Iona Island for NAD, Iona Island.  
GORDON, Joe D., 8-9-38, USS "Yorktown" for USS "Yorktown."  
KELLEHER, George A., 8-11-38, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico.  
WILLIAMS, Lewis T., 8-11-38, MB, Charleston, for FMF, Quantico.  
YOUNG, Luther W., 8-11-38, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico.  
BARRY, Joseph F., 8-4-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
CRONAN, Stephen A., 8-6-38, Mare Island for FMF, Quantico.  
JENKINS, Lawson G., 8-7-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
BROWN, Clifford J., 8-13-38, Philadelphia for DoFS, Philadelphia.  
CROZIER, John T., 8-14-38, Washington for Hdqrs., Washington.  
BOZOSKI, Stanley J., 8-9-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
DEAN, Paul R., 8-4-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
GUIDETTI, Louis, 8-8-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
PINES, Gerald L., 8-8-38, Bremerton, for PSNYd, Bremerton.  
REYNOLDS, Robert B., 8-8-38, MCB, San Diego, for Aviation, San Diego.  
SIMPSON, Walter L., 8-9-38, NAS, San Diego, for San Diego, Calif.  
HENSON, James H., 8-1-38, Seattle for PSNYd, Bremerton.  
BUMGARDNER, Alvin A., 8-11-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
HAYES, Ira N., 8-14-38, DoFS, Norfolk, for DoFS, Norfolk.  
PEEL, James L., 8-15-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
RAPIER, Thomas G., 8-14-38, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.  
WILLIAMS, Robert L., 8-10-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
TASSA, Michael, 8-16-38, Washington for Hdqrs., Washington.  
CARBARY, James, 8-10-38, NAS, San Diego, for Aviation, San Diego.  
FERRANTO, Felix L., 8-16-38, MBNY, Washington, for MB, Quantico.  
FEUSTEL, Charles D., 8-16-38, MBNY, Washington, for MBNY, Washington.  
McMILLAN, William L., 8-15-38, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.  
STRINGFELLOW, Orville G., 8-15-38, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.  
STALLKNECHT, Edward S., 8-16-38, Savannah for MB, Parris Island.  
BRUDNA, John, 8-13-38, Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton.

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 MILES, Ailee, 8-9-38, USS "Lexington" for USS "Lexington."  
 PUUMALA, Walfred U., 8-9-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
 WALLACE, Bruce, 8-18-38, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico.  
 BRIMMER, Charles W., 8-15-38, Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.  
 MANSPFIELD, James, 8-15-38, Los Angeles, for MCB, San Diego.  
 FOX, Herbert E., 8-18-38, MB, Boston, for MB, NYd, Boston.  
 MILLS, Agge V., 8-13-38, NAS, San Diego, for Aviation, San Diego.  
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 KASZYCKI, Anthony, 8-13-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
 MOORE, Carlton, 8-16-38, Mare Island for MB, NP, Mare Island.  
 STANSLOW, John J., 8-4-38, DB, San Diego, for DB, San Diego.  
 ADAMS, Frank S., 8-12-38, Denver for MCB, San Diego.  
 ANDERSON, Emory L., 8-21-38, Camp Perry for Camp Perry.  
 BRAZKE, Herman A., 8-13-38, St. Thomas for FMF, St. Thomas, V. I.  
 EATON, Louis M., 8-21-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.  
 EILAND, James C., 8-21-38, Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.  
 McLAUGHLIN, William T., 8-21-38, MBNY, Washington, for NTS, Newport.  
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 EAKES, John T., 8-25-38, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Aviation, Quantico.  
 LAMAR, Albert B., 8-19-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
 SMITH, Lester D., 8-18-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
 LOVING, Ralph O., 8-20-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
 WILLIAMS, Wm. L., 8-20-38, Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.  
 KENDRICK, A. J., 8-25-38, Macon for Rec. Ship, Brooklyn.  
 MINK, Joe B., 8-24-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
 SAUNDERS, Wm. J., 8-28-38, Philadelphia for DoS, Philadelphia.  
 BENKER, John J., 8-29-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.  
 HARDICK, Michael J., 8-28-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.  
 HINES, James D., 8-18-38, Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton.  
 KEENUM, Waymon, 8-27-38, MB, Philadelphia, for MB, Philadelphia.  
 MCGREGOR, Louis A., 8-30-38, MB, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

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#### TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

First Sergeant Joseph Vitek, USMC, Class I(b), September 15, 1938. Future address: 3830 5th Avenue, San Diego, Calif.

Private Giovanni Miano, USMC, Class I(a), September 15, 1938. Future address: 428 East 116th Street, New York, N. Y.

Platoon Sergeant Morris Abramovitz, USMC, Class I(b), September 15, 1938. Future address: Army and Navy YMCA, San Diego, California.

First Sergeant Walter M. Cooke, USMC, Class I(b), September 1, 1938. Future address: care of General Delivery, Toms River, New Jersey.

Quartermaster Sergeant Harold L. Flynn, USMC, Class I(b), August 15, 1938. Future address: U. S. Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia.

Corporal Alfred F. Gervas, USMC, Class I(a), August 31, 1938. Future address: Army and Navy YMCA, First Street, Bremerton, Washington.

Sergeant Jamor Alban H. Uhlman, USMC, Class I(b), August 22, 1938. Future address: care of W. S. Hunter, Reed, West Virginia.

#### DEATHS

The following deaths have been reported to Marine Corps Headquarters during the month of August, 1938:

##### Officers

BARKER, Frederick A., Brigadier General, USMC, retired, died August 22, 1938, of disease at U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Norma E. Barker, wife, care of Col. H. M. Smith, USMC Qtrs. No. 2, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

BEARSS, Hiram L., Brigadier General, USMC, retired, died August 27, 1938, as the result of an automobile accident near Columbia, Indiana. Next of kin: Mrs. Louise M. Bearss, wife, care of Frank Bearss, Peru, Indiana.

SPROUL, Joseph P., Major, USMC, inactive, died August 16, 1938, of disease at Los Angeles, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Joseph P. Sproul, wife, 502 South Irving Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

##### Enlisted Men

BOEYEN, Wilhelms J., Corporal, USMC, died August 15, 1938, of cerebral hemorrhage at U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Wilhelms J. Boeyen, wife, 729 United Street, Key West, Florida.

CORRON, Wayne B., Corporal, USMC, died August 23, 1938, (drowned) at Torrey Pines Beach, San Diego County, California. Next of kin: Mr. William S. Corron, father, Route 1, Box 51, Parkdale, Oregon.

JENNINGS, William, Corporal, USMC, died August 9, 1938, of disease at Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va. No next of kin designated.

PORITZ, Norman, Sergeant Major, USMC, retired, died August 24, 1938, of disease at U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mr. Ely Poritz, brother, address unknown.

POOLE, John T., Gunnery Sergeant, USMC, retired, died July 27, 1938, of disease at City Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Charles Fleck, Attorney for Administrator of Estate, 1540 Standard Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

#### RIFLE RECORD QUALIFICATION FIRING SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1938

	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqualified	P.C. Qual.
Requalifications	1171—13.1%	2712—35.1%	2974—38.4%	886—11.4%	88.6%
Recruits	55—3.2%	322—19.0%	824—48.5%	498—29.3%	70.7%
Marine Corps	1226—13.0%	3034—32.2%	3798—40.2%	1378—14.6%	85.4%

##### HIGH SCORE:

Rifle: Sgt. Raymond D. Chaney, San Diego, Calif.	338
1st Sgt. Claud A. Mudd, MD, USS "California"	338
Pl. Sgt. Claude N. Harris, Wakefield, Mass.	338
Sgt. Roice L. Biffle, Bremerton, Wash.	338
Pfc. Walter L. Devine, Norfolk, Va.	338

##### HIGH SCORE:

Pistol: Sgt. Robert E. Schneeman, New London, Conn.	99.6
---	------

FITZGERALD, Laurence J., Staff Sergeant, USMC, retired, died August 22, 1938, of disease at 4005 Berrone Street, New Orleans, Louisiana. Next of kin: Mr. Edward J. Fitzgerald, brother, 40 Esther Street, Worcester, Mass.

ONDIK, George, Corporal, USMC (O), inactive, died August 16, 1938, of disease at Monmouth Memorial Hospital, Long Branch, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. Katerina Zorowski, aunt, 5 Cary Street, West Orange, N. J.

ROSCISZEWSKI, Henry C., Pfc., USMC (O), inactive, died August 19, 1938, of disease at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Next of kin: Mrs. Josephine Rosciszewski, 4845 Melrose Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GYLLIN, Bert R., Private, USMC (O), inactive, died July 21, 1938, of concussion of brain as the result of automobile accident at St. Joseph's Hospital, Elgin, Illinois. Next of kin: Mr. Bert Gyllin, father, 1617 Carmen Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

#### TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Canal Zone, 29 August; arrive San Diego 8 September, leave 10 September; arrive San Pedro 11 September, leave 13 September; arrive San Francisco 15 September, leave 27 September; arrive Honolulu 4 October, leave 6 October; arrive Guam 10 October, leave 20 October; arrive Manila 25 October, leave 26 November; arrive Guam 1 December, leave 2 December; arrive Honolulu 13 December, leave 15 December; arrive San Francisco 22 December. NOTE: "Chaumont" to depart San Francisco for East Coast on 9 January, 1939.

HENDERSON—Leave NOB Norfolk 17 October; arrive Guantanamo 21 October, leave 21 October; arrive Canal Zone 24 October, leave 27 October; arrive San Diego 6 November, leave 8 November; arrive San Pedro 9 November, leave 11 November; arrive San Francisco Area 13 November. NOTE: "Henderson" at Norfolk for overhaul from 11 August to 11 October, 1938, and to depart for West Coast on 17 October.

NITRO—Leave Iona Island 7 September; arrive Philadelphia 8 September, leave 13 September; arrive NOB Norfolk 14 September, leave 24 September; arrive Guantanamo 28 September, leave 28 September; arrive Canal Zone 1 October, leave 5 October; arrive San Diego 15 October, leave 15 October; arrive San Pedro 16 October, leave 19 October; arrive Mare Island 22 October, leave 29 October; arrive Puget Sound 22 November. NOTE: "Nitro" to depart Puget Sound for East Coast about 15 November, 1938.

SIRIUS—"Sirius" at Pearl Harbor. To tow Dredge "Hell Gate" to Midway. Will return to San Francisco when present duty completed.

VEGA—Leave Puget Sound 19 September; arrive Mare Island 23 September, leave 4 October; arrive San Pedro 6 October, leave 7 October; arrive San Diego 8 October, leave 11 October; arrive Corinto 22 October, leave 22 October; arrive Canal Zone 25 October, leave 28 October; arrive Guantanamo 31 October, leave 31 October; arrive NOB Norfolk 5 November.

RAMAPO—Arrive, Guam 5 September, leave 6 September; arrive Manila 12 September, leave 23 September; arrive Mare Island 22 October. NOTE: "Ramapo" at Mare Island for overhaul from 24 October to 20 December, 1938.

SALINAS—Leave NOB Norfolk 3 September; arrive Guantanamo 9 September, leave 15 September; arrive Beaumont 21 September, leave 22 September; arrive NOB Norfolk 29 September, leave 3 October; arrive Beaumont 10 October, leave 11 October; arrive NOB Norfolk 18 October.

TRINITY—Leave Philadelphia 6 September; arrive NOB Norfolk 7 September, leave 13 September; arrive Guantanamo 18 September, leave 21 September; arrive Gulf Coast 26 September, leave 28 September; arrive Canal Zone 4 October, leave 7 October; arrive San Diego 19 October.



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BECAUSE OF A MESSHALL ALTERCATION AT THE MARINE BARRACKS, PHILADELPHIA, HERB GOVER WHO WAS THEN LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMP OF THE ASIATICS, AND JACK HARP WHO HAD RECENTLY RETURNED FROM GUANTANAMO BAY WITH MANY RING VICTORIES STEPPED OUTSIDE TO "SETTLE IT", NEITHER KNOWING WHO THE OTHER WAS. THE SCRAP WAS WORTH MONEY TO WATCH WITH HARP, BY HIS OWN ADMISSION, GETTING THE WORST OF IT. HARP LEFT THE SERVICE AND CONTINUED HIS BOXING, FINALLY WINNING THE WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SOUTH.

THANK PATRICK



WALTER WINCHELL SAYS THAT THE WELL KNOWN MOVIE DIRECTOR, WOODY VAN DYKE HAS A CLAUSE IN HIS CONTRACT THAT IN THE EVENT THIS COUNTRY GOES TO WAR, HIS CONTRACT IS AUTOMATICALLY CANCELLED SO THAT HE MAY SAIL OR MARCH WITH THE U.S. MARINES.



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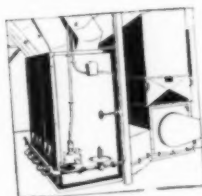
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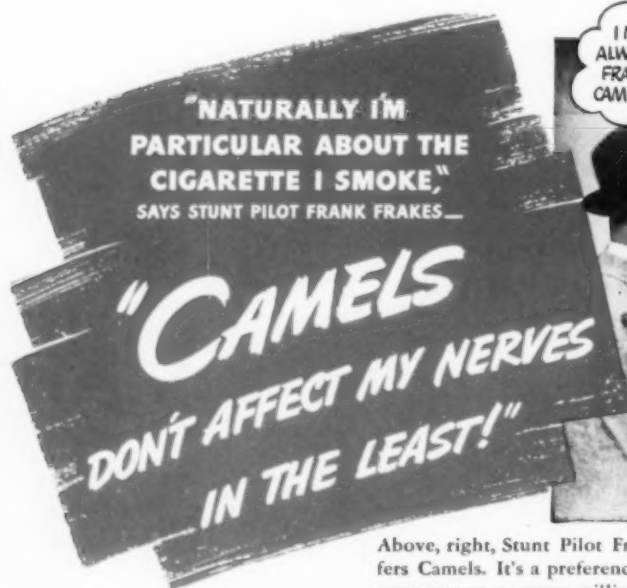


"SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES, you crash into a house..." That is actually what aerial warfare movie scripts demand of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. But up he goes, his plane's wings soaked in gasoline. High in the sky, he touches off elec-

trical sparks, swoops down ablaze in a roaring power-dive. Leveling off (Picture 1), he heads straight for the spectacular crack-up that thrills even hardened movie directors. Will Frakes come through that house alive? He's per-

formed such stunts more than fifty times. **CRASH!** (Picture 2) As he hits with terrific impact, a charge of dynamite is exploded inside the house (Picture 3) to heighten the effect. Wings ripped off (Picture 4), the flaming plane shoots

out—hopelessly **WRECKED!** Frakes? Below you see him safe, smiling, ready to enjoy his favorite smoke—a Camel! "Stunt-flying is exhausting work," says Pilot Frakes. "When I need a 'lift' in energy I get it with a Camel."



I NOTICE THAT YOU ALWAYS SMOKE CAMELS, FRANK. DO YOU FIND CAMELS SO DIFFERENT?

YES...IN MILDNESS, IN TASTE, IN LOTS OF WAYS. BESIDES, STUNTFLYING DEMANDS HEALTHY NERVES. CAMELS DON'T AFFECT MY NERVES IN THE LEAST—I CAN SMOKE AS MANY AS I WANT. CAMELS AGREE WITH ME IN MANY WAYS—AND OTHER PILOTS SAY THE SAME!

Above, right, Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes tells Gordon Weaver more about why he prefers Camels. It's a preference with a *reason*: Camel's costlier tobaccos! And that's the same reason so many millions of smokers have turned to Camels. Do *you* want more smoking pleasure? Make your next smoke the cigarette of costlier tobaccos—Camel!

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"I'M NOT A CHAMPION," says Miss Henrietta Donohue, "but I'm just as interested in winning at my golf, tennis, and swimming. I know the importance of healthy nerves, so Camel's my cigarette. Camels never get me 'edgy.' And Camels give me energy a 'lift' too. They set me right!"

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Robert Lee Oakley, one of the growers behind North Carolina's reputation for fine tobaccos, says: "Camel buys up the choice tobacco, including that of my last crop. This has happened many times. I smoke Camels. So do most planters around here."

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